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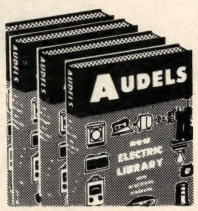

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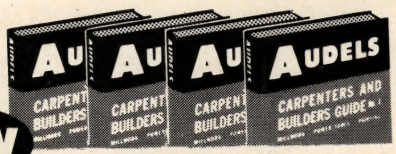

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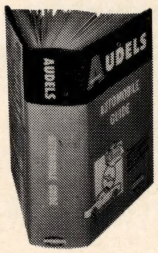

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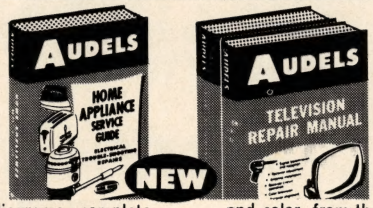

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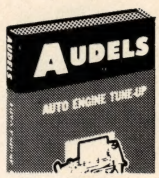

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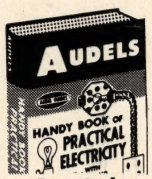

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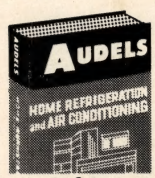

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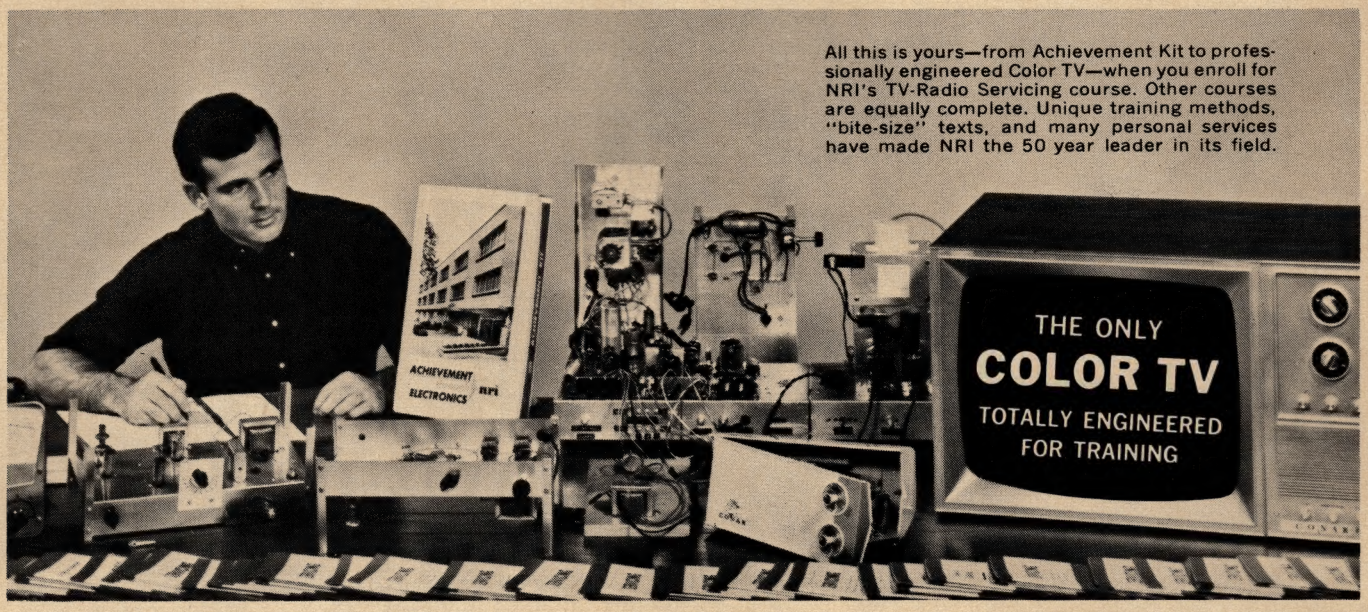

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The little Egyptian boy said to the little Egyptian girl: "Come with me to the pyramid and I'll show you how they make mummies."

* * *

Their car was terribly hot, and it was 99 degrees outside but the windows were closed.

"Will you please open the windows?" pleaded the husband.

"Are you crazy?" she screamed. "And let the neighbors know our car isn't air-conditioned?"

* * *

One bum saw another bum drive up in a brand-new Cadillac.

"Where'd you get that, man?" he asked.

"Well," drawled the first bum, "yesterday a beautiful chick picked me up, drove out to the country, parked, stripped, and told me that I could have anything I wanted. So I took the car."

* * *

Moe: "I'm taking a train to California."
Joe: "Why don't you fly?"
Moe: "I don't think planes are safe."
Joe: "Statistics show planes are the safest way to travel."
Moe: "I'm still taking the train."
Joe: "Did you hear about the train wreck last week?"
Moe: "What train wreck?"
Joe: "A train was going 80 miles an hour when all of a sudden—CRASH!"
Moe: "What happened?"
Joe: "A plane fell on it!!"

* * *

After he had ravished the young lady, he looked at her tenderly and said, "In nine months you will have a child, and you may call him Junior."

She looked him directly in the eye and said, "In about a week you will have a rash, and you may call it syphilis."

* * *

Way out in the boondocks, many years ago, the farmer's wife was about to give birth. Assisting the doctor was the farmer, holding a kerosene lamp. When the doctor had delivered not one, but three fine babies, the farmer ran out the door. "Come back with that lamp," cried the doctor. "I think there's another."

"I will not," answered the farmer. "I think it's the light that's attracting them!"

MAN'S MAGAZINE

An Indian maiden returned to her reservation after spending four years working in the city. She walked up to her father's teepee, leading a small boy by the hand.

"How," she greeted her father.

"Never mind how," the old man screamed. "Who?"

* * *

The new bride stopped at the druggist's for a refill of an order of sleeping pills. "I don't know what I'd ever do without them. I'd never get any rest."

"Be sure not to take too many," cautioned the pharmacist.

"Me?" said the bride in surprise. "Oh, I never use them. I give them to my husband."

* * *

Seasick for three days on his Mediterranean cruise, he was asked by his wife, "Would you like a little dinner tonight, dear?"

"No thanks, just heave it over the side and save me the trouble."

* * *

A clergyman accidently knocked into a taxi's bumper when they stopped for a red light. The taxi driver got out of his car and came over to the clergyman, cursing and swearing a blue streak. Then the clergyman quietly spoke up and said, "I do not approve of your choice of language and when you get home tonight, I hope your mother runs out from under the house and bites you."

* * *

The drunk was seated at the bar busily scribbling figures on his napkin. The curious bartender asked him what he was calculating.

"My wife is on a diet," said the drunk, "and she told me she's losing five pounds a week."

"So?" queried the barkeep.

"So, if my figures are correct," he explained, "I'll be rid of her completely in about 18 months."

* * *

The newly married couple retired for the evening. About an hour later the bride said, "How about it dear?" But he did not answer. More time lapsed and the bride asked again, "How about it, dear?" Silence. The night had passed and dawn was breaking when the bride tried again, this time pleading, "Please, dear, how about it?"

"How about what?" he replied with exasperation.

"How about going to sleep, dear?"

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MAN'S TALK

by JOHN E. SPARKMAN

INFORMED AND UNIFORMED

After a 27-year battle, FORT POLK, LA., HAS FINALLY ACHIEVED PERMANENT STATUS. THE BASE trained more than 8,000,000 soldiers during WWII, now has 6,600 regular personnel plus 23,000 trainees and HAS PROCESSED MORE TROOPS FOR VIETNAM DUTY THAN ANY OTHER STATESIDE INSTALLATION...To bring more realism to training, Army Chief of Staff Wm. Westmoreland has ordered that U.S. RECRUITS ARE TO BE FAMILIARIZED WITH THE SOVIET AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLE widely used by the Vietcong . . . THE MARINE CORPS TOOK 8,400 OUT OF A TOTAL OF 299,000 GENERAL MILITARY DRAFTEES IN 1968, the first time this was necessary since the 1966 Vietnam buildup. THE NAVY AND AIR FORCE STILL HAVE NOT NEEDED TO RESORT TO THE DRAFT.

SPORT NOTES

THE SUCCESS SECRET OF 6'8" SPENCER HAYWOOD, STAR OF THE U.S. OLYMPIC BASKETBALL TEAM and now a super-soph at University of Detroit, IS NOT HEIGHT BUT SPEED. High school running exercises have made Haywood faster than most small guards, say sportswriters... In its second year, THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE'S SIX-TEAM EXPANSION DIVISION HAS BEEN SO BAD THAT LEAGUE OFFICIALS FEAR A FARCICAL PLAYOFF this spring and less-than-sellout attendance...BOSTON RED SOX FANS HOPE TO WATCH GIBSON PLAY IN THE WORLD SERIES -RUSS GIBSON, THAT IS. The Hub's No. 1 catcher now that Elston Howard is gone, Gibson is an improved hitter who has raised hopes of a Sox pennant in 1969...LOOK FOR A LOT OF SPANISH NAMES IN THE STARTING LINEUP OF THE SEATTLE PILOTS, whose general manager, Marvin Milkes, spent the winter prowling Latin America.

YOUR HEALTH

IT IS USUALLY INADVISABLE TO TAKE LARGE AMOUNTS OF VITAMINS WITHOUT SPECIFIC ADVICE FROM A DOCTOR. OVERDOSES of some vitamins, like A and D, CAN OFTEN RESULT IN SERIOUS SIDE EFFECTS...Doctors at Duke University report that IT IS NOT AT ALL UNCOMMON FOR PEOPLE, particularly children and athletes, TO BREAK BONES AND NOT KNOW IT. Often the break will heal without the victim ever realizing that he was injured...The very serious problem of CONSTANTLY RECURRING KIDNEY STONES CAN OFTEN BE EASED WITH MAGNESIUM OXIDE PILLS, which seem to hinder the development of new stones ...MANY BLIND PEOPLE ARE NOW BEING HELPED TO SEE BY A PLASTIC WINDOW INSERTED SURGICALLY IN THE EYE to replace a damaged cornea... According to the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, THE AVERAGE COST OF A DRUG PRESCRIPTION IS $3.49...DOCTORS REPORT A GROWING INCIDENCE OF ABDOMINAL PAINS CAUSED BY small metal fragments which are dropped into foods by POORLY FUNCTIONING CAN OPENERS.

MONEY MATTERS

MOST MAJOR AIRLINES ARE ASKING WASHINGTON FOR PERMISSION TO RAISE FARES AGAIN, hoping to get an average of another three dollars per ticket Ok'd by the end of 1969...RENTS ARE ON THE UPSWING again but the new administration in Washington has opened the way for easier credit from banks, WHICH MEANS BUYING A HOUSE OR GETTING A COOP APARTMENT MIGHT BE A BETTER BET NOW...SALARIES AND JOB OPPORTUNITIES IN THE AUTO REPAIR INDUSTRY ARE EXPECTED TO INCREASE during the next year as a result of incoming federal safety standards for used cars...Another wide open field for jobs is the color television service industry. COLOR TV SETS HAVE BEEN SELLING SO FAST THAT THERE AREN'T ENOUGH QUALIFIED AND TRAINED SERVICEMEN to go around.

WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES

For many women THE ENJOYMENT OF THE SEX ACT CAN BE INCREASED BY EXERCISES OF THE VAGINAL MUSCLES, which leads to heightened sensitivity of vaginal walls during intercourse ...Psychiatrists report that severe DEPRESSION CAN LEAD TO A LOSS OF SEXUAL DESIRE... According to the latest estimates THERE ARE A MILLION NEW CASES OF GONORRHEA EVERY YEAR, and the disease is becoming more and more resistant to standard antibiotic drug treatments such as penicillin...Researchers report that THE JAPANESE BIRTH RATE DROPPED 26% IN 1966 ; DUE TO A SUPERSTITION that girls born in that year would lead unhappy lives MANY COUPLES REFRAINED FROM INTERCOURSE OR HAD ABORTIONS in order to avoid the chance of having a female baby.

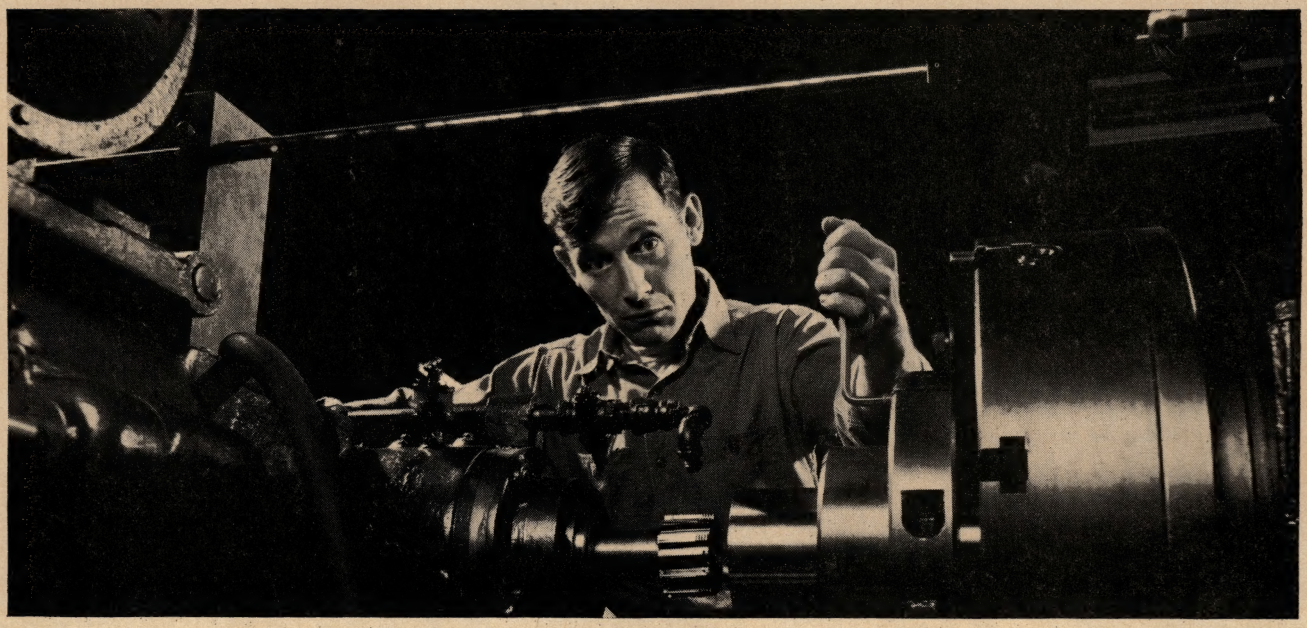
CAR NOTES

THE NEW FORD MINI-CAR HAS DEFINITELY GOT THE GO-AHEAD FOR 1970 and may be out in mid-year 1969. The latest surprise on the little Ford is that ITS PLANNED $2,000 PRICE TAG WILL PROBABLY BE DROPPED TO $1,800 or less, putting it directly in competition with the VW . . . AUTOLITE JUST FINISHED BUILDING an ELECTRIC CAR THAT WILL GO 150 MPH using ordinary car batteries . . . AMERICAN MOTORS IS going directly for the European market by SETTING UP A PLAN to produce Javelins and AMXs IN WEST GERMANY to be sold overseas . . . American drivers and DETROIT MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT. Statistics indicate THE U.S. DEATH RATE PER REGISTERED MOTOR VEHICLE IS ONE OF THE LOWEST IN THE WORLD, less than half the death rate in France and only 17% of the death rate in Japan.

CHANGING TIMES

The nation's AIRLINES ESTIMATE THIS YEAR'S BAGGAGE LOAD AT 225,000,000 PIECES and expect it to double by the early 1970's . . . LAST CHRISTMAS AMERICAN COMPANIES SPENT $400,000,000 on "BUSINESS GIFTS" which averaged $5.70 in cost ; such gifts may be deducted up to $25 per gift per person . . . FEDERAL CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES HAVE RECEIVED SIX SALARY INCREASES SINCE 1964 . . . THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WILL SPEND MORE MONEY THIS YEAR THAN IT SPENT during the first 153 years of its existence, FROM 1789 TO 1942 . . . Black Capitalism note: In Roxbury, Mass., NEGRO MILITANTS ARE CHARGING $50 A TOUR TO TAKE COLLEGE STUDENTS INTO THEIR GHETTO for a look at bombed-out buildings and for conversations on street corners.

Take time off each day to work for yourself.



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- ☐ Programming the 1401

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- ☐ Blueprint Reading
- ☐ Design Drafting
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Structural

ELEC. ENGINEERING
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- ☐ Electrical Blueprints
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Ind. Elect. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Electronics Fundamentals
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
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ENGINEERING (Professional Review)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
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- ☐ Maintenance Mechanic
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool & Die Maker
- ☐ Welding, Gas & Electric

MECH. ENGINEERING
- ☐ MECH. ENGINEERING
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Tool Design

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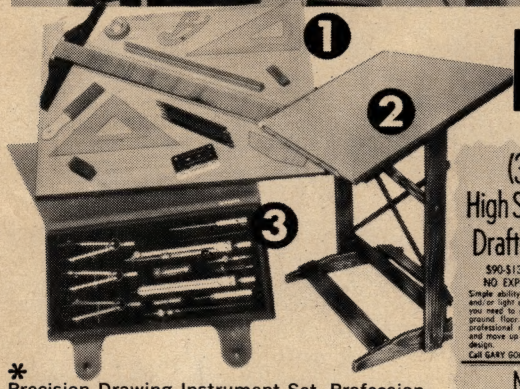

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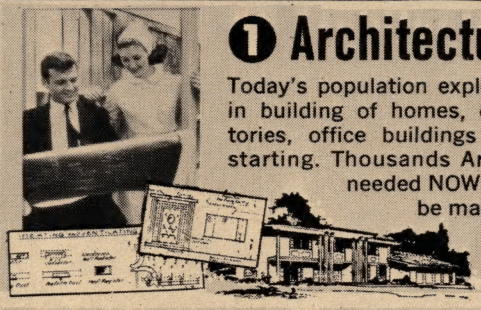

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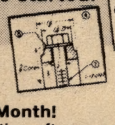

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by PAUL MESKIL

HOW SPIES ARE DRIVING THE U.S.A. AND NATO CRAZY

Three incidents — the theft of a Sidewinder missile, the arrest of a pornographic picture-collecting admiral, and the defection of a Russian KGB man—led to the most massive spy hunt of the cold war.

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON in early October, a taxi stopped in front of the U.S. Consulate in West Berlin. A handsome, dark-haired man got out, glanced up and down the broad, tree-lined avenue, then helped his plump blonde wife and seven-year-old son from the car.

They looked like a typical middle-class German family out for an afternoon's entertainment. The West German passport in the inside pocket of the man's dark blue suit identified him as Willi Gast, 39, a *Kaufmann* or merchant. He was known to hundreds of business acquaintances as a salesman of jukeboxes, pinball machines, slot machines and other coin-operated devices.

Though the afternoon was warm, Gast's wife wore her best fur coat. She also carried a large purse, stuffed with over $10,000 in West German marks.

As the taxi pulled away from the curb, the trio walked quickly into the consulate, the man and woman holding the little boy by both hands. They approached the reception desk in the lobby and the man announced in heavily-accented English:

continued on next page

HOW SPIES ARE DRIVING THE U.S.A. AND NATO CRAZY

continued

"Lt. Col. Yevgeny Runge of the KGB requesting asylum for myself and my family."

Two weeks later, as the shock waves set off by Soviet spymaster Runge's defection reverberated around the world, a dusty blue Opel sedan set out from Munich and was driven north on the Munich-Nurenberg *autobahn*. The Opel left the highway a few minutes after midnight at the Ingelstadt exit, crossed the Danube River a few minutes later and drove through the picturesque Bavarian town of Neuberg.

Three miles outside Neuberg, the car turned onto a side road running alongside Zell Air Base, a sprawling military complex used jointly by the West German Air Force and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

Ignoring the large signs warning that the area was *VERBOTEN* to those without official business there, the two men in the Opel proceeded along the road for a quarter-mile, then doused their headlights and parked in a clump of trees. From behind the fence surrounding the air base—a six-foot chain-link barrier topped by three strands of barbed wire—a flashlight blinked three times.

The two men got out of the car, hurried to the fence and cut a hole in it with wire clippers. Joining their confederate inside the base, they picked the lock on a storage building and carried off a 165-pound Sidewinder air-to-air rocket, a supposedly secret weapon, from the NATO arsenal.

They drove more than 100 miles across Germany with the stolen missile in the back of their car.

Nearly a year after the missile snatch, one of several such thefts pulled off virtually under the noses of security guards, a high-ranking NATO officer walked into a photo shop in Bonn, capital of West Germany.

He left a roll of film for developing and printing. With a wink and a leer, he told the clerk the film contained "some beautiful scenery" he had snapped on vacation. But when the store owner saw what was on the negatives, she called police. And the *polizei* notified the Counter-Intelligence Service, known appropriately by its initials MAD, for *Militarischer Abschirm Dienst.*

Two weeks later the picture-snapper, Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke, met a violent death.

The three aforementioned incidents set off the most massive spy hunt in modern history. They resulted in at least a dozen suicides or murders, a score of arrests and a flight of Communist agents back to Redland.

Still more important, the three separate-but-connected espionage cases disclosed that the Russians had acess to almost every NATO secret, including the locations of all 7,200 nuclear weapons in Western Europe and the operational plans, strength and resources of the Western allies.

In what may have been the understatement of the year, Defense Secretary Clark Clifford said the United States considered the latest German spy scandal a matter of the "utmost seriousness."

The scandal was not on the official agenda of the top-level NATO meeting held in Brussels last November. But it was the subject of secret conferences between the 27-man American delegation — headed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Clifford, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler and General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—and its European counterparts.

Privately, the NATO brass were appalled at the ease with which Soviet spies had infiltrated the West German Defense Ministry, Foreign Ministry and SHAPE, NATO'S European command. There was general agreement that the NATO forces, stripped bare of security wraps, were no longer a match for the Soviet armies whose *blitzkrieg* invasion of Czechoslovakia had caught the West by surprise.

The complicated story of the NATO security shambles — a breakdown that could affect the lives and futures of every American—is best told in chronological order.

It begins on the October day in 1967 when Lt. Col. Yevgeny Runge, a Soviet superspy, came in from the cold.

Runge was born in 1928 in the Soviet Ukraine. His parents were German and he learned three languages — German, Ukrainian and Russian—as a child. He was sent to Germany as a forced laborer in World War Two. In 1945, at age 17, he became a translator for the Soviets in East Berlin.

He later returned to Russia for espionage training. On graduation from a Moscow spy school, he was sent to West Germany as an "illegal" agent — one with no connection to the Soviet Embassy in Bonn or other official Soviet organizations.

HE used the name Willi Kurt Gast. False papers identified him as a refugee from Polish-held Pomerania. He claimed he and his wife, Valentina, were German citizens until the Reds annexed Pomerania after World War Two.

His first assignment was to penetrate the French Embassy in Bad Godesberg, which he did with the help of a small group of agents. This mission was so successful that Runge was awarded the Order of the Red Star and promoted to major on December 18, 1964, by Vladimir Semichastny, then chief of the KGB, Russia's equivalent of America's CIA.

As a cover for his espionage activities, Runge bought a tavern in Frankfurt. But this work was too confining, and so he sold the bar and went to work for a large distributor of coin-operated machines.

His new job enabled him to travel extensively through West Germany, Austria and France. He also visited East Berlin, Moscow, Prague, Warsaw and Cairo.

While making his rounds, he contacted other Soviet spies, delivered important messages to and from Moscow and recruited new agents. He eventually had more than 100 professional and 500 amateur agents working for him.

In 1966, while living in the village of Buchschlag near Offenbach, Runge suffered a near-fatal heart attack. It was brought on not by his espionage operations but by concern for his small son, Andre. The boy had difficulty on entering school. His teacher told Mrs. Runge that Andre was extremely nervous and needed special treatment. The teacher recommended that the boy be placed under a psychiartist's care.

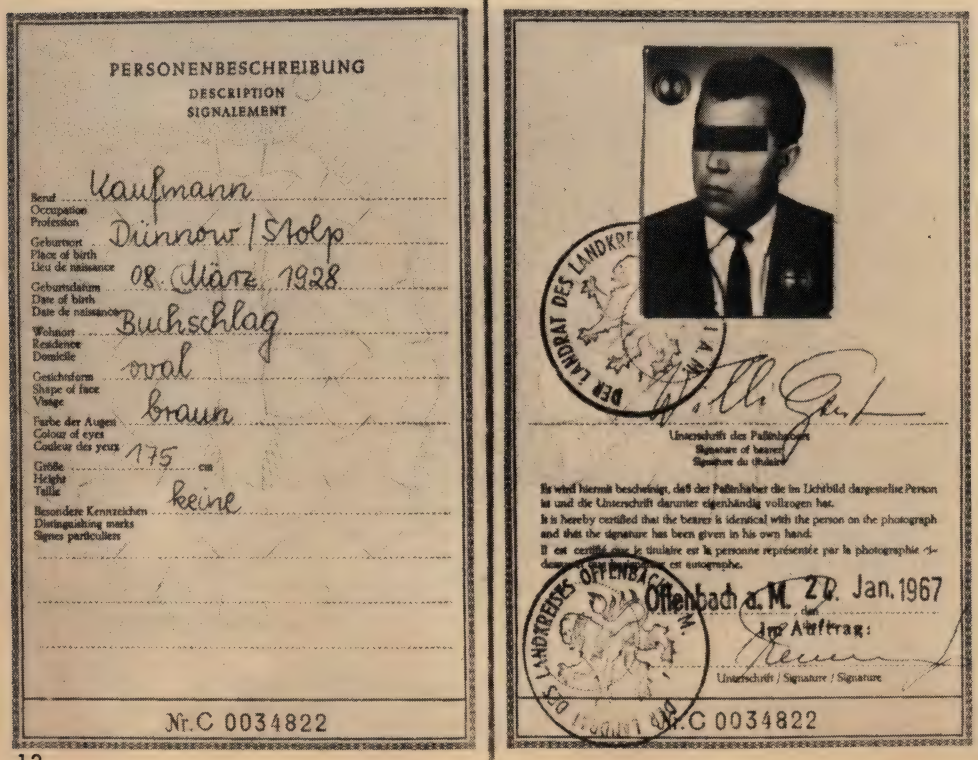
Soon after he heard this news, Runge collapsed and was hospitalized secretly in East Berlin. When he recovered, he returned to the West and began making plans to defect. On October 10, 1967, he walked into the U.S. Consulate and requested amnesty. After questioning by CIA agents, Runge, and his family were flown to the United States.

The master spy talked freely of the espionage web he had helped weave. He supplied long lists of his agents and the secrets they had stolen. He disclosed that his operatives had intercepted nearly every code, every scrap of correspondence and every classified document in the West German Foreign Ministry and the French Embassy.

Among the important spies Runge fingered were Heinz Suetterlin, a photographer-reporter for a Bonn newspaper, and his shapely brunette wife. Leonore, a secretary in the personnel section of the Foreign Ministry.

An East German employed by the Ministry of State Security in East Ber-

Associated Press released this photo with the following caption: "West German passport issued to Lt. Col. Yevgeny Runge under the name of Willi Gast," a "merchant."



lin, Suetterlin was sent to West Germany in 1959 with specific orders to seduce government girls.

He was instructed to woo and "if necessary wed" a secretary in a security-sensitive government agency, preferably the Foreign Ministry or Defense Ministry. Ultimately he found Leonore, who met the qualifications. He married her in 1962 and persuaded her to steal state secrets.

Suetterlin also encouraged Leonore to have affairs with talkative government officials. The Suetterlin's comfortable $30,000 home became a center for wife-swapping orgies, in which some of the most powerful and influential figures in Bonn took part.

Heinz Suetterlin acquired so many girlfriends that he could scarcely count them all. He classified them in his address books as either "kittens" or "ponies." He photographed many of them in compromising positions—as he did his wife's lovers—and used the pictures to blackmail them into spying for the Runge ring. The personnel files in Leonore's office provided an inexhaustible scource of sexpionage recruits.

Leonore, whose code name was Lola, frequently brought classified documents home with her at lunchtime for her husband to photograph before she drove back to the Ministry in her Volkswagen. The busy Suetterlins collected, photographed and turned over to Runge some 15,000 documents before their boss defected and blew the whistle on them.

A week after Runge's defection, Heinz and Leonore Suetterlin were arrested. Leonore, who had once told a neighbor that she "wouldn't be able to go on living" without Heinz, took her capture calmly—until interrogators told her the real reason Suetterlin married her.

It wasn't love, they said. It was orders from East Berlin.

That night, Leonore tied her pajamas around her neck and hanged herself in her cell at Klingelpuetz Prison in Cologne.

Six other Foreign Ministry employees also killed themselves, two of them by leaping from the Ministry's windows.

Although the Ministry denied that the six suicides were connected with the espionage case, counterspies learned that at least four of the victims had been blackmailed by the Suetterlins.

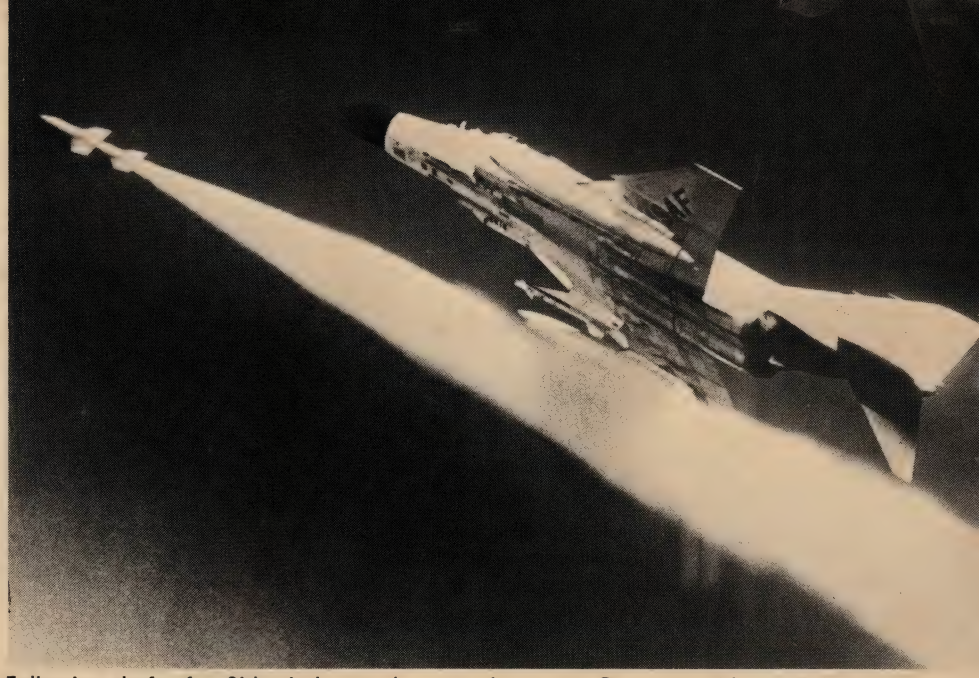
Within 48 hours after Leonore's tragic death, Bonn was rocked by a new security scandal — the theft of the Sidewinder missile. This sensational stunt was kept secret for several days. And when it did leak out, it received little attention in the press because the lurid Suetterlin case was still monopolizing front-page headlines.

The American-made missile was spirited out of the Zell base by Master Sgt. Wolf Diethard Knope, a West German Air Force pilot, and two civilians, Joseph Linowski, a Polish-born mechanic and locksmith, and a mysterious figure who became known to investigators as "Herr X."

It can now be revealed that Mr. X is Manfred N. Rauthbart, a Krefeld attorney.

THE two civilians drove to the base on the night of October 22, 1967. Sgt. Knope was waiting for them inside the fence. Linowski cut a hole in the fence and picked the lock on the storage shed where the Sidewinder rockets were stored.

They put the rocket in a wheelbarrow and trundled it to the fence. Then they hauled it through the hole and across the road to the car, where "Herr X" wrapped the rocket in a carpet. In order to get the 9 by 5-foot missile into the car, they had to knock out the rear window.



Following theft of a Sidewinder, and a car trip across Germany with missile's nose protruding from car, the Reds had a Sidewinder (seen being fired in Vietnam War).

They were afraid the noise of shattering glass would set off an alarm, but they had no choice and the base sentries apparently did not hear it. Within 15 minutes after they entered the base, the spies drove off with their strange cargo and carted it more than 100 miles to Rauthbart's home in Krefeld.

On the way, they made one stop at an all-night gas station. The attendant stared at the missile nose protruding from the back window.

"We found an old rocket, left over from World War II," Linowski said. "I'm going to clean it up, paint it, put a bulb in the nose and use it for a garden lamp."

The attendant accepted this explanation. Later, when he received a visit from two men from MAD, the Counter-Espionage Service, he recalled the incident. But he wasn't much help in identifying the missile snatchers.

After they reached Krefeld, the spies dismantled the 165-pound weapon, packed the parts in six separate parcels and shipped them to Moscow by air freight.

It was a major espionage coup. Though the Russians had knowledge of Sidewinders, and had obtained one or two damaged missiles from North Vietnam, this was the first time that they had received one intact.

A comparatively simple device with only about 24 moving parts and no more electronic components than a radio, the Sidewinder has an infrared guidance system that directs it at heat-producing targets. Since the theft, it has been superseded by more advanced weapons.

The same three men who stole the Sidewinder also stole two navigational devices on previous occasions. In March, 1967, they carried off a "newly-developed navigation instrument" from the display of a West German firm at the Hanover trade fair. The following month, they took an ultramodern inertial LM-3 navigational instrument from the Zell air base.

The instruments, carried off in a car trunk, were packed in suitcases and taken to Moscow by "Herr X" on commercial airline flights.

At the same time a massive hunt for the stolen missile got underway, police and intelligence agents in Bonn started searching for additional members of the Runge-Suetterlin spy ring. The girls who kissed and told Suetterlin their secrets were rounded up in droves for questioning. Several of them lost their jobs and a few were arrested.

But some of Heinz Suetterlin's most important contacts were overlooked, including high officials of NATO, the Foreign and Defense Ministries and West Germany's equivalent of the FBI—the Federal Intelligence Service.

Unlike Runge, Suetterlin did not reveal his sources of information. He had kept these sources secret even from Runge and now he refused to discuss them with the officials who interrogated him and sent him to prison. He had lost his wife and several of his sub-agents, but some very influential members of his ring remained free and unsuspected.

One of these was Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke, who at the time was deputy chief of the logistics section of SHAPE and one of NATO's top planning experts.

Luedke, who held a Cosmic Top Secret Clearance, (*Continued on page 62*)

ADMIRAL LUEDKE

Gypsy Pearl's Cute Trick

"Bitch, gimme my money back!" he screamed, ready to take her apart. Sue couldn't outrun him, and no whore is going to give up money earned hustling, so she'd try something drastic...

by NATHAN C. HEARD

SHE PULLED HIS HEAD DOWN and pressed their cheeks together so she wouldn't have to look at him. His time was up. He was lasting longer than most. Now she quickened the grinding motion of her body, catching him off-stroke and making him speed up his own motion in an attempt to keep the rhythm smooth. The maneuver worked; he grunted, his breath wheezed past her ear and into it with tense harshness. His whole body stiffened, frenetically aquiver. He pushed down hard upon her, as if to drive her through the bed. His forearms were braced under her armpits, his hands gripped her shoulders like two steel traps.

Again he grunted and murmured something incoherent as his thick lips slobbered greedily at her neck.

"Yeah, baby," she cooed softly but without any real feeling. "Come, honey, come to momma."

Her eyes roamed over the drab ceiling She meditated absently for a few moments upon the broken-lined veins of cracked plaster and old peeling paint, wondering why Sue didn't at least give the place a cheap paint job. It certainly wasn't because she couldn't afford it; no, Sue had the money all right. But what the hell, she thought, she didn't come here for decoration anyway. It had a bed, that was all she needed.

The man finally lay still, his breathing subsided to almost normal. She pushed at his shoulders and he began to raise himself slowly, reluctantly. Then, suddenly, he jumped up very quickly and stood beside the bed looking down at her. She forced a smile of what she hoped was dreamy satisfaction and crossed her legs at the thighs. He didn't seem the type to go for a terse, businesslike attitude, she'd guessed.

In the dim light of the room his tree trunk of a body glistened with a slight film of sweat. He was very black, one of the blackest (*Continued on page* 56)

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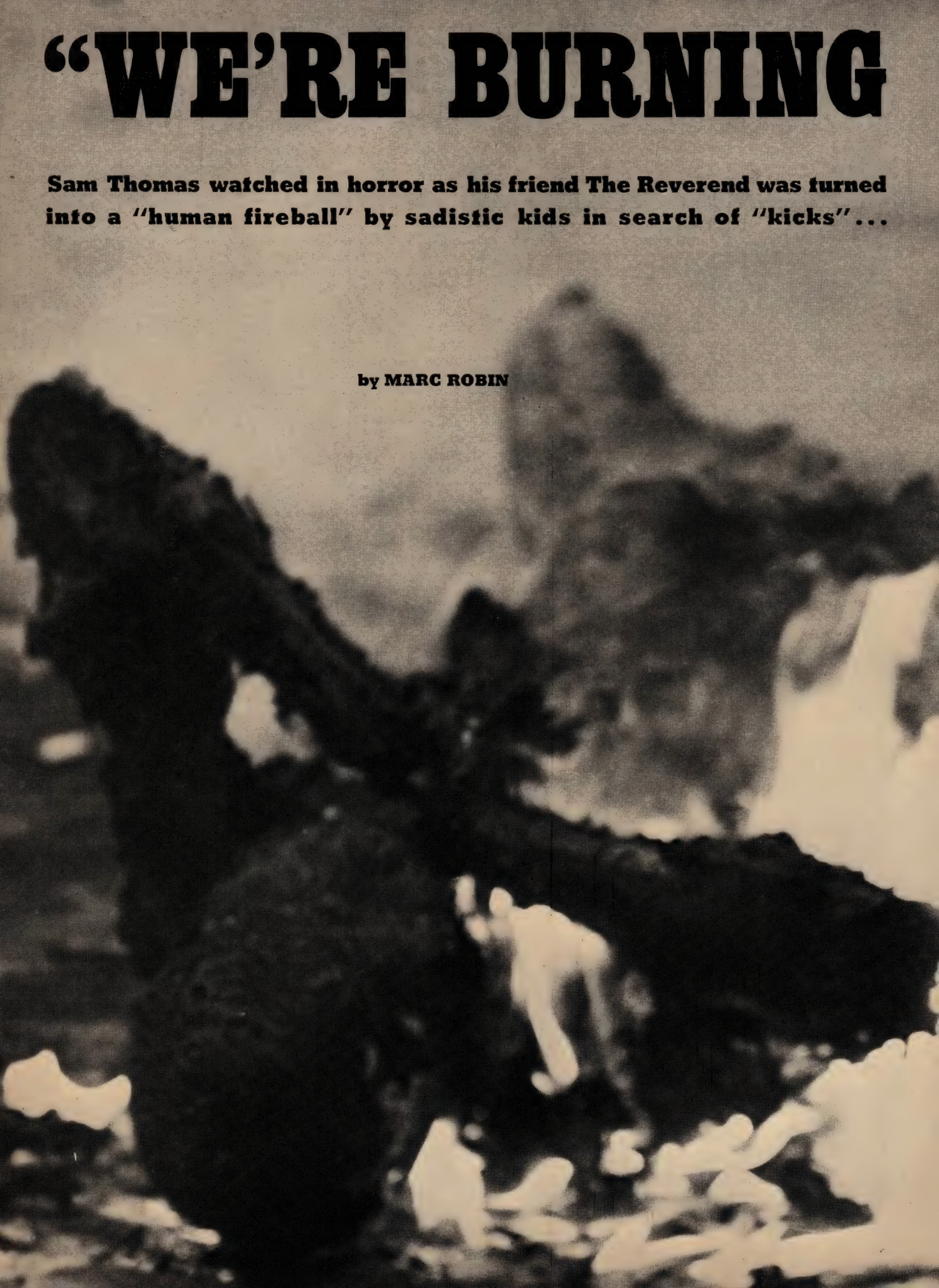
"WE'RE BURNING

Sam Thomas watched in horror as his friend The Reverend was turned into a "human fireball" by sadistic kids in search of "kicks"...

by MARC ROBIN



A BUM TONIGHT!"

SAM THOMAS WALKED SLOWLY along "Hell's 100 Acres"—the Bowery. It was unseasonably warm for an autumn day, but Sam was bundled in three jackets. Despite the fine weather, not one of the jackets was open. Sam Thomas is a Bowery derelict, and he had all his worldly possessions with him. The jackets were the only warm clothes he had to ward off the cold of the coming winter. Those jackets, Sam knew, could mean the difference between survival or freezing to death this winter. To leave them where they could be stolen was a death sentence.

Sam, who has been on the Bowery at least two decades, dreaded fall more than winter, though. Fall was still open season for the Hawks. In winter, the Hawks wouldn't be around as much. Now they had to catch what prey there was while the opportunity presented itself.

"The Hawks are vicious," Sam told me as we walked along the Bowery that day.

"Who are the Hawks?" I asked.

"They're the animals in my life. I don't live much better than a dog most of the time. So I can't look at a dog and consider him an animal. I don't usually eat any better than a dog or a stray cat. The only difference between me and the cats and dogs is that they don't drink.

continued on next page

"WE'RE BURNING A BUM TONIGHT!"

continued

"I've spent many a night sleeping outside next to a dog. It was almost like we were both able to speak the same language. We layed next to each other for the warmth our bodies gave each other. It was as though the dog knew as much as I did. He probably did.

"The Hawks are the bastards of the Bowery," Sam told me. "They have no mercy and they seem to get some sort of pleasure from hurting us. We don't ask for trouble, but that doesn't matter with them. They come to take whatever they can from us, and if they don't get much they figure they might as well take our lives.

"They're just plain mean and brutal. They're no better than we are. We're lost men—we know it, most of us do—we only want to get some drink and go from day to day. Most of us wish we were dead, but we just haven't got enough guts to do away with ourselves. We know we're wasted humans. But you ought to try saving yourself when the only thing that happens is that you sink deeper in the mud."

Sam Thomas isn't concerned with time. He doesn't even know how long he has been around New York City's fetid Skid Row. "I've been here as long as I can remember" was all he could say when I questioned him. But Sam still has hope he'll survive and get out of "the Devil's clutch" someday. He has some papers that are important to him and it was from one of these that the time he has spent in oblivion was determined.

IT was the letter telling Sam that he would have to be pensioned off by the railroad, they couldn't take another chance with his drinking.

The letter was dated July 18, 1944, toward the end of World War Two. Sam was a fireman on a special train that made unscheduled but high-priority runs carrying ammunition from a Pennsylvania arsenal to the many ports throughout the country where ships were waiting to load the ammo. The ships then would start out on their slow course—part of giant flotillas—bringing the much needed ammunition to the men on the front lines.

Sam was 39 years old then. A photo he carried of himself, taken about that time, showed him to be a giant of a man, a picture of health. But it wasn't easy to get railroad men who would be willing to risk their lives knowing that a small accident could blow them and the train sky high.

The job kept Sam out of the Army, but he felt that he was doing his share. And there was the satisfaction of knowing you would get to see your family at least once a year. That was more than the boys in the front lines could expect.

Surprisingly, for a man who has spent a quarter of a century on Skid Row, drinking every day, Sam Thomas still remembers what it was to be "alive." While the whiskey has taken its toll, he still has some semblance of a mind left. He is not the washed out Bowery Bum whose mind has been rotted away by alcohol.

His clothes were a sight. The Navy pea coat over the two other jackets was many sizes too large, but fit acceptably with the two jackets underneath as padding. The pea jacket was soiled and one elbow was so tattered it looked as if it would rip wide apart momentarily. He also wore an old pair of Army trousers.

Sam said he had completed high school and wanted to go on to become an engineer. But the right girl came along, they had a family and he couldn't afford college. But Sam had read much during the years he'd spent on the trains and ever since, reading anything he could get his hands on in flophouse day rooms.

"IT was late one night," he recalled, "on a long run from the arsenal to one of the Gulf ports. I had too much to drink — there was little else to do for excitement and it helped make the trip easier to take. The booze calmed you on those bad turns and the bumpy tracks. The engineer started after me about the drinking and we got into a fight while speeding through Alabama. Somehow there was an accident on one of those turns. I'm not sure we had anything to do with it.

"A couple of cars dropped over the side. Luckily they ripped loose and most of the train kept going before the trains over the side blew up. It was lucky for all of us that it didn't happen near a town. Nobody got hurt. But I was finished, the railroad said."

Sam tried to find work elsewhere. He couldn't, perhaps because of the drinking. He began to drink more often and was, in fact, becoming an alcoholic.

His wife and three children in Omaha had no way of getting in touch with him. He wouldn't contact them out of shame and drank his way to the Bowery. He doesn't know how long that trip took.

"I've thought of killing myself a few times," Sam said. "I've even tried it a couple of times when I was in a bad way. But you can't do that job half right and I never had the guts to do it the way I knew it had to be done."

Sam feels "death is following me all the time."

"I'm here to die. That's what the Bowery is for. We're all here because this is the place the man upstairs sent us to die in misery. That's why you can't get out of here. He sends you here because this is the place where you die hard. You suffer every inch of the way."

Sam Thomas had been pointed out to me by one of the bartenders in the filthy "30-cents-a-giant-shot" joints that thrive on the Bowery. Sam wouldn't take a drink when I offered one; he figured I was the law or some Civil Service worker from the city trying to get him into an experimental project. Sam wants no part of any experiment to save him. Then the bartender told Sam he could talk to me.

To prevent theft of their shoes by Hawks, bums sleep on them or wear them to bed.

Jack-rolling of bums is a commonplace sight in the area known as Hell's 100 Acres.

When the Hawks get through with a bum, he is stripped bare and left near death. Police arrived in time to save this victim.

At first Sam was hesitant; then he loosened up.

It was my interest in Sam's outlook on his inevitable death on the Bowery that led him to tell me something he has told few other people, if any. His story would have interested the police, but he wasn't willing to talk to them.

"I walked away from death once. I've never been that close before," he began.

"It was about two years ago, the same time of the year. I was tooling (hanging out with) with another guy. He was an okay fella. He had been pretty well educated. We were together about four days. We put together whatever we had. For a couple of days we were drinking pretty good. The weather was okay and we were living outside. We didn't have to spend on a bed.

"It was a quiet weekend," Sam recalled. "One of those weekends with not too many people around. Weather was good and when it gets like that it even gets quiet around here."

THE stench in the bar got to me and I asked Sam if we could go outside someplace where we could talk. Sam agreed and suggested, "Let's walk over a few blocks. I'll show you the section where this story happened."

We started to leave and everybody in the saloon turned to stare at us. They figured I was the law taking Sam away.

Outside the sun was bright and the stench in the streets came on strong. Sam pointed toward Broome Street, and said that was the way we headed.

As we walked along the Bowery to the corner of Broome, in a doorway of a restaurant supply store a derelict lay hunched up trying to sleep. It was a store used only for storage, but the bum knew to lay to the side in case someone wanted to go inside. The bum's trousers were open, pulled down a few inches from his waist. He had no shoes on and his head rested on one hand. Under the hand was a pile of corrugated cardboard fashioned into a pillow.

"The lousy hawks must have hit him," Sam volunteered as I looked at the human waste lying there oblivious to life.

"They stripped him," Sam said. "See his shoes are gone and his pants are like that because they ripped off his belt and then pulled out the pockets from the inside. He's in a bad way and he doesn't know what happened, and he'll never realize until he gets up—if he does."

The bum's face had been cut and the hardened dried blood made its own patch.

"They hit me once, couple of years ago," Sam said. "I was sleeping over in the park down there (there's a park area on Chrystie Street, one block east of the Bowery) when the hawks got me. I did not have too much of a load on and when they started to work me over I woke up and began to try to get away from them. You don't get away from them. Must have been half a dozen of them. They just started to tear me apart.

"The bastards left me naked. They ripped out every pocket and still took the ripped pants. They'll take half a sandwich or a bag if you have one in your pocket.

"They hit me good when they got me. They ain't happy just to steal from you. They got to hurt you, they got to take a piece of your life. One guy kept pinching my eye till I couldn't scream no more. I didn't see from this eye for more than a year.

THOMAS
dog's life

"When they got me there were plenty of people around. Nobody gives a crap. They just walk away. They don't care what happens to bums. They don't even want to see what happens."

By now we had turned into Broome Street and were walking west in the direction of Police Headquarters. Sam pointed ahead several blocks toward Broadway.

"I'd gone up there with this guy, The Reverend, up to the manufacturing section," Sam went on with his story. "It's quiet up there on weekends when the factories are shut down. It's easy to stay by yourself and out of the way so you don't get into fights. I didn't know the guy with me was a reverend. I'd found that out later on. I forget his name. But he was an okay guy. But he was drinking heavy.

"UP there (he pointed again to the factory area around Broadway) even the cops don't bother you too much if the places are closed. Some of the cops are okay. If nobody complains to them about us they won't bother us. Some of them, though, are like the Hawks. They just like to kill you if they get the chance. They got to see if they can break the lousy stick on you. That damn stick never breaks," Sam said with a sly smile.

"We'd spent most of the weekend up there. It was quiet and we had been drinkin' pretty good. The Reverend had it bad. I remember I was sick. I was throwing up a lot of blood. We had been drinking some good stuff. We had some money and we'd bought ourselves some Muskie. Maybe four or five pints and we had it with us most of the time.

"We'd gone back there the night after the weekend, after all the places (factories) closed down, and figured to stay there that night. The weather was still good and we didn't see no point in wasting money on no flop. You don't sleep on the Bowery when you got something they can steal from you."

SAM couldn't find the street he was looking for but he insisted it was "right around here."

He wasn't far wrong. Police reports dealing with the story Sam was trying to unravel place the scene on Mercer Street, September 19, 1966.

The files don't mention Sam's name but they have his friend's. The Reverend was, in fact, as Sam had read, an ordained Protestant minister, Leonard Benton, Jr. He was 51 and had spent 13 years on the Bowery.

"I wasn't feeling well," Sam recalled. "Like I said I was spitting plenty of blood and I was holding down the drinking. The Reverend was hitting it good. I had to take a s - - - and I walked up the block to do it. You know the only old saying—you don't s - - - where you eat," Sam smiled.

"I was sitting up there in back of a doorway," he continued. "It was good and dark. Nobody could see me. Then I heard a lot of noise and some kids come by. I figured this could be trouble. Kids can always be trouble because they get mean with us.

"I finished what I was doing and stayed in the hallway. I figured maybe they wouldn't spot The Reverend. It was too dark to see what they were doing when they got to The Reverend, but they was still making noise and I figured I'd stay put. The Reverend was in a bad way and wouldn't know if the kids bothered him. With kids you stand a chance they won't kill you.

"I could hear the noise but I couldn't make out what they were up to.

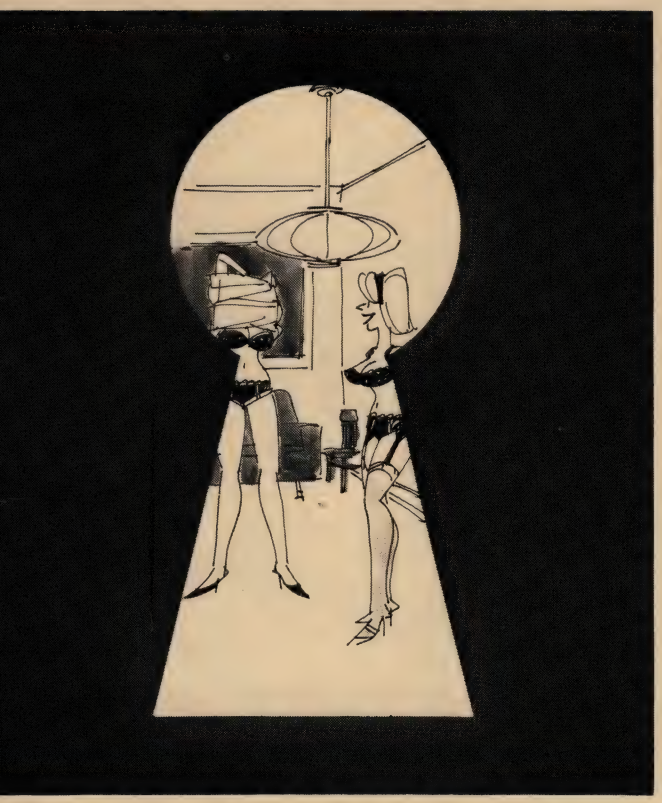
"All of a sudden the whole damn street lit up bright as the sun. They had started a fire and whatever it was it was burning real big. A few minutes later the kids come running back past me. They ran real fast. I stayed back in the door so they wouldn't spot me until they were gone.

"Then I looked out and I saw something I ain't never seen before. It was hard to believe. The fire was moving fast up the (*Continued on page* 60)

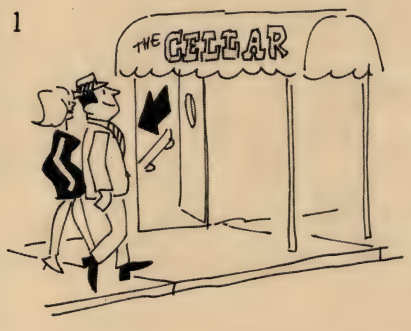
CORNY HUMOR

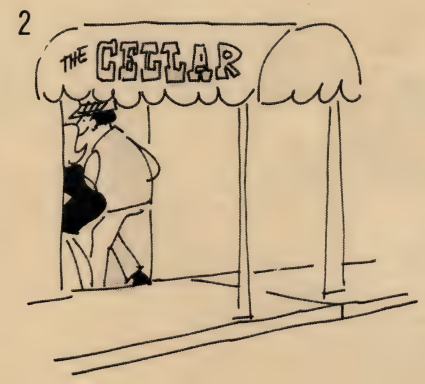
KANSAS can boast of bumper corn crops, and Prairie Village, Kansas, can boast of a bumper crop of cartoons from its resident humorist, Bruce Cochran. A dedicated Midwesterner, Bruce refuses to leave Prairie Village for Cartoon Mecca (Manhattan), allegedly the fount of inspiration for most cartoonists. Bruce says, "I'll take Manhattan—Manhattan, Kansas (pop. 19,056) if I must go anywhere." ▲

"Elroy's got it bad for Miss October."



"There've been so many burglaries lately, I asked the house detective to keep an eye on our room every minute."





"How does this ad sound: 'Wanted: Young man who is willing to compromise his personal integrity for a few bucks.'?"

BOOK BONUS

THE ACTOR WHO COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF WOMEN

The faces and bodies of all the women he had known blurred into one huge, soft body that absorbed him, devoured him. Women were his passion and his cross, and he was forever crucified with need for them . . .

LUCIA ROLLED OVER, the sheet now covering only the lower part of her beautifully sculptured body.

"That's the way," movie star Brian O'Neal said. He was ready again to exhaust himself in the ritual act until stupefied, drunk with abandon.

He slipped his hands under her shoulders. Sex is a thicket in which I can lose myself. Easier to be me than to understand me.

A shudder ran through Lucia's body.

She gasped. "I can feel you. I can feel you."

A plain bloody miracle if she couldn't. In his long experience no one ever had complained he was small.

A new voice cut in: "Don't use yourself up, darling. You won't have anything left for me."

Brian, holding on tightly, winked over his shoulder at Caroline, seated in a chair near the bathroom door. Caroline had no clothes on, her legs were crossed, and she had a whiskey tumbler in her hand.

Lucia cried out sharply. She began to thrash about. In a few moments, frenzy waned and she lay quiescent, squirming.

Caroline came over to the bed on Lucia's side, put her hand in Lucia's tangled dark hair, and yanked. Lucia shrieked and quickly disengaged from Brian. She flung herself on Caroline. The two nude women tumbled to the floor and rolled over and over.

Brian put a pillow behind his head. A carnival, he was thinking. A joyless carnival. Nothing endures for a shorter time than sexual pleasures, or leaves a man with so sharp an emptiness. Why did he pursue it? Moth wings vanish in the flame that summons.

Without taking his gaze from the flailing, scratching females, he took a cigarette from the pack on the night table, lit it, and sat smoking as the battle mounted to a crescendo. The floor thumped.

By rights, he should not be here. He had no business in this tawdry hotel room with this collection of aspiring young actresses. His business was elsewhere, with the majesty of Sophocles,

continued on page 24

by WILLIAM WOOLFOLK

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THE ACTOR WHO COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF WOMEN

continued

the inevitability of imagined tragedy, not the triviality of Soho drama. Nothing was more important to him than the movie he was making. Nothing. Acting was for him a substantial offering of himself.

But a woman's smile was an invitation he could not refuse. It held the suggestion of all the other things he craved—the impact of himself accepted and admired. He revealed only a little of himself to women, but what he did reveal was true. I am no better than what I do, although sometimes I wish I were. I would like to perform such deeds as would make the very air catch fire. All his passionate impatience to achieve something clothed itself from time to time in a ferocious need for women.

"What's going on in here?"

Nora came to the door of the bathroom. She wore a towel looped around her middle.

"What are those two fighting about?" Nora asked.

"Caroline got impatient. Next thing I know, this free-for-all started."

Nora sat down beside Brian on the bed. Her eyes were partly closed, her full mouth was open, and her blond hair trailed down over her exquisite bare shoulders.

"I could use a cigarette," she said.

Brian took the cigarette out of his mouth and handed it over. She took a deep drag.

Caroline was getting the worst of the battle. Lucia was on top, working her knee expertly.

"You must be all pooped out," Nora said, exhaling a blue haze of smoke.

"My strength," said Brian, "is as the strength of 10 because my heart's impure." He laughed, and put his hand on the smooth inside of Nora's thigh.

Nora said tenderly, "You're trying to kill yourself, lover."

"I have an appetite for confronting problems—and my chief problem is sexual appetite."

NORA said, "I really thought you couldn't make it again today."

Brian said, "Beautiful, I'm Irish. The Irish know how to handle liquor and women."

Nora took another puff of the cigarette, nodded, and stubbed it out in the ashtray. She reached up to undo the looped knot of the towel. Slowly she lowered herself onto him, lifted slightly, and settled.

Brian closed his eyes and let himself go along, deliberately holding back power and coasting for a long ascent to another climax. He must have been averaging one every few hours ever since he checked in. There had to be a limit somewhere, and he was interested to know how long he could keep going. Nora, Caroline, Lucia. There were times in these past days when he hadn't been sure which was which. It wasn't surprising. The faces and bodies of all the women he had known sometimes blurred into one huge, soft, white female body that absorbed him, drew him into the belly, devoured him. Women were his passion and his cross, and he was forever crucified with need for them, forgetting them as soon as his need passed.

He had often met women who acted as though they had some claim on him because he had been to bed with them. Most would have been terribly shocked to know that he did not remember them at all. Yet each must have been important to him at the time. It really wasn't hard to figure how Oedipus made his mistake and made out with his mother. Mothers were only women, after all, and women are hard to remember.

Nora crossed one arm in front of her eyes and began thrusting her abdomen forward and back. She was getting to him even though he was sated, surfeited, with the act of love. His strength began flowing down to his loins.

He closed his eyes. He felt like a dog in the sun, looking for a way into the shade. Copulating dog! Everything below his waist was suspended from a string. Only two women he remembered, really. Fabia and Jacquelyn. He married them both. Ah! Nora working on him, until he felt like a cork pulled out of a bottle . . .

HE had met Fabia at the poolside of that fancy hotel in Juan-les-Pins. The one where Scott Fitzgerald stayed . . . Ahh! He was aching, the room contracted and expanded with need to let go . . . Think of Fabia, large-breasted, self-contained, inaccessible—the most forbiddingest. When she swam in the pool she moved as gracefully as a dolphin, and what a huge, yielding, bountiful creature!

When he finally approached her, she treated him coldly, and it was not until much later that he plunged down into the dark dark of her. His heart hurled itself against her unmercifulness. How could he believe she loved him? He wanted forgiveness for the sins of his childhood. He swam in her bovine content just as she did in her heated pool.

Months later, on a rainy night, they walked down Fifth Avenue in New York, followed by a photographer . . .

How long can a man lie here holding himself in? In my prayer I am inserted into the orifice and at the tip of me a bubble grows like a tiny infection. I fester. Where is the thump coming from? The thump of a bed — we are making love! Nora! . . .

"Now, Brian, don't start up," Fabia said. "Let him take his pictures and go, or we'll have him trailing us back to the hotel."

"He will anyhow, if I don't put a stop to him."

Black roadway, light glittering in rain under street lamps.

He tossed the photographer by the seat of his pants, and threw the camera down a sewer grating.

"Brian, why did you have to spoil our whole day?"

Her eyes coal-black, accusing. Mother's eyes.

"If you give him leave he'd come to the room and snap us under the covers."

Caroline and Lucia waited impatiently for another turn with Brian, busy with Nora.

"We'd have nothing to be ashamed of if we were married, Brian."

In marriage Fabia still tried to be Mother, shrewish, autocratic, replete with tiny tyrannies. Once she told him off in front of people, and gave him a kick under the table when she caught him stealing looks at a pretty girl. When he got her home they settled that between them. He pulled all the draperies down and hurled the lamps against the wall and kicked over the furniture. Fabia was afraid for her life when he brandished the butcher knife. She promised to be better.

After that, she limited herself to nagging, but he could overwhelm her in words. She was a good cook and a fine mother, and fantastically neat. He was sure that she was good for him. Most of all, she was entirely honest; he always knew where he stood. She took him back after his indiscretions, and never used tears to implore him back to fidelity. She preferred the wearing-down process, capacious mother-forgiveness. It always worked until Jacquelyn...

Now his body below felt hollowed out; hot tropical winds were blowing. It will not be long, dear Nora! I will look into the undersides of my lids and see nothing for half a minute. I will pretend they are sewn together. Then you will know the power of the coming...

JACQUELYN was altogether, completely, and supernaturally different. She was not just a quick tumble beneath sheets. Fabia remained haughty, but fear winked. She guessed that he had something going with Jacquelyn that he never had with anyone else. Oh, a little, I suppose, but with Jacquelyn a lot. It was their religion, the top experience. Offensive, vulgar they were, and he made crazy demands, but she liked the game and wanted to play it. Learned all she could about him. Excitement, variety, adventure. A man really did not have to look elsewhere for what he needed. In that last violent scene, Fabia said, She's no better than a whore. She added, I will not soil myself by talking about her...

His whole body shimmered like a fountainhead. He was overflowing. Multicolored rockets exploded across barred eyelids...

When he closed the last door behind him, Fabia took a bottle from her dressing table and flung it. The crystal shattered, and he got the bare scent of the sticky sweet odor that was filling her room...

I am f - - - ing my life away. The dog was panting in the shade. Lightheaded, he opened his eyes. Do you want me now? Here we go!

Nora was rolling and writhing, and beyond her he saw the bulb in the ceiling light which grew more and more swollen in appearance until it was ready to explode.

Go in for the kill. Break the glass. Shatter the bulb.

HERE I COME!

He felt as though the back of his skull were coming off. The effect on Nora was even more shattering. She began sobbing and crying.

"Oh, God, I love it. Oh, don't stop. *Please* don't stop. Don't stop. Oh, God, I could ride you forever. I love it so. Keep sticking me. Oh, God, God, God."

Her head fell forward and her whole naked body collapsed against him like a pricked balloon.

TWO

A loud knocking on the door roused Brian from sleep. He sat up. Nora was sprawled on her face beside him.

Lucia sat before the dressing table. She was wearing a black slip that set off the whiteness of her skin. Her full mouth was sullen.

"Somebody's at the door," he told her.

"I can't answer it," Lucia said. "I'm not decent."

"Where's Caroline?" Brian asked.

"In the bathroom, making repairs. The bitch!"

Brian nudged Nora with his elbow; she stirred soddenly, without a sign of returning consciousness. Brian grinned.

"The hell with it," he said.

The knocking on the door became much louder.

"Come on, Brian. I know you're in there. Open up!"

"Who is it?"

"Lester Mitchell. I have to talk to you."

"I'm busy. Go away!" Brian told his director.

"It's important, Brian. Honestly. It's about that jealous lady millionaire, Merrill Yeaton."

Brian fingered three days' growth of beard.

"What about her? She's in Switzerland."

"She got back this morning. She telephoned and wanted to come down to see you."

This sounded authentic, so Brian got out of bed, fumbled into his shorts, and started for the door. Then he remembered something, glanced back at Nora lying on the bed, and returned to drape a sheet about her nakedness. As he passed Lucia at the dresing table he muttered, "Beat it." She gave him a disdainful glance in the mirror, but she got up and went into the bathroom to join Caroline.

Brian opened the door.

Lester Mitchell, blond, tall, loose, sauntered into the room. His gaze took in Nora, sheeted on the bed.

"I hate to break it up, Brian. But we do have a picture to make."

"What's this about a phone call from Merrill? Is that true?"

Lester made a mocking cross on his chest. "She called from the airport. Fortunately, she doesn't know you haven't been at your hotel for a couple of nights. So she called me on the set and asked for you."

"What did you tell her?"

"I made up something on the spur. Told her you'd gone into seclusion for the afternoon to study the script. She wants you to call as soon as you get back."

"That's clever. Suppose you hadn't found me."

Lester's mouth smiled. "She'd have known I was a liar. You do put your friends into some embarrassing predicaments."

BRIAN pulled on his shirt. "You're no friend, Lester. We just work with each other. How did you find me?"

"Hardly an accident," Lester said. "I've had everyone from Pete Hendrickson to the public relations men, even one of our cameramen, tracking you down."

"I led them a merry chase."

"They combed every hotel and pub in this area," Lester said, his voice taking on a more accusing tinge. "We checked out the whereabouts of every broad, from secretaries to slave-girl extras, you might have scooted off with."

"Enterprising of you," Brian muttered.

"Lucia turned out to be our lead. When she wasn't around for her walk-on in the temple scene, Joe Kelly deduced she was with you. And this hotel room is registered in her name."

"You ought to be a private detective."

"I'd probably get into less sordid situations," Lester said coolly. "By the way, where is the lovely Lucia?"

"In the bathroom."

Lester regarded Nora's figure with interest.

"Then there are two."

"Three. The other one's name is Caroline."

Lester Mitchell pursed his lips. "Most men who talk of what they've done lying in bed are lying in their teeth. You're the exception. I hope you save some of your energy for acting."

BRIAN caught the unmistakable note that he had been hearing too often lately in people's voices. They would like to dismiss me as an alcoholic clown, but they can't because they know that something not pitiful but tragic is going on—a man is being destroyed offstage. My life is being played behind the scenes and I am being murdered. By me. So their voices take on a tone made equally of irony and rebuke.

"I've had my bit of relaxation," Brian said. "After a shave and a cold bath I'll go to work." He fingered his beard. "I'll give you the best damned film performance you ever saw."

"I'd like to believe that. *Oedipus* isn't exactly a walk-on—even for a graduate of the Royal Academy."

"I've been doing all right so far."

"You've done your best acting *off*-stage."

Time to call a halt to this sort of thing.

Brian's heavy fist clenched. "I don't care if a man says I drink. That's true. I don't care if a man says I'm a whoremaster. That's true. But when you start casting aspersions on my *acting* ability . . ."

Lester's smile was a bit sickly. "All right, I apologize. I must try to remember that you're Irish and the Irish have nasty tempers. Now, do you think we can begin clearing the girls out of here, and get yourself shaved, showered, and presentable?"

THREE

At five o'clock, Lester Mitchell received another telephone call from Merrill Yeaton. Her cool tones chilled his ear.

"Lester, I would hate to believe you were hiding anything from me. Brian has not returned to the hotel yet. Is he there with you?"

"Well, Merrill..."

"If you don't tell me where he is, I shall come there and find out for myself."

"I saw him just a little while ago," Lester said. "He's going over script changes with a writer, and you know how he is when he's working. I didn't dare break in on him. I'm sure he'll call you the moment he's free."

"I'll talk to him now, if you don't mind."

"Merrill, he'll be in a foul mood if I interrupt..."

"That's my concern. I'm quite sure Brian will want to talk to me. Tell him I'm waiting on the telephone, will you please?"

Lester Mitchell had no difficulty distinguishing between a request and a command.

"All right, Merrill," he said wearily.

In the dressing room he found Brian lying on a rubbing table while a muscled masseur pounded his back.

"What is not now, Lester?"

"Merrill. She insists on talking to you."

"Insists?"

The masseur began to use the sides of his hands in a chopping motion up and down the muscles of Brian's back.

"She doesn't (*Continued on page* 64)

AIRPORT-

THE SHORT, PAUNCHY MAN nervously fingering the tapered crown of his brush-finished felt hat reminded the other passengers of Alfred Hitchcock. Had they known the truth, they would have sworn that he was a character right out of a Hitchcock mystery. He was Etienne Tarditi, 55-year-old member of the Parisian underworld just arrived at JFK International Airport from Paris.

The Arrivals Building was a scene of disorganized confusion. Harried and exhausted passengers from overseas milled around hunting for their baggage, then waited their turn to go through Customs before being whisked off to their destinations by car, cab or limousine.

By the time Tarditi had found his luggage and opened it for the Customs agent, he had recovered his composure and seemed cool and unconcerned as the inspector checked his Customs declaration and noted that Tarditi's destination was the Sherry Netherland Hotel in Manhattan.

Tarditi smiled to himself as he followed the porter carrying his luggage to a waiting cab. So far so good, he thought. They don't suspect a thing.

After the taxi driver had stowed Tarditi's baggage in the trunk and hopped in behind the wheel, he turned and asked, "Where to?"

"The Savoy Hilton," Tarditi said. The driver noted this on his trip sheet and drove off for the long trip into Manhattan.

The following morning, suave, dapper Mauricio Rosal, Guatemalan ambassador to Belgium and the Netherlands, arrived at JFK from Paris on a Pan Am jet. His nerves were taut as a bowstring, and his sweaty hands felt clammy as he carried his suitcases to the Customs inspection area. Inside the four pieces of luggage were over 100 pounds of pure heroin.

continued on next page

scene of the crime

Here is the grim picture of how organized crime has strong-armed it's way into power at U.S. airports —utilizing a "fly-by-might" takeover that involves payoffs, loansharking, pilferage, thefts, musclemen, hijackers and smugglers.

by JACK GOURLAY

Dope-smuggling diplomat Mauricio Rosal is flanked by narcotics agents after arrest.

Rosal was bagged with bags of heroin worth $20,000,000 on the illicit drug market.

AIRPORT—SCENE OF THE CRIME

continued

Rosal was traveling as a private citizen, but he told Customs Inspector Pasquale Cammello that he was claiming diplomatic immunity. Cammello did not question the ambassador, and they chatted pleasantly while Rosal's papers were processed and cleared. Rosal breathed a sigh of relief as he was waved on through Customs. He stepped briskly into the cool, clear October air to the Pan Am limousine which would take him to the Plaza Hotel in midtown.

Once in his room, Rosal hurriedly unpacked his suitcases and inspected the neatly-wrapped small plastic bundles which lay on the bottom of each piece of luggage. A smile of sly anticipation crossed his face as he replaced them and covered them with articles of clothing. Tomorrow, after the bundles were delivered, he could really be able to relax and enjoy the life he'd grown to appreciate from his share of the profits. The entire operation had been pulled off without a hitch. Customs, biggest hurdle of all, had been cleared; now all Rosal had to do was wait for the phone call.

Neither he nor Tarditi knew that the noose was tightening around their necks. Agents of U.S. Customs, the Bureau of Narcotics, and New York's Port Authority police were about to smash one of the most clever rings ever to smuggle narcotics into this country. From the time the two had left Paris, agents had been on their tail.

Acting on orders, the Customs inspector at JFK had made only a cursory inspection of Etienne Tarditi's luggage. When the cab driver noted "Savoy Hilton" on his trip sheet it was also scribbled hurriedly on a scrap of paper in the driver's left hand. As he pulled away from the terminal, the driver dangled his hand carelessly from the cab window and dropped the piece of paper. The driver was Narcotics Agent Frank Waters. He looked casually into the rear view mirror of his cab and noted that the taxi behind him had stopped and the driver jumped out to pick up the scrap of paper.

By the time Rosal arrived at JFK the following morning, the State Department in Washington had already informed agents at the airport that Rosal was not accredited in any way as a diplomat to the United States, but Customs was instructed to let him through on his diplomatic immunity.

Narcotics agents occupied hotel rooms next door to each suspect. They waited through the long night, keeping constant vigil on all their movements.

District Director George H. Gaffney, a veteran narcotics agent, and Customs Agent-in-Charge Carl Esposito waited in a parked car near the Plaza entrance. A dozen other agents in radio cars were stationed at strategic spots in the area, awaiting Gaffney's orders.

Shortly after noon the following day, word flashed from the Savoy Hilton that Tarditi was checking out. At that moment another report came through that Rosal was leaving the Plaza, that a bellhop had called a taxi and put Rosal's four suitcases into the trunk.

"This is it, the pieces are falling into place," Gaffney told Esposito as he shifted gears and fell into line at a discreet distance behind Ambassador Rosal's cab. The cab stopped at 72nd Street and Lexington Avenue, and Rosal hopped out to join Tarditi and Charles Bourbonnais standing on the corner. Bourbonnais was a 39-year-old TWA steward who, it turned out, was living extremely well for a man on his salary.

GAFFNEY drove down the block and parked his car. Across the street, Customs Agent Mario Cozzi snapped pictures of Rosal, Tarditi and Bourbonnais, while keeping a wary eye on Nick Calamaris, a swarthy, powerfully-built longshoreman and suspected big-time dealer in narcotics, who was parked nearby in a Ford station wagon.

Suddenly, Bourbonnais walked to the station wagon and Tarditi and Rosal got into the cab. Gaffney momentarily experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, suspecting that the three had become aware of the stake-out.

The station wagon, with Bourbonnais and Calamaris inside, drove off toward Third Avenue. Rosal and Tarditi followed in the taxi. Both cars swung north on Third, their occupants unaware that their vehicles were bracketed by cars driven by Narcotics and Customs agents.

At 75th Street, the taxi stopped for a traffic light while the Ford continued. Gaffney, in the control car, shot forward, cutting off the cab. The veteran Narcotics Bureau officer snapped his orders into the radio mike: "Okay, boys, let's get them now!" The other cars sped ahead and blocked the station wagon.

Mike Cozzi leaped to the taxi, jerked open its door and shouted; "Don't make a move. We're Federal agents!"

Rosal was startled, then became angry and protested: "What's the meaning of this? Do you realize who I am? I'm a diplomat. I have diplomatic immunity! Your government will hear of this!"

An agent asked, "Are you on a diplomatic mission to this country?"

"No."

"Does your government know that you are here in this country?"

"No."

In the station wagon, Calamaris asked, "What's going on?"

"Pull over to the side, you're blocking traffic."

"I don't know nothin'."

When asked what was in the trunk of the cab, Rosal replied that there were four suitcases. One was his, but the other three weren't.

"You brought them into this country, didn't you?" Gaffney asked."Yes . . . but they don't belong to me . . ."

The confused taxi driver was asked to open the trunk. One suitcase was opened. It contained plastic bags of white powder . . . pure heroin. The suitcase claimed by Rosal to be his held a package containing $26,000 which had been delivered to Rosal by Tarditi.

In the station wagon, Mike Cozzi discovered four-and-a-half pounds of heroin and a sack containing $41,949 which was intended for Tarditi.

Rosal broke down and talked. This had been his third trip. Bourbonnais was errand boy, collecting the money and delivering it to Paris during his regularly scheduled flight assignments. Later in the week, another 114 pounds of heroin were found in a trunk hidden by Tarditi on Long Island. Altogether, these seizures of heroin were the largest ever made in this country. The powder was worth $20,000,000 in the underworld market.

The big traffic in smuggling at the airports is in narcotics, but there is much more taking place as well. Customs officials, unfortunately, have no way of telling which passengers arriving by plane are honest and which are dishonest. The little gray-haired lady with a shawl on her shoulders, wearing a shy, grandmotherly smile, may have two pounds of heroin hidden in her girdle. And the blue-eyed American businessman with the firm handclasp may be trying to smuggle in a diamond ring or several watches. But over the years, many Customs inspectors develop a sixth sense for spotting culprits.

In mid-July this year, alert Customs inspectors arrested four female couriers from South America for hiding over a million dollars of pure cocaine on their bodies. Customs officials seized them because their practiced eyes noticed excessive bulkiness under the women's dresses. The women are suspected of being couriers for a Mafia ring operating in the United States.

HARRY DAVIDOFF
"kill it"

SOME smugglers are well-known personalities with a bit of larceny in their souls. One recent case involved a famous Hollywood actress who returned to the United States after spending six months on location shooting a picture. On her Customs declaration, she listed no purchases, only personal belongings. This immediately aroused the suspicion of the Customs agent, who asked her to open her suitcases. He discovered, under her California dresses, several gowns with no labels attached. He recognized them immediately as Dior and Balenciaga originals, knowing that a label can be changed, but not the distinctive stitching of a French seamstress. The actress was carrying $10,800 of undeclared clothing and jewelry. She escaped criminal prosecution, but paid stiff penalties for the smuggling attempt...

Smuggling is one of the more dramatic of the major airport crimes, but hardly a day goes by without reports of cargo thefts which, at JFK alone, amounted to more than $4,500,000 last year.

It was only 8:30 A.M., May 16, 1968, with a hot sun sending heat waves that shimmered across the terminal pavement in the Cargo Area at New York's JFK International Airport, when a freshly-painted black panel truck approached the loading docks. The legend "Englehardt Industries" was painted in gold leaf on its sides. The slender, youthful driver maneuvered his truck past others already parked there until he arrived at the platform holding cargo from KLM's early morning arrival from Amsterdam. As he cut the motor and

Helicopter cops examine truck abandoned after $500,000 palladium theft from JFK.

stepped out, the uniformed guard sitting next to him reassuringly patted his holster holding a .38 caliber revolver. The two entered the cargo receiving office.

The busy cargo agent hardly acknowledged the briefly muttered words, "Englehardt Industries," before he took the sheaf of documents from the driver's outstretched hand.

"You've got a valuable one this time," he said. Jokingly, he asked, "Sure you two guys can handle it?"

Subdued by the scowl on the face of the guard, the agent returned to his paper work, noting that the shipment was palladium, a precious metal used in the jewelry business. It was valued at $508,000. The agent checked the Customs clearance number affixed to the official documents, and then disappeared through the doorway. Uneasily, the guard looked around the office and noticed that everyone appeared to be preoccupied with his own business. He was anxious to get the shipment into the truck and on its way. Moments later, the shipping agent reappeared and turned the precious metal over to the two men. They loaded it into the truck and drove off. The time was 8:45 A.M.

One hour and seven minutes later, a heavily-armored truck bearing the name "Englehardt Industries" pulled up at the same cargo loading dock. Inside the truck were three guards. They were too late. The half-million-dollar cargo was gone. Later in the day, the original panel truck was found abandoned at the north end of the toll booths of Brooklyn's Marine Parkway Bridge, 10 miles from the airport. The two thieves got away without a trace.

THE theft had all the earmarks of an inside professional job. It was one of thousands taking place at airports the whole world over, for organized crime has muscled its way into the airports.

The world's airliners carry billions of dollars in precious cargoes each year. Guarding these cargoes is a tough assignment, and it's getting more difficult every day. Cargo must pass through dozens of hands: loaders and unloaders, cargo checkers, guards, freight forwarders, delivery men, customs inspectors. If a precious cargo disappears enroute from New York to Australia, the search may cover a 12,000-mile route. But nine times out of ten, the airport is the scene of the crime. It is easy to figure why.

Today's international airports have far greater security problems than most cities. JFK International is a good example. Over 38,000 people work there. In addition thousands of employees of companies serving the huge complex move in and out each day. Add to that 18,000,000 passengers traveling through each year. The "self-contained city" at JFK has a hotel, a post office, a bank, a chapel, various restaurants, and 10 miles of roadway to be patroled. There is a huge International Arrivals Building, dozens of individual airline terminals, and parking facilities for 13,000 automobiles.

The air cargo certer alone covers more than 159 acres. Its 13 cargo buildings total a million square feet. Five hundred and fifty-two thousand tons of cargo worth $6.3 billion were shipped through JFK last year. This air cargo demands speed and rapid handling, and this is what complicates airport security problems.

PROVIDING overall police protection for JFK is a 145-man force of Port of New York Authority police, maintaining a three-shift, 24-hour-a-day, seven-day vigil. At least six, probably more, are plainclothes detectives. (For security reasons, Port Authority sources at JFK will not disclose exact figures.)

There are also men of the FBI, U.S. Customs, the 103rd Precinct of the New York City Police Department, and private security guards employed by the airlines and air freight companies, but the primary law enforcement responsibility belongs to the Port Authority police.

But the rapid growth of air cargo has far outstripped the growth of police forces at the airports and, according to Thomas E. Reilly, Assistant Superintendent of Police for the Port Authority, losses due to theft are a major and growing problem.

Last year, there were 128 cargo thefts valued at over $4,500,000 at JFK, and many more which went unreported either for fear of adverse publicity or of undermining public confidence in air cargo shipping.

Pilferage is an almost daily occurrence. In one case, two packets of polished diamonds arrived at JFK from Amsterdam on October 25, 1967. The diamonds, worth $50,295, were unloaded from a jet liner and turned over to a cargo agent. The wrappings of the packets containing the diamonds were marked with small red squares (a procedure used by shippers to alert everyone in the cargo-handling chain to the presence of an extremely valuable shipment) and were placed face down under other packages in the agent's truck. The agent drove to the Customs office, went inside for less than 10 minutes. When he returned to his truck, he saw that the packages had been disturbed. The diamonds were gone!

According to Bob Schmeichel, Pan Am's insurance executive, this sort of pilferage is extremely lucrative: At least 75% of all such crimes go unsolved. But the situation at JFK is changing. No longer is it an easy "mark."

In January of this year, the Port Authority strengthened its regular police force (*Continued on page 74*)

THE ROYAL STALLION

He made the jet set look as if it traveled by pack mule, and he was so fast with women that when he died, the world lost more than a deposed monarch... It lost a king of the boudoirs.

by DICK HALVORSEN

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR was synonymous with Egypt's King Farouk, and if a movie were made of his life, it could well open on a typical scene: the portly potentate seated Buddha-fashion in the middle of a huge circular bed, contemplating not his navel but a bejeweled device on which an arrow spun. It was an elaborate facsimile of one of those arrow-on-card devices used in games to select numbers. With a beringed index finger, Farouk spun the arrow and waited for it to come to rest on a number.

Similarly seated around the periphery of the vast bed, positioned like the figures on a clock, were a dozen *(Continued on page 88)*

NOT SO FUNNY GIRL

After she kept 4,000 actors, technicians and extras cooling their heels for more than an hour, Barbra Superstar swept onto the set, saying: "Ok, where d'ya want me?"... A "cast of thousands" longed to tell her exactly where she could go!

Barbra seems to have no trouble following directions here, but many consider her a tempestuous and temperamental "superstar."

by GENE WRIGHT

BARBRA EMERGES from her huge, spare-no-expense dressing room chewing gum and playing her favorite role – Barbra Streisand, Superstar. She sweeps majestically onto the set of *Hello Dolly!* – the $15,000,000 musical that 20th Century-Fox bought for her – followed by an entourage: her manager, a publicist, a hairdresser, and a makeup man. They surround her, powdering her long nose, combing her copper hair, fussing over her lavender lace costume, handing her a copy of the script. "Yes, Miss Streisand . . . No, Miss Streisand . . . Of course, Miss Streisand." They are living proof of her elevated and privileged status.

This morning co-star Walter Matthau, director Gene Kelly and 4,000 assorted dancers, singers and extras have been kept waiting for over an hour. Kelly is cooling his heels while suspended 80 feet in the air on a camera boom, but Barbra has not yet acknowledged him. She is too engrossed in checking her image in the hairdresser's mirror before permitting herself to face the seven huge Todd A-O cameras.

Satisfied with what she sees, Barbra announces that she is ready. "OK, where d'ya want me, Gene?" she asks in her *bel canto* Brooklynese. Many of those present would like to answer that question, but no one speaks except the director.

"Next to Walter in front of the parade, dear," comes the familiar Kelly husk over the PA system. Barbra parks her gum on the slate numbering the film's take and gets into position.

"Hello, Walter," she says, accidentally pushing her large prop feather into Matthau's face. "How's your ulcer?"

"Worse," replies Matthau in the dour manner that is his trademark. Under his breath he mumbles to a bystander: "She's got to wave her goddarn feathers across your balls, in your eyes and mouth or she's not happy." The object of his hostile remark doesn't hear it; Barbra is busy checking lights and camera

continued on next page

Co-star Walter Matthau had caustic comment about Barbra's feather-waving fetish.

NOT SO FUNNY GIRL

continued

angles.

During the first take Barbra is out of step, and Kelly takes her aside for instructions. "It's too dancy," she says to one of the world's foremost choreographers and dancers. Kelly tells her that her way of moving is too "singy" and she grudgingly gives in.

By afternoon nerves are raw. Matthau hasn't forgotten that Barbra laughed at him while he recorded his big—and only—song, forcing him to do it over again. He takes his revenge during the next scene when he has to dance with Barbra, by tickling her palm in the classic "Baby, do you want to?" gesture.

Barbra isn't satisfied with the take ("There was a shadow across my face.") and insists on doing it over. Matthau reaches the boiling point when his co-star wants to try the dance a third time, and words fly: "Why don't you let *him* direct?" he blurts out, pointing to Kelly. "You don't have to be great all the time."

"I'll be back when ya learn how to act," says Barbra, marching off the set like the movie queen she is.

"Go ahead, baby," Matthau flings after her. "But remember, Betty Hutton thought she was indispensable, too!"

Safe in the dressing room once occupied by erstwhile screen goddesses Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable — back in the days when female stars were beautiful, before Barbra changed all that — she dissolved into tears. When she looks up, makeup smeared, Barbra is again the scared little Jewish girl from Brooklyn, the one everyone picks on. Underneath the talent, and despite her glamorous life as a superstar, there lurks an unhappy, frustrated girl.

According to Barbra, others cause her problems because they are jealous of her or feel threatened by her. She rarely blames herself for causing the unpleasant situations that so often surround her.

Last fall Barbra's non-objectivity managed to alienate a sizeable number of the Hollywood press corps. On October 28, Barbra and her husband, Elliott Gould attended a screening of Steve McQueen's new film, *Bullitt*, in a theater on Sunset Boulevard. Afterward the couple rushed out of the theater without stopping to pose for newspaper photographers, a customary practice for stars.

Five photographers followed anyway, snapping pictures and trying to keep up the fast pace while walking backward. Barbra was patently annoyed, saying several times, "Haven't you got enough yet?" Finally, when the photographers showed no sign of letting up, she covered her face with her hand.

At that point one of the group spoke up: "If you were polite and stopped walking like everyone else, we wouldn't have to bother you now." According to witnesses, the remark enraged Gould who lunged for the man, saying, "I'll show you who's not polite!"

THE photographer, 21-year-old Tony Rizzo, described the incident as follows: "He (Gould) grabbed my camera chain, trying to get it off my neck. But the chain was too strong and he grabbed for the camera itself and pulled toward the ground. He was spewing profanities all the while . . ."

Barbra missed most of the action, for she took off immediately after Gould started bouncing Rizzo off a parked car.

Rizzo included Barbra in his $200,000 lawsuit against the Goulds. He claims that he suffered damages when Gould "willfully and violently struck him" while he was performing his job. In the suit, the free-lance photographer states that Gould was acting in Barbra's behalf during the scuffle.

Seven years ago, when Barbra was still unknown, she did everything she could to be noticed and would even have stood on her head if a photographer asked her. In those days recognition was her aim, and to her recognition meant success and freedom from her stifling childhood of poverty and loneliness. Today Barbra can say, "I couldn't care less about publicity," knowing it will come to her automatically now that she has reached the pinnacle of fame. But for all her success, it hasn't been enough to heal the scars of her damaged ego.

The background to her story is Brooklyn's Brownsville section where Barbra was born on April 24, 1942. At that time Brownsville was a respectable lower middle-class neighborhood, predominately Jewish, and had not yet become the dangerous near-slum it is today.

Barbra's father, a schoolteacher, was only 34 when he died of a cerebral hemorrhage. His demise sent Dinah Streisand into a near panic. She spent the next three years in bed crying, and subsisting on her son's Army allotment checks. Barbra and her older brother Sheldon spent their days in hallways of their building accepting handout snacks from neighbors. "We were never poor," Barbra says. "We just didn't have anything."

When the checks stopped coming, Dinah Streisand went to work as a secretary-bookkeeper, leaving four-year-old Barbara Joan in the care of neighbors and relatives.

BARBRA learned to be independent early in life and by the time she was six she could practically take care of herself. Her high intelligence also made her painfully aware of her homeliness. "I was a real ugly kid," she recalls, "the kind who looks ridiculous with a ribbon in her hair. And skinny. My mother wouldn't let me take dancing lessons because she was afraid my bones would break."

In school Barbra became a loner who liked to shock and provoke her classmates to get them to notice the "poor girl with the big nose." Her mother enrolled her in Yeshiva Hebrew School, which she attended until third grade. One day in class she yelled out, "Christmas! Christmas!" while the rabbi's back was turned. "It was supposed to be a bad word," she says, "something we weren't supposed to talk about."

The remark was a preview of the kind of humor that would someday bring Barbra fame, but the school didn't like it, and Barbra soon became a student in the public school system.

The close relationship Barbra shared with her mother (*Continued on page* 100)

Omar Shariff was attentive off set, too.

Hubby Elliott Gould scuffles with photog.

The Calendar Girls

MISS APRIL: HELGA

SPEAKING FRANC-LY, France's franc may be worth a little less these days, but not France's Helga. This Parisienne's 35-24-35 assets are like money in the bank. They enable her to achieve solvency via modeling and acting in little theater productions — and pay for her schooling. The 21-year-old brunette is studying to be a doctor of pharmacology, but even when she becomes a licensed druggist, Helga will never be a drug on the modeling market. ▲

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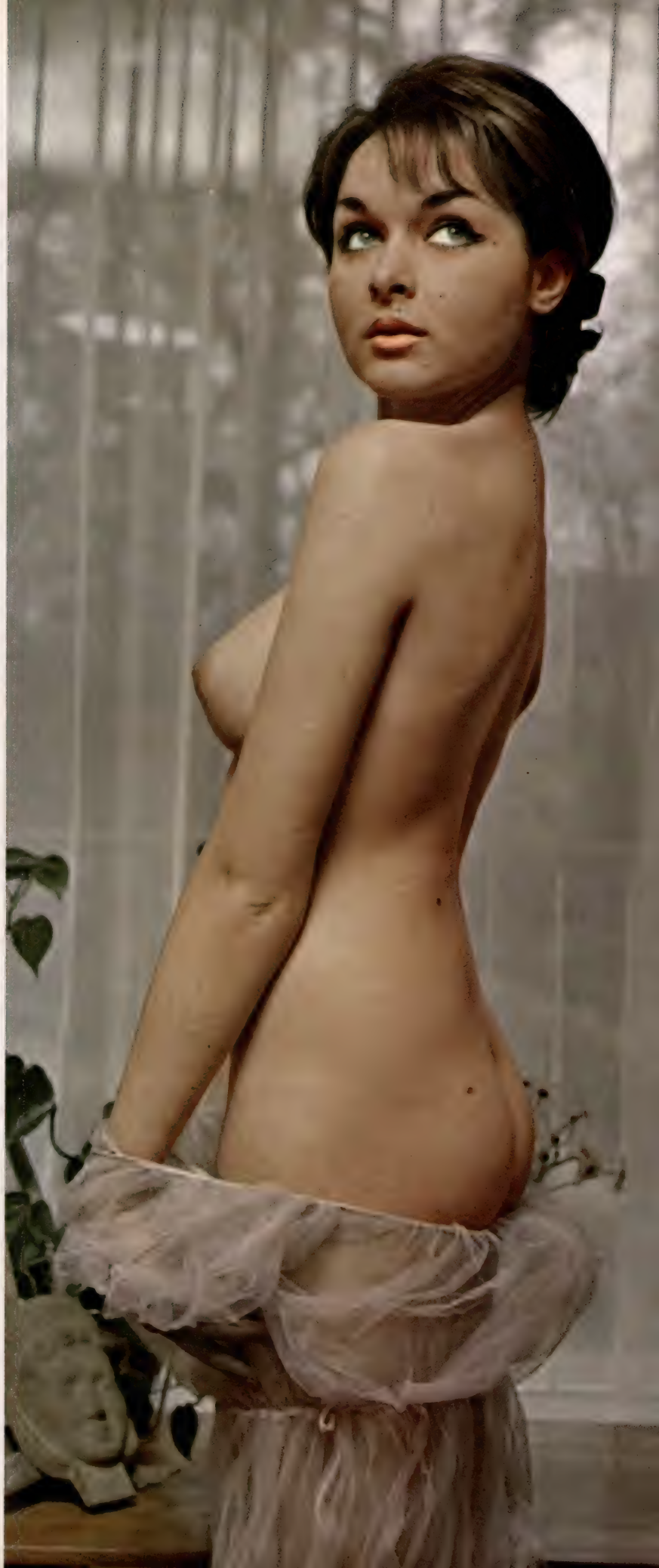
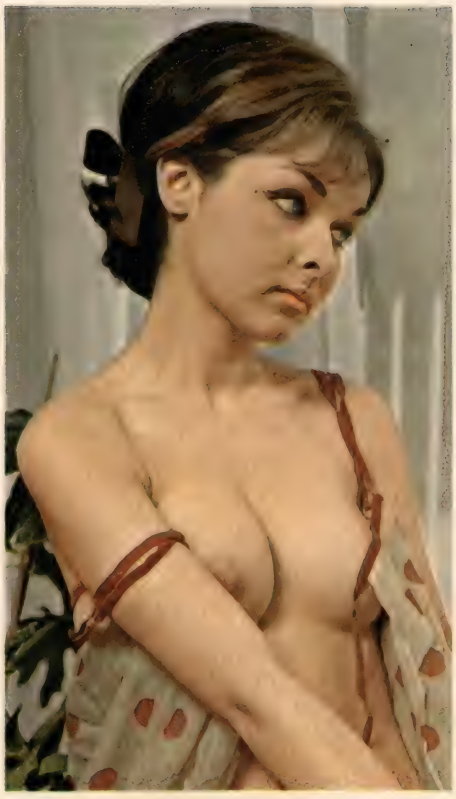
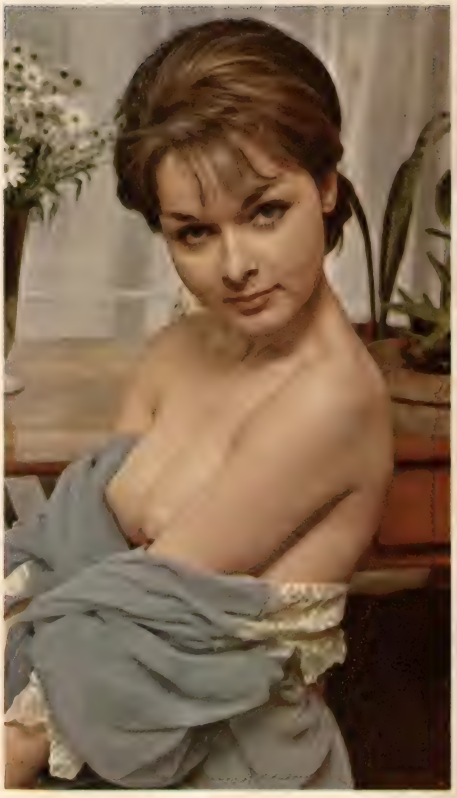
photographed for MAN'S by Serge Jacques







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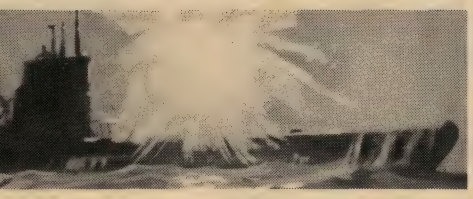
THE CALENDAR GIRLS--MISS APRIL

by LAWRENCE CORTESI



SCOURGE OF THE PACIFIC

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER Richard H. O'Kane swung the periscope in a 180-degree turn, and motioned excitedly to Lt. Frank Springer, his executive officer. Springer hunched over and peered into the periscope, then rose slowly, licking his lips. "They got everything, Rick—cans, cruisers, the works!"

"I make out 11," O'Kane said.

Springer nodded. "Five merchantmen and six escorts—too many."

Rick O'Kane reached out an eager hand to pick up the JV phone, and the weary men in the sub's control room stiffened. They knew that the USS *Tang's* torpedoes and crew were both half spent. And now it appeared that

continued on next page

The U.S. submarine that, almost singlehanded, broke the back of the Jap fleet was ironically about to be sunk by one of her own torpedoes!

their tall, slender skipper was about to lead them through another hellish battle.

O'Kane barked an order into the phone: "Engine room, all ahead flank!" Then he turned to Springer. "Set course at .016 degrees."

Without waiting for further orders, the men around O'Kane hurried to their battle stations. But they moved nervously. How could they hope to pull off yet another miracle, this time against 11 well-armed Japanese vessels?

Within moments, their worst fears began to take shape. The *Tang* had not glided two miles more through Formosa Strait before a barrage of 5-inch and 40mm. shells began to explode all around the American submarine. Some of the men cursed inwardly. Their commander was committing suicide, and taking them along with him!

As the sleek *Tang* slid along just under the surface of the murky water, her hull was jarred and rocked by the concussions of the Japanese near-misses exploding on all sides. The crew stiffened at every muffled boom, and jerked anxiously whenever the lights flickered and dimmed, and harsh, unfamiliar vibrations shuddered through the ship.

O'Kane bent forward slightly, gripped the handles of the periscope, and peered again into the eyepiece. Then he straightened, snapped up the handles against the periscope barrel, and looked at his executive officer. "No good submerged, Frank. Their tin cans'll climb all over us. We'll make surface attacks."

Lieutenant Frank Springer did not answer, but the men inside the control room felt a surge of relief. If the sub went down, it would be better surfaced, where there was at least a slight chance of escape.

O'Kane spoke into the phone: "Maintain flank speed at .016 degrees. Ready forward torpedo tubes." Then he turned to Springer again. "There's a tanker and two transports exposed," the skipper said. "We'll hit them first. Frank, you handle the conn down here; I'll direct from the bridge."

"Okay, Rick," Springer replied.

"Surface!" O'Kane barked into the JV phone.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

A moment later, the sound of water gushing out of ballast tanks roared through the submarine's compartments. The *Tang* rose quickly, bobbing like a rubber raft until she settled on the surface of Formosa Strait.

RADIOMAN Clay Decker clambered up the bridge ladder, opened the hatch, and hoisted himself onto the sub's bridge. Rick O'Kane and Gunnery Officer Lieutenant Hank Flanagan followed. When they reached the bridge, O'Kane blinked his eyes in the sudden daylight as Decker handed him a JV phone. RTO Decker then adjusted his own JV and handed a third to Lieutenant Flanagan.

"You're hooked for torpedo rooms, sir," Clay told the gunnery officer.

"Thank you."

O'Kane peered through his binoculars, studying the array of enemy merchant ships zigzagging furiously southward. When his eyes fell on a long tanker, decks jammed with crated kamikaze aircraft, he lowered the glasses. Then he peered into the bearing scope and turned it slightly until the hairlines were centered on the heavily loaded tanker.

"Ready forward torpedoes!" O'Kane said.

Lieutenant Flanagan relayed the order to the torpedo room: "Ready forward tubes!"

"Rudder to starboard, .02 degrees," O'Kane said.

"Starboard to .02 degrees," Decker relayed O'Kane's order to the helmsman.

A moment later Flanagan looked at O'Kane. Torpedo tubes one, two, three and four ready, sir."

O'Kane nodded as he peered intently through the bearing scope, ignoring the occasional geysers of water thrown up by shells falling close alongside. "Maintain .026 degrees; steady as she goes."

"Maintain .026 degrees; steady as she goes," repeated Decker, relaying his commander's orders.

A call came from the control room: "Range, 3,000 yards!"

"Range, 3,000 yards," the RTO man told O'Kane.

O'Kane nodded again and shifted his glance from the bearing scope to the range dial. Then, when he had zeroed in on the Jap tanker, he straightened suddenly. "Fire one!"

"Fire one!" Flanagan cried.

"Fire two!"

"Fire two!"

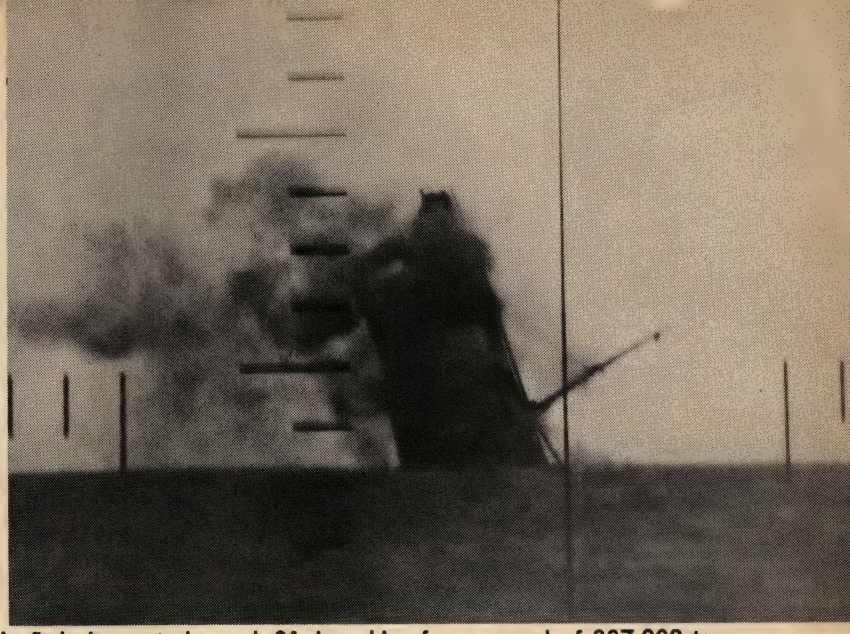
Then O'Kane, Flanagan and Decker jammed themselves against the bridge railing and watched the torpedoes zip through the sea, spraying luminous wakes behind them. Fifteen seconds later, a double concussion bounced back across the water, and the *Tang's* deck rocked from the vibrations. The trio on the bridge saw twin balls of fire burst over the superstructure of the Japanese tanker before a thick wall of smoke enveloped the enemy ship.

O'Kane paused only a moment to admire the *Tang's* efforts, then returned to the bearing scope, setting the sights on two transports which were bobbing about the sea like clumsy elephants. "Ready forward tubes three, four, five, and six. Reload one and two."

Flanagan relayed the order.

"Right rudder, four degrees—easy," O'Kane said. As the *Tang's* bow slipped softly to starboard, O'Kane peered even more intently into the scope. "Ready tubes three and four," he said slowly, as

RTO Decker, survivor of the war, talks (l.) with crew members who lost lives on *Tang*. Skipper O'Kane (r.) is congratulated by Harry Truman after he awarded O'Kane the Medal of Honor for leading *Tang* (below).



Sub surfaces (l.) to finish off enemy vessel. The *Tang*, in 5 daring patrols, sank 31 Jap ships for a record of 227,000 tons.

he carefully bisected the target with the hairlines.

"Fire three and four!" the skipper shoutted.

"Fire three and four!" Flanagan repeated quickly.

The torpedoes shot out of the *Tang's* bow and streaked like hungry pike toward the enemy merchant ship. This time, O'Kane did not even wait for the results. His eyes were still glued to the bearing scope. "Left rudder, four degrees, four degrees!"

"Aye, sir," Decker repeated. "Left rudder, four degrees!"

"Fire five! Fire six!"

A second pair of torpedoes sliced through the murky sea.

Now O'Kane, Lieutenant Flanagan, and Decker were standing upright on the bridge, staring forward. They flinched involuntarily as a 5-inch shell exploded next to the submarine's sleek hull. Then the horizon burst into a blinding flash of orange light, and they heard four thundering concussions. Every torpedo had struck its mark. The two transports, aflame from bow to stern, began to list quickly.

But now three Japanese destroyers raced toward the *Tang*, lobbing 5-inch shells ahead of them. One exploded with a roar on the foredeck, shaking the *Tang* violently. Huge fragments of her metal deck flew skyward. O'Kane and Flanagan were knocked off their feet. Decker was thrown against a bulkhead plate, but managed to remain upright.

"WE'VE got to get out of here, sir!" Flanagan shouted anxiously.

O'Kane had barely regained his footing when a second shuddering concussion—this one from a near miss—sent him spinning across the bridge deck. O'Kane grabbed the railing to steady himself, then squinted through the geysers of sea water. Enemy destroyers were bearing down on the *Tang* from three directions, one on each beam and one off the port bow.

When another near miss lifted the *Tang's* bow out of the water, a call came from Lieutenant Frank Springer in the control room.

"What's going on up there?" he asked frantically.

"Three Jap cans bearing down on us—maybe three or four thousand yards off. Any damage down where you are?"

"Not yet," the executive officer said. "At least we haven't got a report from damage control. But we better dive, Rick. We better head for bottom!"

"No good," O'Kane replied. "If we go to the bottom, they'll just hang overhead and tear us apart with depth charges."

"What are we gonna do?" Springer asked.

"I don't know yet," O'Kane admitted.

For a moment, O'Kane stared at the burning merchant ships in the distance. Thick palls of smoke spiraled above the listing enemy vessels as he watched the confused movements of men trying to abandon ship. Then he squinted through the bearing scope again and looked at the range dial. When he straightened, he looked into the pleading eyes of his gunnery officer. "We can't back off, Lieutenant."

Flanagan didn't answer.

Now O'Kane looked at his RTO man. "They'll catch us and chew us up, Decker."

"Yes, sir."

The RTO man's throat contracted as he watched the destroyers steam toward them. Decker, from Buffalo, New York, could sense the fanatic lust for vengeance that galvanized the Japanese sailors. He knew they had good reason to hate the *Tang* . . .

Decker had been with the *Tang* ever since her first patrol in February, 1944, when she bottled up Truk Harbor and sank three ships trying to escape a heavy American carrier attack. Two weeks later, the *Tang* came back to sink two transports that managed to escape the air strike.

In April, the *Tang* cheated the Japanese of revenge after another smashing air raid on Truk. The defenders had knocked 20 American planes out of the sky, but O'Kane and his crew had rescued 22 airmen from the choppy sea, whisking them right out from under the enemy's nose. Then, Rick O'Kane added insult to injury by shooting up Truk Harbor with the *Tang's* 5-inch deck guns before departing.

In June, the spunky *Tang*—now becoming famous as "The Scourge of the Pacific"—brazenly moved into Japanese home waters and stayed there for a week, harassing the Dairen-Kyushu convoy route between Japan and Manchuria. She sank five ships, then escaped scot-free.

In September, on her fourth war patrol, the lone-wolf *Tang* once again challenged the Japanese Navy in its own back yard, this time in the harbor of Taipei, Formosa. Moving deftly through the protective mine fields, O'Kane brazenly sank three freighters. Then, with torpedo tubes empty, she bluffed a Japanese destroyer into retreat and made good her escape.

YES, Decker knew the Japanese Navy had ample reason to seek vengeance against Rick O'Kane on that morning of October 24, 1944. The Japs had suffered badly enough at his hands when he was Commander Much Morton's exec on the vicious *Wahoo*, which sank 15 Japanese ships during 1943, before she was sunk herself.

In 1944, O'Kane continued the reign of terror with the *Tang*, but even more viciously. So far, the slim Lieutenant Commander from Dover, New Hampshire, had sent 26 Japanese vessels to the bottom—seven of them only a few days before, in this same Formosa Strait.

The Japanese were still smarting from the *Tang's* brazen attack of the previous week, when O'Kane had plunged right into the middle of a huge convoy of 13 ships headed for the Philippines with hundreds of crated kamikaze aircraft. A ferocious free-for-all ensued, in which the *Tang* sank seven merchant ships with torpedo shots. The Japanese lost hundreds of men, tons of supplies, and more than 200 airplanes, and the *Tang* made a clean getaway.

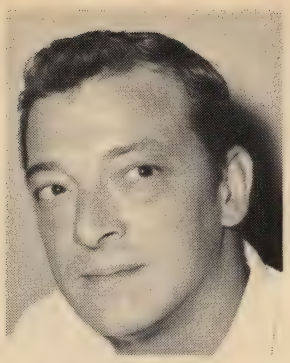
But they couldn't be so lucky this time! Clay Decker's neck throbbed and perspiration dampened his face as the Japanese destroyers bored swiftly towards the *Tang*. Geysers from the enemy's near misses were now splashing all around the American submarine. Miraculously, the *Tang* had suffered only two hits, neither serious. But the destroyer wolfpack appeared certain to devour the *Tang* and her crew within the next few minutes.

Rick O'Kane rubbed a hand across his mouth and looked at his gunnery officer. "Lieutenant, if you're in the hippo's mouth, where's the safest place?"

Flanagan remained immobile and silent, but Clay Decker grinned. "On his tongue, sir?" the RTO man said. "So he can't chew you apart?"

O'Kane nodded with a smile, then spoke into the JV. "Frank, take a look at the radar blip. How far are we from the burning tanker?"

A moment (*Continued on page* 54)



ADAM PLUMMER
ask the man who loans one

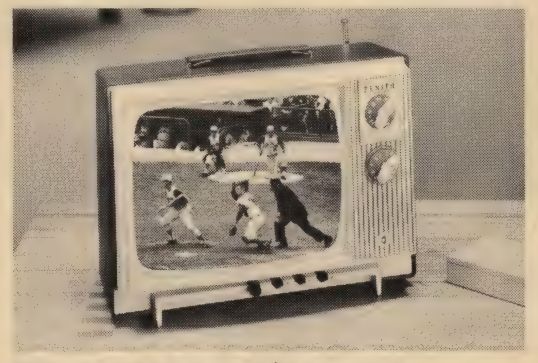
WHY BUY IT

YOU CAN RENT ALMOST ANYTHING, B-U-T

Renting helicopters can be expensive —up to $75 an hour!

Hertz rents everything from furniture and exercise machines to fine linen and formal wear.

Anything in this picture may be rented for under $50 a week.



Why miss the big game—$5 a month is going TV rental rate in many areas.

Computer rental is costly but standard business procedure.

—RENT IT!

Airport car rentals are commonplace today.

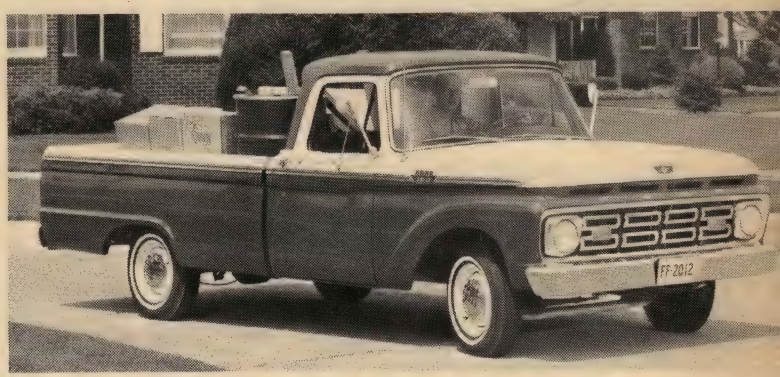
THERE ARE LIMITATIONS AS WELL AS ADVANTAGES. LOOK BEFORE YOU LEASE!

Models—and comics—can be rented for a fee!

SOFT LIGHTS GLINTED from the hood of a maroon Chrysler that swept into the driveway of the house where a gala party was in full swing. The driver, impeccably clad in a midnight blue tuxedo, escorted a stunning blonde wearing a full-length mink coat over a gold evening gown. A photographer's flashbulb popped as the smiling couple walked into the reception hall to meet their hostess, who stood against a paneled wall lined with impressionistic oil paintings.

"I'm delighted that you could join us, Adam," she gushed. "I know how busy a Little Theater director must be on the night before opening."

"Hello, Maggie," Adam Plummer said. "I'd like you to meet Judy Hopper . . . Judy, Mrs. Margarita Fleer. I'm sorry if we're late, but I was held up trying to pacify the stage manager, who was all upset because some of his props still hadn't arrived when the (Continued on page 82)



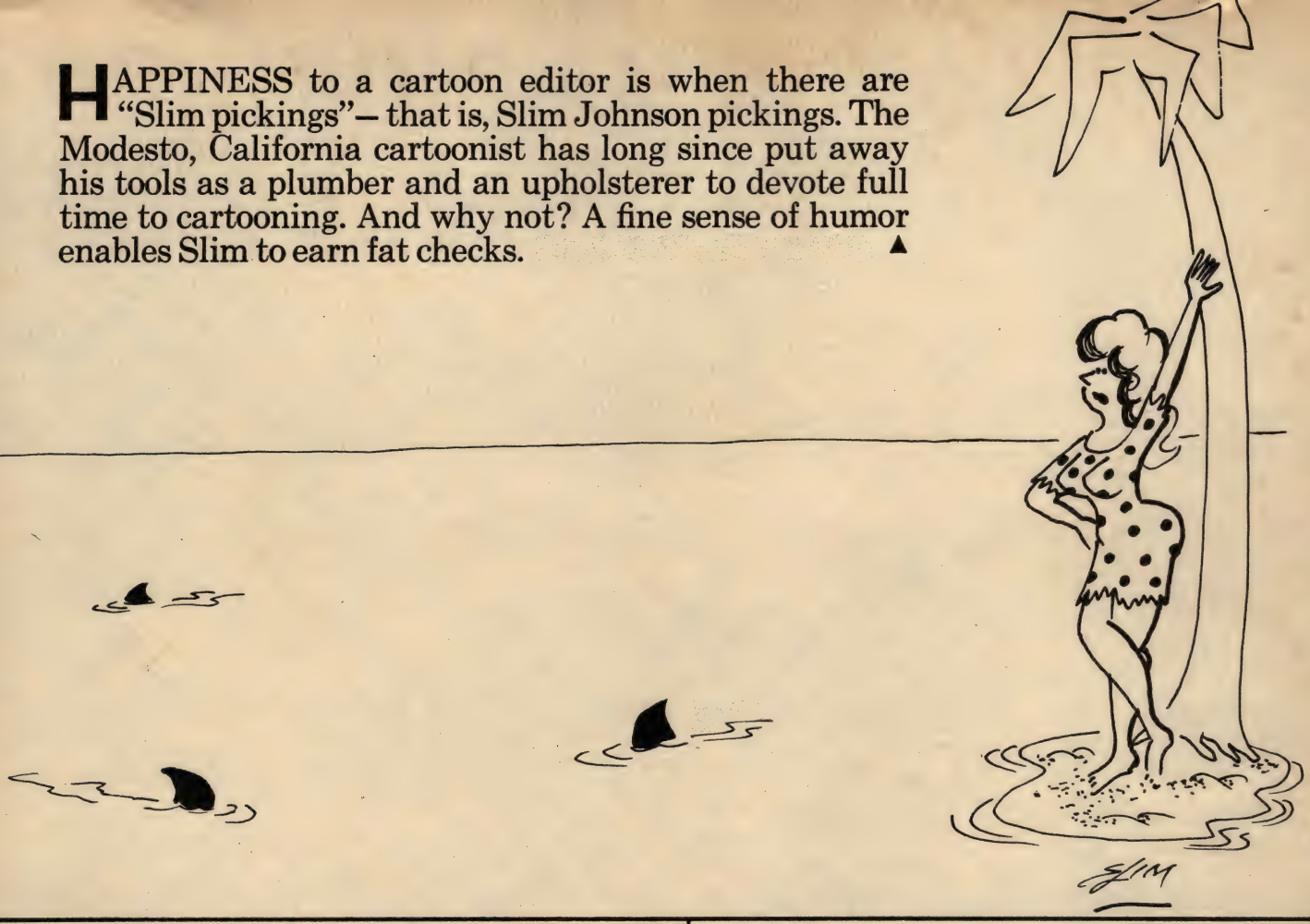
Older model trucks are yours for the renting at $6 a day—with no mileage charges!

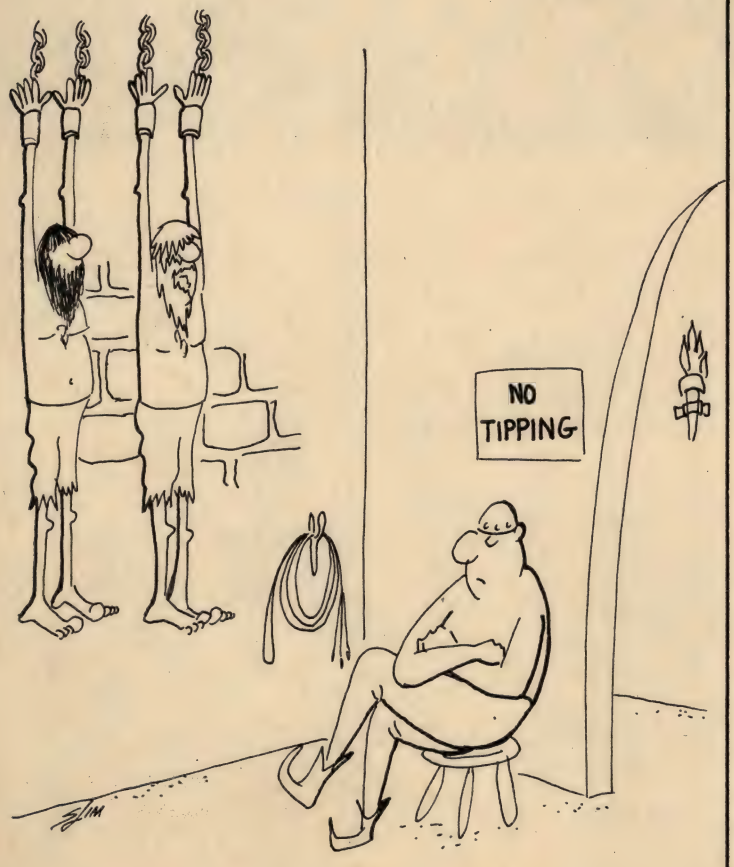
This little Cessna rents for $12 an hour.

SLIM PICKINGS

"It's a sad case—five years on a desert isle with a beautiful 22-year-old, red-headed nun."

HAPPINESS to a cartoon editor is when there are "Slim pickings"— that is, Slim Johnson pickings. The Modesto, California cartoonist has long since put away his tools as a plumber and an upholsterer to devote full time to cartooning. And why not? A fine sense of humor enables Slim to earn fat checks. ▲





"I *should* have danced all night."

AMERICA'S CAMPUS MISTRESSES

What college administrators call "student cohabitation" and students call "shacking up" or "living together" is what's happening in schools across the U.S., where the policy is, to put it bluntly, "to let sleeping coeds lie."

by J. LEWIS NELSON

HE NEVER SAW A GIRL SO WILLING. He had to hold on to his pants from the moment the door closed behind them in the pad lent him by his friend, two blocks off campus.

Only a sophomore himself, he was more than a little nervous about sexually aggressive freshman coeds. Following his friend's instructions, he fed her mint tea laced with rum. Then he stalled for a while with his friend's collection of platters, playing Tibetan drums, Dylan and The Who.

But her hand kept snaking out toward his genitals. The more rum, the more snake. But, after a while she captured her prize and he resigned himself to worried delight.

Her style alarmed him. Most girls he had ever known had demanded a long rap while he worked down the winding road from "milk jugs" to "sugar bowl." This was the first time he'd ever felt an instinct to defend *his* honor. It was too much.

He stopped her hand with an abrupt grab. Smiling vacuously, she reclined on the soiled mattress on the floor.

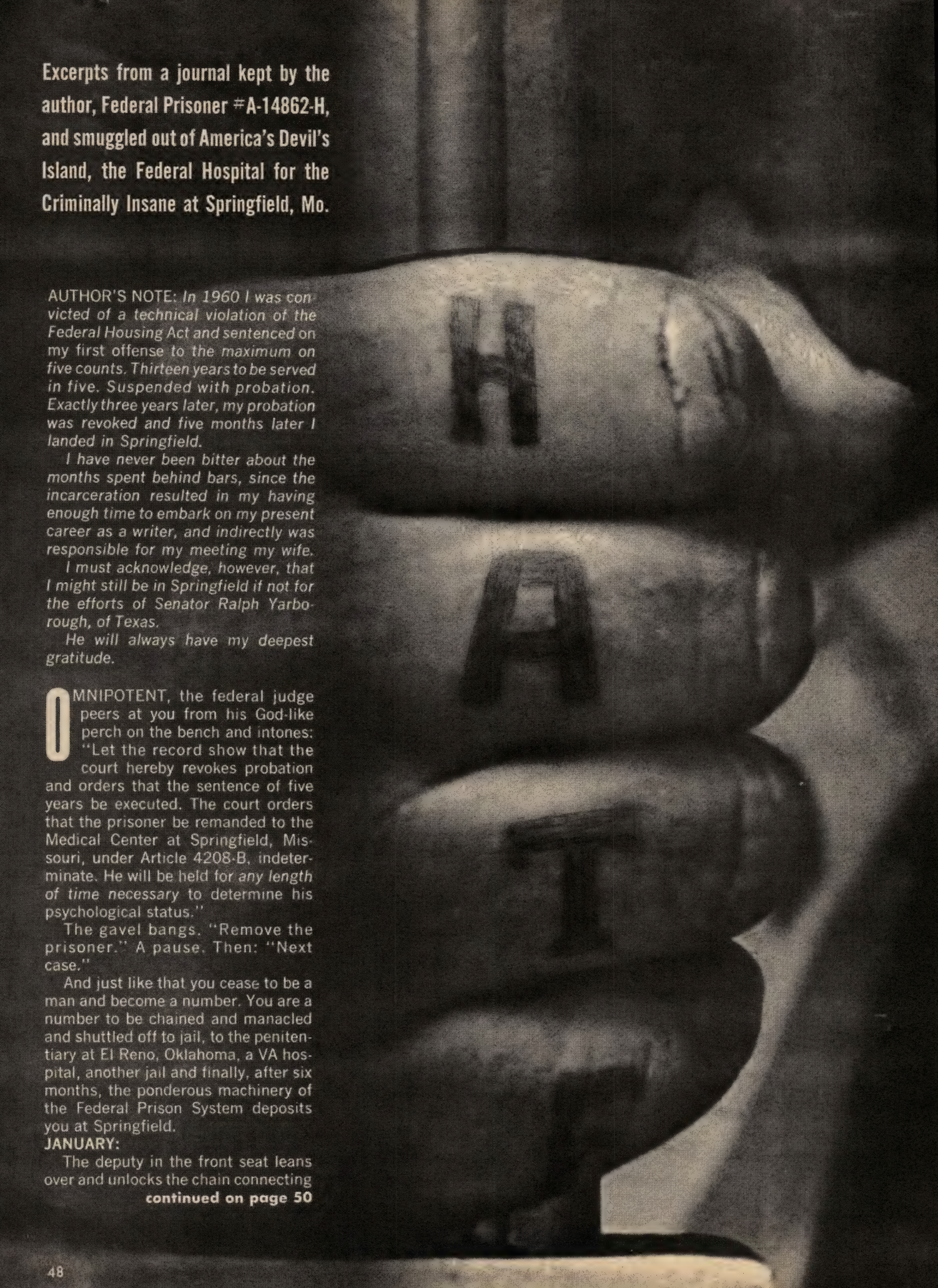
Her hand tugged him over her like a blanket.

"Wait a minute," he said anxiously. Struggling out of his pants and shorts, and fighting off a tension cramp in one leg, he tried desperately to remember her name.

"Jack," she moaned. "Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack."

He began making it, her hot palms urging him on from behind. But his agitation gave way to dismay. Something was wrong. She was a stone wall. Granite. He was incredulous. (*Continued on page* 78)

Excerpts from a journal kept by the author, Federal Prisoner #A-14862-H, and smuggled out of America's Devil's Island, the Federal Hospital for the Criminally Insane at Springfield, Mo.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: *In 1960 I was convicted of a technical violation of the Federal Housing Act and sentenced on my first offense to the maximum on five counts. Thirteen years to be served in five. Suspended with probation. Exactly three years later, my probation was revoked and five months later I landed in Springfield.*

I have never been bitter about the months spent behind bars, since the incarceration resulted in my having enough time to embark on my present career as a writer, and indirectly was responsible for my meeting my wife.

I must acknowledge, however, that I might still be in Springfield if not for the efforts of Senator Ralph Yarborough, of Texas.

He will always have my deepest gratitude.

OMNIPOTENT, the federal judge peers at you from his God-like perch on the bench and intones: "Let the record show that the court hereby revokes probation and orders that the sentence of five years be executed. The court orders that the prisoner be remanded to the Medical Center at Springfield, Missouri, under Article 4208-B, indeterminate. He will be held for *any length of time necessary* to determine his psychological status."

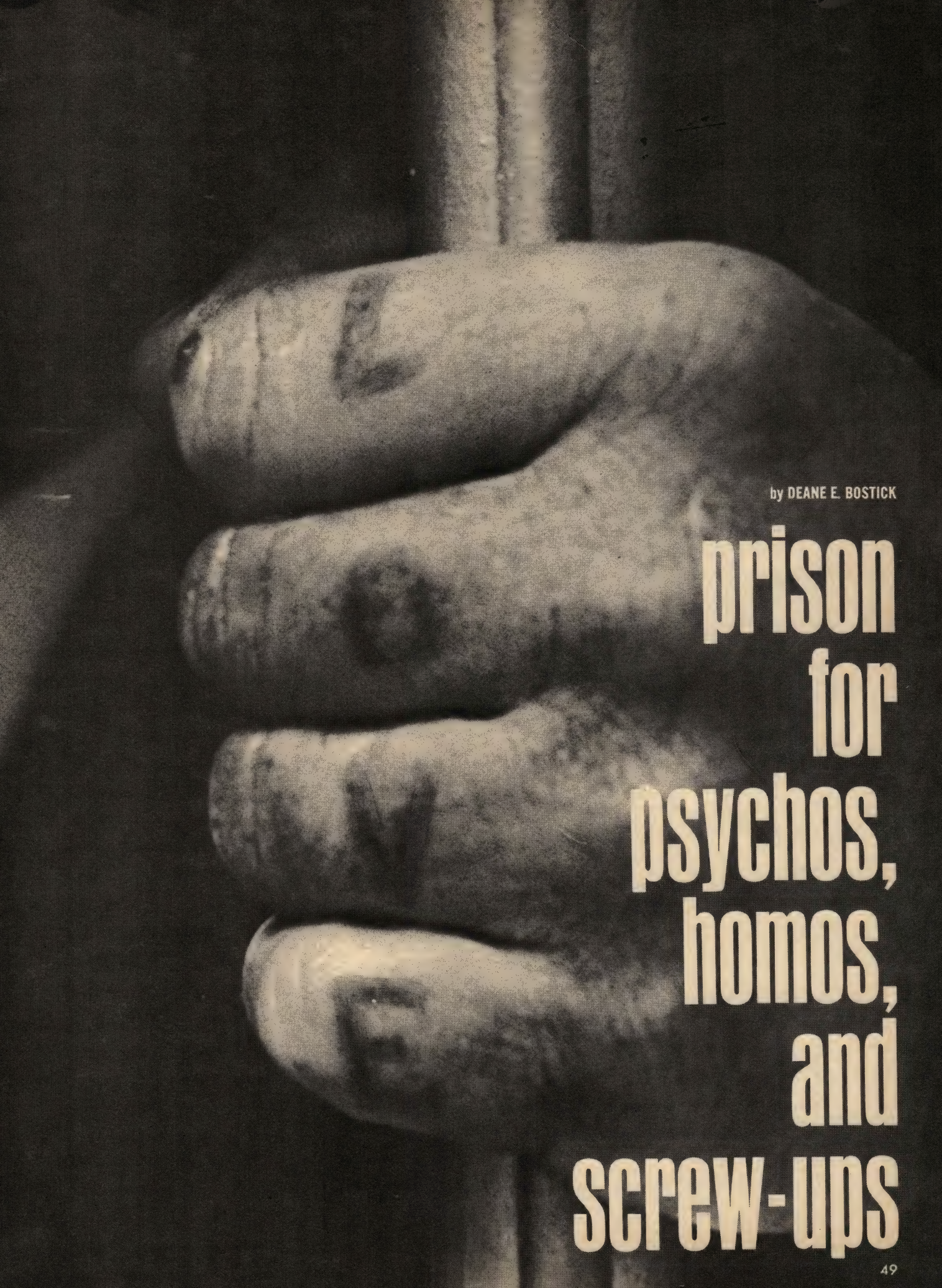
The gavel bangs. "Remove the prisoner." A pause. Then: "Next case."

And just like that you cease to be a man and become a number. You are a number to be chained and manacled and shuttled off to jail, to the penitentiary at El Reno, Oklahoma, a VA hospital, another jail and finally, after six months, the ponderous machinery of the Federal Prison System deposits you at Springfield.

JANUARY:

The deputy in the front seat leans over and unlocks the chain connecting

continued on page 50



by DEANE E. BOSTICK

prison for psychos, homos, and screw-ups

PRISON FOR PSYCHOS, HOMOS, AND SCREW-UPS

continued

you and another prisoner, Hugh Wheeler, to prisoner on the left. The federal marshal walks back to the car and gets you and your companion out and the three of you start for a metal door under a sing saying "FIRETRUCK EXIT." A guard in the gun tower tracks the three of you with the muzzle of a .30-caliber machine gun.

It starts to snow. The mid-winter thaw has ended.

The door raises and you look at it as you pass underneath: Solid steel, eight inches thick. It slams down and you are IN.

You pause and look around. There is something terribly different about this place. It looks like the receiving room in any other penal institution. The same signs on the wall, painted white, bright lights overhead, sterile. There is the same odor of lysol, strong soap, fresh paint, but there is something else. Not an odor exactly, more like a feeling . . . a foreboding.

An aura of fear and hate pervade the room. It is a tangible thing. You can almost touch it.

Two men are waiting for you. One wears a white smock. He looks at you not with the indifference of the usual prison official, but rather with a detached curiosity. As if he is peering at you through a microscope.

The other man is a guard named Seitz who glares malevolently. You glance away and he walks in front of you, turns and stands facing you. You are fascinated by the 30-inch flashlight he keeps slapping up and down in his left palm.

You remember El Reno when the order came down from Bureau of Prisons for guards to stop carrying clubs. They were replaced by the huge flashlights. You have seen what one can do to a man's head, but you don't want to think about that. You haven't done anything wrong, anyway. He isn't going to hit you—you hope.

Finally the guard speaks and the odor of stale whiskey washes over you. You notice his bloodshot eyes and how he is sweating in spite of the chill in the receiving room. *Last night must have been some party.* You snap back to reality.

"I'm talking to you."

"Yes, sir?"

"I said, 'What are you in Springfield for?' "

"Uh—I don't understand."

"Psychos, homos an' screw-ups. That's all we get here. You don't look like no psycho or homo so you got to be a screw-up. How you gonna act here?"

You shrug helplessly. What is there to say?

"Yep. You're a screw up. I can tell," he nods sagely. "Well, you better not screw up here. Unnerstan?"

You understand and not affirmatively.

The man in the white coat calls out your name. He introduces himself as Dr. Roloff, of the psychiatric staff. He asks the usual questions: age, general health, marital status, and you answer automatically, watching some byplay between Wheeler and the flashlight-wielding Seitz.

The screw! Seitz doesn't deserve the dignity of being called a guard. He is a typical screw, and he has started in on Wheeler now.

"You crazy bastard . . . better not act up here . . . shock box . . ."

Wheeler listens fearfully. His eyes are wild, his face twitches and he is clasping and unclasping his hands nervously. Wheeler is obviously emotionally disturbed, and you wonder what impact a greeting like this has on him.

The psychiatrist leaves you to Guard Seitz's tender mercies and leaves. Seitz takes your clothing and meager possessions, labels them and tosses them into a basket. You and Wheeler stand naked and vulnerable in front of him.

"Both'a you're from Texas, aincha?"

You nod.

"At figgers. You look like a couple finger-snappin, toe-tappin Houston or Dallas pimps. Whud they bust ya for? Takin your ole mammies across a state line?" The filth streams from his mouth, but you ignore it and step under the steaming shower. Wheeler follows, but tears are streaming down his cheeks. Seitz's sadistic ribbing is getting to him.

"FORGET it," you whisper to Wheeler.

"Ignore that moron."

He nods, but he is trembling.

You are issued white coveralls and a pair of paper slippers. When you are clothed, the screw takes you into a tunnel that runs under the main wall. The sides and ceiling are painted the most ghastly "gangrene green" you have ever seen. You go through four gates in barred walls that can be raised or lowered from the ceiling. There are strange openings in the roof alternately painted red and yellow. The orifices are for water or gas. The tunnel can be filled with either from the central control room. What would happen to you, trapped between the bars situated every hundred feet, if some one should accidentally trip a switch?

You are finally out of that frightening place and standing in front of another wall of bars with a sign proclaiming it to be A & O. Assignment and Orientation.

A heavyset guard lets the two of you in, issues tobacco, toilet articles and assigns cells. You look curiously at the other inmates of A & O. There are two minus legs, one minus an arm, one blind man, three obvious fags, and four—are they psychos?—locked in their cells. One of the lock-ins howls like a banshee and claws at you as you pass. You shy away and he chatters and gibbers like a monkey.

The corpulent screw looks curiously at you and orders you to his office .

"Sit down," he says. "Would you like some coffee?"

You are suspicious of this, but accept the coffee and tailor-made cigarette.

"You rode from Oklahoma City (El Reno Prison) with Wheeler didn't you?"

Affirmative nod.

"How bad is he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mentally. He seems very disturbed."

"He is pretty shook up, and the reception here didn't help any." You add the latter, knowing you are taking a chance, but the guard nods knowingly.

BOSTICK
never again

"Yeah. I wish they would put someone else at reception. It's hard coming into a place like this and being harassed from the very start . . ."

This empathy seems out of character for a guard, and so you talk a little and draw him out.

"Sometimes when I see a boy like Wheeler—someone who *could* be helped —I'm almost overwhelmed with pity."

What IS this? Could this guy be trying to get you to say something that will get you in trouble?

But he continues to talk and it seems that he is just a nice guy. He won't even use one of those flashlight-clubs the other screws carry. Took a judo course instead and figures he can overwhelm anyone who attacks him without injuring him. He has only been on the job a year and a half and will not advance very high if he retains that benevolent attitude. Because he has one of those unpronouncable Polish names with about 15 letters, you nickname him Alphabet.

"You don't want to go on medication?" he asks.

"Medication? What do you mean?"

"Compazine. It's a tranquilizer. It helps some of them"—he gestures toward the corridor—"accept all this."

"No, thanks. I think I'll stay aware of my surroundings."

"Good! I mean it. Don't let them put you on medication and you'll be out of here before too long."

You go back to your cell and wait for chow. At the signal, Alphabet marches A & O to the mess hall. It is upstairs in another building. Most of the people in the mess hall are ill one way or the other. Mental or physical cripples. Some wear salt and pepper gray uniforms; others wear the whites of kitchen or hospital workers, and some are from the prison camp, attired in khaki.

YOU eat sparingly. The meal consists of a variety of starchy foods and you know you have to stay in shape. It is necessary for survival.

That night after you are locked in your cell, you stand on tiptoes pearing out of the tiny barred window at the ceiling. The falling snow has almost covered the opening . . .

Sunday breakfast is beautiful. Fresh, hot sweet rolls, a pat of real butter, a

piece of fresh fruit and a glass of milk. But something mars it. One of the food service supervisors, a tiny, effeminate looking man nicknamed Sweetheart by the inmates, is jealously guarding the sweet rolls. A convict shuffles up and takes three instead of the usual two.

Sweetheart grabs the con's tray from behind. The man whirls and throws a punch — sheer reflex — but it barely lands. Four guards pounce on him and the flashlights rise and fall until he is a bloody heap. Over and over. *Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!*

No one else moves. It would be disastrous. The "goon squad," armed with baseball bats, charges in and drags the beaten convict down the center aisle. One of the goon squad stands on guard at the door with a fire hose pointed into the room.

You try to ignore the blood and continue eating. The bakery supervisor and Sweetheart are arguing.

"There's no quota on those damn rolls. Why did you take them away from him?"

"Because three is *too many,*" Sweetheart screeches. "They eat too much. *All* of them."

And you are the one who is here for psychiatric evaluation. *Brother!*

That afternoon you try to play chess with Wheeler, but he isn't a very good opponent. Eyes glassy from the compazine, he sits staring at the board, alternately nodding and dozing. You finally give up the attempt.

Later a prison bus arrives from Levenworth with 25 men. More grist for the mill.

Toward evening everyone lines up for medication. All but you and three of the newcomers—a bootlegger, a bookmaker and a Chicago police character.

The refusal to take medication somehow sets you four apart and you drift together and sit smoking, kibbitzing and watching the others. All of them except your little group shuffle back to their cells and doze in short order.

Monday starts processing. You get a talk from the assistant warden and the chaplains, are given job interviews and a battery of psychological tests. The week flies by.

On Friday you are assigned to quarters: 2 on 3. Second floor of three building. The Snakepit!

Like all prisons, Springfield is overcrowded. So instead of a cell, you are assigned a bunk in an open room with 49 other inmates. Your companions are beyond belief or description. Addicts, perverts, men afflicted with every type of mental and physical illness imaginable. At night the creatures queue in front of the guard's office for medication, stumble back to their bunks and escape reality. You notice that most of them are given larger doses and some get thorazine—much stronger than compazine.

YOU visit the educational department in four building and sign up for some classes. The semester doesn't start for a month, and so you check some books out of the library.

Every day you expect to be assigned to a job, but it doesn't happen. You finally realize that someone has slipped up and *forgotten* you. So you stay out of sight, read and watch your cell mates. And they are something to watch. A Negro who thinks he is Mohammed. A white guy who insists he is God. Baby Doll—an aged Negro homosexual with skin like an alligator — grotesquely scarred when "her" boyfriend caught her with another con and tossed her into one of the huge dryers in the laundry. The Princess—a lumbering, 300-pound Indian boy. Boy? *Girl!* Trixie, a sweet little thing serving a year and loving every minute of it. These three keep busy after lights out.

One night after you have been there a week, someone slithers up to your bed and a hand touches you. You strike out, there is an anguished cry and the homos leave you alone after that.

The month drags by.

FEBRUARY:

Still no job. But you finally come to the attention of the guards. One gray afternoon the whistle starts blowing: *Woop! Woop! Woop!* The signal that an escape is in progress. You walk to the window and look out and see an amazing panorama .Three men are running across the space between the wall and the fences.

You watch a gun muzzle swing from the nearest tower, following the figures. You expect them to be cut down by a hail of bullets any minute but they make it to the fence, claw upwards and their screams reach you as they writhe and twist in the concertina of barbed wire at the top.

Six guards race toward them. The goon squad, carrying the inevitable baseball bats. The nearest escapee falls to the ground with the first blow, but one of the screws continues to beat him. The others fall on the two still ensnared in the wire and hammer them to the ground. It seems to you that the bats rise and fall for a long time after the escapees are still.

"Get away from that window!" someone shouts at your shoulder.

You jump—startled! And face Patrick, one of the head guards.

"What did you see out there?"

"Nothing, boss."

"That's right—nothing. What are you doing in here, anyway?"

"I live here."

"Naw," he snorts. "I mean, during work hours."

"I'm unassigned."

COHEN
VIP resident

He takes a pad from his pocket and writes down your name and number. "You'll have a job tomorrow," he promises.

After Patrick leaves, you go back to the window and everyone is gone. There are three bloody, trampled patches in the snow and tracks where the bodies were dragged back to the compound.

You look toward the gun tower and the guard there is hanging out the window, vomiting. You recognize Mr. Alphabet's agonized face.

That night there are three empty beds in the snakepit. They had belonged to members of the Alabama clique, always considered troublemakers in any institution. An orderly rolls up the mattresses, puts the men's belongings in pillow cases and leaves.

The next morning, true to Patrick's words, you get a job. You are assigned to the kitchen. That is where all the screw-ups go .

How sweet it is! Awakened at four and report to work at 4:30. You are put on pots and pans. Army KP is child's play compared to this, but you dig in and clean the utensils of 40 cooks feeding 5,000 people.

And you meet Doc Holliday. A tiny, little guy who thinks he is the reincarnation of the famous Western gunfighter. When he finishes work, he stalks the kitchen, stiff-legged, arms crooked, hands poised over imaginary holsters. Poor Doc is looking for Wyatt Earp or a gunfight. He doesn't care which. The other cons stand around and let the zombies—like Holliday—do the work. But you somehow feel guilty and pitch in with the little nut.

SOMEONE tells you his story. It seems that Holliday did a five-year sentence for some now forgotten offense and when his sentence was finished, 10 years ago, he was processed for release. The suit . . . teeth cleaned . . . bus ticket home—all of it.

On release day he was at the gate waiting to go out when a call came from Administration. Holliday walked down the corridors in his squeaky, new shoes and baggy suit, past shuffling convicts in salt and pepper gray. Up the elevator to the Parole Office. Hands in pockets, he clutched and unclutched the $10 bill a con is given on release.

The social worker slid a piece of paper over his desk, (*Continued on page* 93)

Springfield's medical center is where U.S. sends its psycho, homo, screw-up cons.

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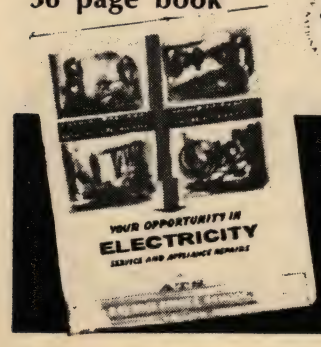

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☐ **Check here for facts on New G. I. Bill.**

Scourge of the Pacific

(*Continued from page* 41)

later Springer answered. "Two thousand yards."

"Okay, take her down to 100 feet. Keep the .026 course. And keep her at all ahead full for 1800 yards."

"Rick," Springer protested, "that'll take us right into the convoy's mouth."

"That's right, Frank," O'Kane said. "But if we get in there and create enough confusion . . . Besides, there's still some unfinished business."

Springer sighed, then pulled the red handle of the dive alarm, setting the bell clanging throughout the ship. "Prepare to submerge!"

Men ran through hatches to their dive stations, closing water-tight doors, opening ballast valves, and readying trim ballasts. The submarine's deck was already under water when O'Kane, Flanagan and Decker scrambled down from the bridge. When the radioman tightened the hatch, he called to O'Kane. "Secured, sir."

"Take her down!" O'Kane cried. "All ahead full!"

By the time O'Kane had reached the radar screen in the control room, the sub had settled to 100 feet and was plowing through the water like a speeding blue whale. O'Kane watched the radar screen as the range closed quickly. Occassionally, he and other crew members jerked when booming depth charges shook the sub. However, as the *Tang* got closer to the burning Japanese ships, the depth charge concussions diminished in the distance. The convoy's escorts, never expecting the *Tang* to head for the middle of the convoy, temporarily lost contact with the American submarine.

O'Kane turned to his gunnery officer. "Ready all torpedo tubes, fore and aft."

"Aye, sir."

"Surface!" O'Kane finally shouted.

Once more the ballast tanks roared as sea water was flushed out of the sub. The *Tang* rose quickly, bobbing back and forth until she settled on the surface of the sea.

"Flanagan, get men on the deck guns."

"Aye, sir."

"Frank," O'Kane turned to his executive officer, "take the conn. I'll direct again from topside."

By the time O'Kane, Flanagan and Decker reached the bridge, sailors had already clambered up the ladder and were manning the *Tang's* 5-inch deck guns. Within three minutes, the guns were ready.

"Slow to quarter speed; steady as she goes," O'Kane spoke into the JV mouthpiece.

"Aye aye, sir," came the reply from the control room.

Flanagan gaped as he looked about him. Hundreds of bodies and tons of debris were bobbing about the water's surface on all sides of the *Tang*. The burning tanker was already settling under water while the two transports still belched explosions, sending fresh clouds of thick smoke spiraling skyward.

The two undamaged merchant ships, another Kamikaze-loaded tanker, and another troop-laden transport were also in the immediate area. The escorting Japanese destroyers and cruisers were off in the distance, still hunting the sly O'Kane. The *Tang* had become a fox in a hen house—with the protecting dogs on the outside looking in.

The two undamaged merchant ships panicked when the *Tang* suddenly surfaced. Thick wads of smoke poured from their stacks as they worked up full steam to escape. Rick O'Kane stared first at the kamikaze-loaded tanker just beyond the mortally wounded oiler; then he looked past his stern, where the undamaged transport lay 1500 yards away.

"How many unexpended torpedoes?" O'Kane asked.

"Two forward and four aft."

O'Kane turned to Flanagan. "Order forward guns to start hitting that tanker's after section. That'll drive her toward our starboard bow and into our sights. And ready the torpedoes!"

"Aye, sir," Flanagan said.

Soon, the steady blasts of 5-inch shells echoed across the sea and pummeled the tanker, driving the vessel to the right. O'Kane looked intently into the bearing scope, waiting for the tanker to come into the hairline bisect. "Hold speed and course; steady as she goes," he said slowly.

From the control room: "Steady as she goes at .026 degrees."

Then, suddenly: "Fire one!" O'Kane's command echoed across the *Tang* deck.

"Fire one!" Flanagan cried into the JV.

The torpedo thumped out of the forward tube and streaked toward the tanker. The merchant ship had already suffered three hits from the *Tang's* forward deck guns, and several fires raged along her deck. Then the torpedo struck, and the tanker shuddered from an explosion that sent a spray of burning oil 100 feet into the air. Sea water poured into her hull and she listed swiftly. Some of the crated kamikaze aircraft broke their bonds and skidded off the deck into the sea.

"Fire two!" O'Kane cried.

Once more a torpedo streaked towards the injured tanker, and a second concussion tore open her starboard side. Then she settled slowly under the murky surface of Formosa Strait, taking 30,000 gallons of fuel and 100 crated airplanes with her.

Now Rick O'Kane turned his attention to the last merchant ship of the convoy, the transport off the *Tang's* port stern. The troopship was zigzagging like a terrified animal running in blind panic.

"Ready one and two torpedo tubes."

"Ready aft one and two," Flanagan relayed to the aft torpedo room.

"Get the aft gun on her," O'Kane shouted. "Drive her past our stern to starboard."

"Yes, sir," Flanagan said.

"Decker," O'Kane cried to the RTO man, "left rudder, one degree!"

"Left rudder, one degree!" Decker yelled into his JV.

As O'Kane again put his eye to the bearing scope, a sudden rain of 5-inch shells sprayed new geysers of water around the *Tang's* stern. One of the Japanese destroyers had turned 180 degrees, and was now bearing down swiftly on the elusive submarine. But O'Kane ignored the enemy shells, calmly zeroing in on the transport.

Finally, O'Kane shouted: "Fire!"

A double *whoosh*, and two torpedoes zipped out of the *Tang's* stern and streaked toward the transport. The troopship danced frantically about the sea—but in vain. The torpedoes struck with jarring force, exploding on the forward section of her hull, and nearly lifting her out of the water. The transport's bow sank rapidly, and within minutes the vessel disappeared under the surface of Formosa Strait.

By now the Japanese destroyer had closed to within 2,000 yards of the *Tang*. O'Kane scanned the sea frantically. The other Japanese warships were still far off to starboard, at least 10 minutes away. If he could elude this enemy warship, O'Kane could make a quick run to port and escape before the other destroyers and cruisers caught up with him. O'Kane rolled his tongue around his lips, then cried to his gunnery officer. "Ready aft three and four tubes!"

"Aye, sir."

As Flanagan relayed the command, a 5-inch shell from the destroyer struck the deck beyond the *Tang's* bridge. Chunks of metal flew in all directions. The sub shuddered violently, then rocked as if a giant hand had swatted her conning tower. O'Kane, Flanagan and Decker gripped the bridge railing to keep from falling.

O'Kane took a deep breath and peered into his bearing scope. His body jerked as more geysers of water from near misses sprayed the sub's bridge. Finally, O'Kane zeroed in on the destroyer's starboard bow.

"Fire three!"

Whoosh! The torpedo burst out of the stern and shot straight into the speed-

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"Quit complaining . . . You'd think we were playing for money!"

ing destroyer. The Japanese warship, now only 1,000 yards away, had no chance to avoid the streaking projectile. In 30 seconds, the torpedo knifed into her hull and a booming explosion tore a huge gap out of her starboard beam. The destroyer stopped—dead in the water. As the *Tang's* elated gun crews began to hammer the injured destroyer with 5-inch shells from the sub's deck guns, O'Kane shouted again. "Fire four!"

The American submarine's last torpedo streaked out of her stern and headed for the wallowing warship. The gun crews, Decker and Flanagan watched with eager anticipation. Once this last shot struck, the *Tang* would be home free. Even O'Kane was grinning, no longer able to restrain his elation.

But the American sailors' glee was premature. The torpedo streaked on for 500 yards, halfway to target, then suddenly swerved sharply to the left, perhaps diverted by a stubborn whitecap. Then the speeding projectile porpoised and made a hair-pin 180-degree turn. Every man on the *Tang's* deck froze in horror as the torpedo sped directly back toward the submarine.

"Hard left rudder! Hard left rudder!" O'Kane cried frantically into the JV phone.

Too late! From 500 yards, it was impossible to escape. The *Tang* had sunk 12 vessels in the past eight days, but the last of her 24 torpedoes now singled her out for destruction. Twenty seconds after firing, the errant torpedo killed its master.

The stern of the USS *Tang* disintegrated from the sudden explosion that knocked away her rudder, propellers, steering, and engines. Half the men topside, including O'Kane, were thrown into the sea by the jolting concussion. Sea water poured into the aft bulkheads faster than the crew could seal them. The Scourge of the Pacific sank quickly, stern first, and plunged 180 feet to the bottom of Formosa Strait.

The lucky American sailors topside—O'Kane, Flanagan, Decker, and the gun crews — floundered in the sea to await rescue by the enemy. The 73 other crew members, including Lieutenant Frank Springer, never had a chance. They died with the *Tang*, sealed forever inside a steel tomb.

Of the 13 topside escapees, only nine, including O'Kane, Flanagan, and Clay Decker, were rescued by the Japanese to spend the remainder of the war in a prison camp.

Thus ended the career of the most remarkable submarine in U.S. Navy annals. In five patrols, the *Tang* had sunk 31 enemy vessels for a total of 227,000 tons—a feat unparalleled in Navy history. Her crew received two Presidential Citations, only one of three American Navy crews ever to be so honored. And on this fifth and last patrol in October, 1944, when the *Tang* sank 12 merchantmen before her own death, the Scourge and her crew almost single-handedly broke the back of Japanese kamikaze operations against the U.S. in the Philppines.

Said Vice Admiral Hono Onishi, CIC of Japan's naval forces, referring to the *Tang*: "The October submarine attacks in Formosa Strait deprived us of the necessary kamikaze aircraft to stop the initial landings in Leyte."

Finally, for this fifth patrol, the *Tang's* crew received a total of 125 citations, most of them posthumous. Lieutenant Commander Richard H. O'Kane (now Admiral O'Kane, retired, of Calistoga, California) received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroic efforts and daring leadership. ▲

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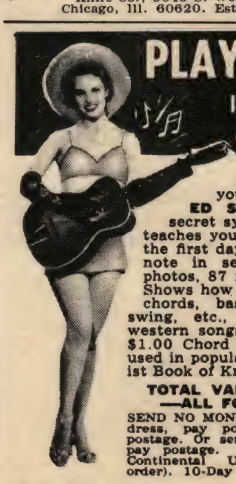

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Gypsy Pearl's Trick

(*Continued from page* 14)

men she'd ever seen. His head was clean-shaven and an ugly scar, beginning at his temple, zipped its way down the left side of his face to lose itself under the curve of his jutted chin. She could tell that it was an old scar, but it still looked raw: a reddish-brown stripe in his negritude.

He stared down at her until she began to feel uneasy, a little afraid even. He was so big! His look seemed to become a glare and her stomach knotted with anxiety. The saliva glands in her mouth became overactive and she had a hard time swallowing. She thought that he must surely be able to hear the gulp that sounded so loud in her own ears. What was the matter with him? she wondered, but she couldn't figure it out.

Bigger and blacker he seemed to loom above her. She could smell his odor drying on her now. The pungent smell of years of sex activity seemed to take this opportunity to restir itself within the room. The residue of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of couples, triples, and quintuples came extravagantly alive: lost and unlamented orgasms; and many of them due directly to her.

She wanted to go and wash away his odor, to wash away all the odors of a long year of prostitution. The stink felt as stuck to her as a barrel of feathers poured over molasses. And still he stood over her menacingly, held her captive without a word to indicate such. She thought of Hip with a fleeting moment of relief. He knew how long it usually took her to turn a trick—and he needed a fix so he'd be along directly.

The big john finally moved—quickly to put on his work coveralls — then promptly took up his silent vigil again. The dim light and his darkness made it extremely hard for her to make out his features. The whites of his eyes and the lividity of the scar stood out more than anything else, except the impressive hugeness of him.

His large lips were moving now, or shaking; she couldn't make out words; his breathing, a low, animal growling, was the only sound in the room. She wondered if he were insane and going to kill her. She offered up a quick, silent prayer and waited, all her senses keenly alert. Then the growl carried his harsh words which. strangely enough, released the tension in her a little.

"Bitch, gimme my money back," he demanded. Though his voice seemed normal enough for him, to her it was extremely loud, and she flinched. She almost reached into her brassiere to give him his $10 back. But long months of mud-stomping prostitution caused her to hesitate. Hustled money was harder to let go of than money legitimately earned.

She thought of trying to run past him but there were three locks on the door and she couldn't possibly unlock them all before he caught her. And even if she could somehow manage it she still would have to leave her skirt and shoes behind. The other whores would ridicule her up and down Howard Street if she let a trick run her bare-assed out into the night. The only underclothing she'd worn tonight was her bra.

The same thing had happened to Sadie Tucker about 10 years ago, she'd heard, and the bitches still laughed about it. No . . . she couldn't take that humiliation.

The man shifted impatiently. She asked soothingly, "What's the matter, big daddy, didn't you dig it?" She tried to smile and was glad of the dim light because she knew that her smile looked more like a begging plea than a pleasant compromise.

"Whore"—he pronounced it "Ho"—"I said gimme my money back, and that's what I meant!"

"Look, honey, now be nice. Don't make trouble, huh? Like, I don't want no trouble. I'm tired, y'know?" Where was that dope-fiend bastard, Hip! She cursed him mutely.

Then, before she realized what had happened, the man moved with incredible speed. His big hand shot out, clamped on her ankle like a vise, and she was suspended upside down with just her shoulders, the back of her head, and her neck touching the bed. Her free leg thrashed wildly around; she gave a little cry and tried to kick him. A close-mouthed laugh rumbled deep in his throat, his free hand groped roughly at her vaginal area.

She was too surprised to scream, and when she thought to do so she was checked by fear of death from the man, who might panic; of the cops, who, if they came, would lock her up; and of Sue, who maintained that her house would be orderly and quiet.

Sadie Tucker couldn't get a room because she'd brought the cops down on Sue 10 years ago by trying to get the john, who'd run her out into the street naked, arrested for assault. Instead, Sue had been arrested for running a disorderly house, and Sadie, for prostitution. The john had gone free with a boot in the behind. Sue never let Sadie have another room. Now most of Sadie's tricks were car tricks.

The big paw fumbled at her. If she cried out he might kill her. His hand finally snatched away from between her thighs and she barely stifled the acute agony her vocal cords strained to release. Then he flung her disdainfully back on the bed. A terrible smile played around his yellow teeth.

"There, you stinkin' whore!" he roared. Triumphantly he held up a spongy object designed to look and function like a real female genital. He held it delicately between thumb and forefinger. "You musta thought I was a real lame, pullin' some cold s--- like this on me, huh?"

She sat up on the side of the bed looking comically disheveled and gently rubbing her fingers over her crotch. Pain had made tears spring into her eyes, but her fear, in spite of herself, was turning to defiance.

"What's the difference, man?" she said. "You got a nut, didn't you? Ain't that what you paid for?" She was angry at herself for getting caught, but she hated him for catching her. She attempted to get up, and he pushed her violently back on the bed and threw the contraption a her. It smacked against her forehead and stuck there. Her eyes widened in astonishment, her mouth dropped open. Then she shook her head fiercely until the thing fell off, leaving a viscid splotch. She grabbed a handful of the sheet and rubbed furiously at it.

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He took a step toward her and warned, "Now woman, I'm askin' you nice one more time to gimme my money back—else I'm gon break both yo' legs right goddam here and now." Indignantly he added: "Man work hard all week long, he don't dig nobody beatin' him."

She looked up at him. "I'm makin' a livin' too, you know. You gon blame a girl for trying to make it easy as she can? Don't you try to make your work easier for you?" Her voice changed tones, it became pleading, with the lady-in-distress signals oozing sensuality. But she knew the attempt would be futile because few men were sympathetic after orgasm, and especially if it was a dupe.

"Don't take my money, mister. I got five kids and no man. . . ." She cursed Hip vehemently, then immediately felt her body tremble with elation as his shrill whistle came from three flights below. It meant he would be waiting in the hallway for her.

To the big man it was just another sound among the myriad sounds of a transit house. Rooms were constantly being filled and vacated; anything might be heard at any time.

"Yeah," he said, "I try t'make my work easy, but goddammit I give people what they pay for, too. When I pays for pussy I don't feature doin' it to no sponge. And I don't believe you got no five kids, neither, but if you do that's your red wagon, you f----- for 'em. Now git my money up!"

She sighed: "Okay, baby, be cool." He let her up to put her skirt and shoes on while he finished lacing his brogans.

Along with her money, she also kept her switchblade in her brassiere—and he was half turned away from her. Her fingers played over the handle, her pinkie touched the button. She never opened her blade by pressing the button with her thumb, but rather with her pinkie so that it opened in stab position. No time would have to be wasted in turning it around. Speed was the thing.

Watching the man's tremendously broad back, however, his Herculean shoulders, and what must have been a 20-inch neck, she faltered, unsure whether her blade along with her suddenly inadequate 120 pounds could really hurt this huge piece of granite —250 at least—which she'd felt lying on top of her.

Then he stood, and it seemed that he'd never stop going up, with his hand outstretched toward her; fingers splayed, slightly curled. His thumb looked as big her wrist.

"What kinda work you do, honey?" she asked, still fingering inside the bra. Should she try him? He was standing pretty close; she could hit him before he knew it.

"Handle scrap iron," he boomed at her with gruff pride.

Her hand arched gracefully out of her bra and she put a $10 bill into his waiting paw. Almost by way of apology she said. "You can't get the two back, I had to pay for the room."

He smiled his yellow smile again, took out a large roll of bills, and tenderly wrapped the ten onto it. She grew a little less tense as she unlocked the locks. "Listen, how'd you know?" she asked. "I been spongin' tricks for six months now and you was the first one to dig." She wanted to know her mistake so as not to make it again.

His smile was full of mystery and pride; and he wasn't about to tell her the truth: that it was the habitual look he'd taken, for the extra thrill of see-

"It's amazing the set up you get in the accident investigation field."

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3. **Be Your Own Boss:** Start your own Independent Accident Investigation business in your own home at virtually no cost. Earn up to $1,000 a month and more clear. Some Universal graduates make up to $8 an hour in their own businesses.

Free Book Tells How You Can Qualify

For many years Universal Schools has specialized in training inexperienced men of only average education to step into excellent positions in Accident Investigation. Successful graduates range in age from 20 to 55. Hundreds of Universal trained men are at work right now in all parts of the United States and Canada, enjoying fine incomes, security and prestige in Accident Investigation.

Free and without obligation of any kind, we will send you a book outlining your opportunities in this field. No salesman will call on you. We will show you what Universal has done for others; what we can do for you. We will show you how you can train in your own home, at your own pace, at amazingly low cost. No need to change or switch jobs. We will give you actual names and locations of successful Universal graduates in all sections of the United States and Canada. You read, you consider, you decide in privacy. You have nothing to lose.

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ing himself emerge from a woman's body, which had tipped him. Actually, all the while he'd been thinking that she was one of the best he'd ever had. But she hadn't counted on him looking down to see what he'd been doing it to.

He said, boastfully, "Woman, I ain't no stranger to buyin' pussy. I been in enough of 'em to know. I been all over the world, 'cross seas, too. I been to Europe, Asia, Africa, and I know when a pussy's real and when it ain't."

She didn't believe him. No man could tell just by feeling. All the old-time whores said that. She came to the conclusion that he somehow must've seen it, that she wasn't as careful as she should have been. But there was one sure remedy for that: she'd ask Sue to get her one of the kind that goes inside.

Downstairs in the hallway Hip waited impatiently for Gypsy Pearl to finish with the trick. He'd be needing another fix soon. She seemed to be taking longer with that big john than she usually did. He'd give her 10 minutes more; Sue would raise holy hell if he whistled again. Her and her damned "orderly house" business were a pain in the ass. Few more minutes and he'd go and see what was taking Gypsy Pearl so long. . . .

Five minutes. That woman knew he hadn't got off since six this evening, and it was close to 11 now. She'd better hurry up with that money—if he had to go get that bitch he'd stomp a mudhole in her—probably up there getting her kicks along with that john; probably even took her sponge off for him. She'd always been partial to big guys, anyway. A cat had to watch these Howard Street whores carefully; they pulled some funny money now and then.

Hip felt himself beginning to sweat, just a little bit, not enough to stain the thin short-sleeved white shirt he wore. But this, along with the slight pinch of nausea circulating in his stomach, told him that he'd have to cop some stuff soon, or almost die.

He was a big man, or rather, he had been a big man once, before he started using dope. Now he was a six-foot-three-inch frame, gaunt and asthenic-looking. Someone had jokingly observed recently that he had to put apples in his mouth to fill out his cheeks enough for him to shave.

His appearance notwithstanding he wasn't a physically weak man; not as strong as he'd been when he first ventured onto Howard Street, and drugs, but still, no weakling. This he proved by his ability to take money from the johns who came to Howard Street. A lot of them were very strong men: workhorses of industry and day labor; but there had been only one time when he'd failed to relieve one of them of the paycheck intended for partying—and that was because the man had carried a gun along with his money.

Usually Hip knocked them out easily, many times with one punch; and he seldom had to pull his blade. Robbing by fist was more fun anyway. Sometimes he got a damned good fight. It felt so fine afterwards when he'd won and the paper was in his pocket.

His fistic prowess had helped him to pull Gypsy Pearl away from Red Shirt Charlie. That had been one *mean* battle. That fight was one of the most memorable events of his 26 years. Red Shirt had been good—but he had been better. And he'd been a mild sensation even before that, too, before they'd gotten used to him.

The chicks had dug him because he had been so handsome, a prerequisite of a pimp for many of the whores. He'd had an enticing nut-brown complexion with coal black eyes that seemed to pierce whatever he looked at. Now his skin was sallow, its sheen completely gone, and his eyes were evasive rather than bold.

He'd been through hell since coming to Howard Street and he looked it. Now he was the same as any of the rest of its people and was looked upon with the same indifference they showed toward everything else.

If Gypsy Pearl didn't hurry up he'd be too weak to off that big trick. He had to take a leak, too. If he asked Sue to use her bathroom she'd want to charge him. He could go into one of the bars, but then he might miss Gypsy Pearl and the john when they came down. He cursed; he had to go badly. He began to sway rhythmically from side to side like a small child, and finally said, "To hell with this!" He walked to the back of the hallway cursing dope for his plight. Sometimes he could hardly go two hours without his bladder threatening to burst wide open.

Under the stairwell he gratefully relieved himself. Some of it splashed through his mesh-top shoes. A whore and a trick came into the hallway just as he finished. He didn't want them to see him because the whore would most certainly tell Sue, who'd have a fit. The bitches went to extremes to stay tight with Sue.

He stepped further back under the stairwell and was immediately sorry for it—he'd forgotten about the hole in his right sole.

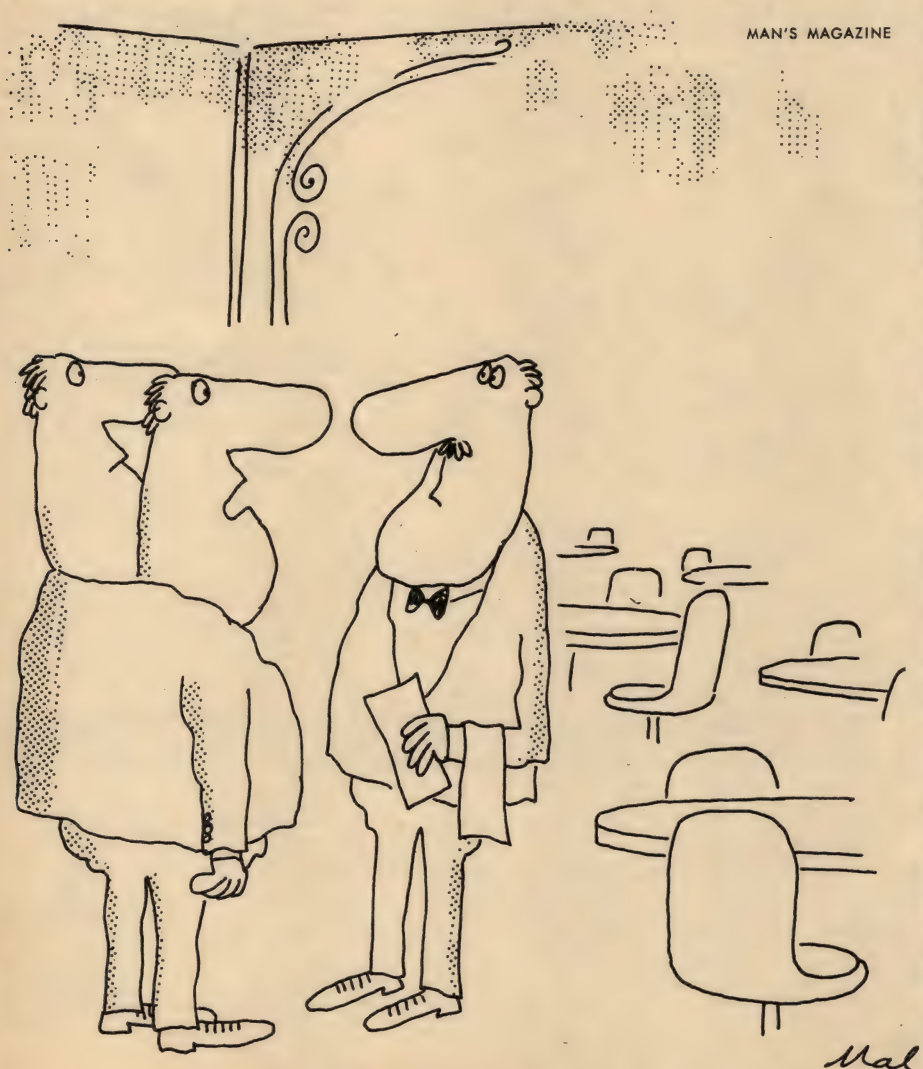
As the couple went upstairs he heard them greet someone and recognized Gypsy Pearl's voice. The women spoke to each other with the prostitute's classic show of affection and gaiety; the men mumbled softly, in the demure and shamefaced manner of the universal, eternal trick.

Hip went quickly to his post outside, beside the five-stepped stoop, and lit a cigarette. The game he and Gypsy Pearl used was probably as old as the profession itself: he would play the jealous lover or husband; then, faking anger at her infidelity, he'd pick a fight with the man—usually by throwing a Sunday punch. A really good punch most of the time takes all of the fight out of a man even if it doesn't knock him out.

The tricks, not wanting trouble anyway, gave up their money willingly most of the time, and, knowing Howard Street's reputation, were glad to get away with their lives. Assault and murder on Howard Street was seldom prosecuted except by the unwritten law of the lye can, switchblade, and sometimes the gun.

Gypsy Pearl and the john stepped out onto the stoop and before Hip could go into his act she said, quite phlegmatically, "He took his money back, daddy."

Surprise flitted across Hip's face for a moment, but he was immediately



"He's with me."

Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: **What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: **What do you mean by a "command of good English"?**

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: **Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?**

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: **Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?**

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: **Is this something new?**

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: **How do I know it works?**

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: **Who are some of these people?**

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: **How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?**

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: **How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?**

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060

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gladdened by the now legitimate excuse he had to take the man's money. He put one hand in his pocket and said, "Why you go there on my woman, man? You don't be takin' advantage of her like that. Gimme the bread back. And just 'cause you's a wise guy, gimme yours, too."

He made a vague attempt to move in closer and met with a smashing right hand. It caught him in the center of the forehead and sent him skidding on his back to the curb, knocking over garbage cans and landing halfway under a parked car. The man had literally dived from the stoop, and all of his 250 pounds was behind the blow.

Gypsy Pearl screamed, "Oh! You black bastard! Don't hit my man!"

The man paid no attention to her and grabbed Hip by the belt, pulling him from under the car. People, hearing the loud rattle of the garbage cans and Gypsy Pearl's screams, came out of the bars to see what was going on.

A bleeding crucifix marked Hip's forehead. He wasn't completely out, but his eyes were glazed and it was easy to see that he didn't know up from down at that moment. Gypsy Pearl's hand blurred to her bosom and flashed out again. The blade of her knife was like a smooth streak of lightning. She ran up behind the man shouting, "Leave him alone, you mothaf---a!"

More people spilled out of the Howard Bar, the M&M Bar, and Mann's Manor to pin the action, as always. "Man, dig this!" somebody yelled. "Hip's gittin' done up! Baby, that big stud's puttin' somethin' on his back!"

But by this time Gypsy Pearl was putting something in the man's back. Her hand just gave out quick short flicks and the knife sank deep into his back every time.

The man finally felt the pain; he screamed and wheeled about, dropping Hip, who, fully conscious now, screamed as his head banged against the car fender. A heavy backarm blow sent Gypsy Pearl falling up the steps of the stoop. Her knife clattered to the ground but she quickly recovered it.

The man saw the knife. He put his hand on his back and brought it away bloody; for a moment he stared incredulously at his own blood. Then, as if realization were a hammer, it hit him and he rocked back against the overturned cans, bellowing in pain. "Oh, Lawd, call the cops! That bitch done stabbed me!"

He had thought that she'd been hitting him with her fists; now he knew better and was deathly afraid. "Great Godamighty," he pleaded, "one of y'all folks call the cops! Git me to a hospital, *please!*"

They all looked at him as if he were insane, and began to disperse, going back into the various bars. One said, "Man, I ain't got nuthin' t'do wit'it." Another said, "I don' know dat chump—where he come from?"

Meanwhile Hip had rummaged through the debris of the spilled garbage and came up with a mason brick, chipped and jagged, and a beer bottle with its bottom broken out. He flung the brick at the man with all his might. It hit him on the side of the face where the scar was. He grabbed at his face and yowled loudly, sinking to his knees in a slow, undulating sort of dance.

Gypsy Pearl was on her feet shouting, "Kill that nigga, baby, kill 'im!"

Lights flashed yellow in the surrounding buildings; heads peeped out, saw what was all too usual, went back in, and the lights went out once again.

Hip stepped quickly over to where the man knelt in a caricature of the Muslim prayer. Hip gripped the bottle by its neck, his teeth bared, his face one of total triumph. Straddling the man, he brought the bottle down hard on the back of the bald head and blood gushed out, running down the sides and back of the head. The man groaned and rolled over—out, or dead.

"Git the money, bitch," Hip gasped, pulling out his handkerchief to wipe his bloody forehead. The bottle had cut his hand. He licked the wound and wrapped the handkerchief around it.

Gypsy Pearl went through the prostrate hulk's pockets, found the roll of bills, and handed it to Hip. "That's all, honey, he ain't got no more."

Sweating hard and beathing heavily, Hip said, "Awright, let's go." He turned away toward Broome Street.

She started to follow him, then said, "Wait, Hip, wait a minute." She went over to the body on the ground.

Hip looked around nervously and said, "C'mon, woman, we ain't got no time to be messin' 'round here."

"Okay, I just wanna get even for what he did to me upstairs."

She bent down and opened his legs, measured carefully, and then kicked as hard as she could into his groin. A deep groan issued from the man, his body rose a little, shivered, and settled back down to a rock stillness. Gypsy Pearl's laughter was a chilling, piercing sound that made Hip wince. She walked to him and tenderly took his arm.

"What was that for?" he asked.

"That baldheaded bastard threw my sponge at me."

"So?" He looked down at her, puzzled.

"Well, dammit, it was full of his come!" she retorted with an indignant toss of her head.

Hip let out a roar of mirth. "Baby, you too much," he said shaking his head. ▲

Burning a Bum

(*Continued from page* 19)

street. It was The Reverend running crazy like. The f------ kids had lit him up like a torch and he was really burning bad."

Sam said he slipped out of the doorway and started to move off. The Reverend was still running in the street. "He was screaming real bad, like a dog when they get hit by a car."

Sam said he got out of there as quickly as possible and made his way back to the Bowery.

"What could I have done for him if I caught up to him. He was burning big. I knew if the cops came they would crack me open. They would take me and blame me. Why would they believe me about the kids. Who would believe that little kids did a thing like that?" Sam said.

He said he worked his way to the Muni (the Municipal Lodging House at 8 East Third Street) where he told them he was sick, that he was bleeding inside and needed to go to the hospital. He didn't say a word about Benton.

"I showed I wasn't fooling. I let loose with some of that blood right on the floor there." Sam said. He said he lay down on the side of the hall and waited. Eventually he was taken to the hospital.

It was in the hospital that Sam first learned what had actually happened. "The cops came by and asked some of us in the hospital there if we had been around the Bowery the night The Reverend burned," he recalled.

"Somebody set one of you people on fire," a detective told him. "I didn't say a word. I just told him 'first I heard of it.'"

The police files show that Benton apparently awoke from his stupor to find himself being burned alive. He ran in panic through the darkened streets. A witness in a nearby bar told police he suddenly saw "a human fireball" darting through the night.

Some firemen stationed nearby saw Benton running aflame in the night. They chased him, finally caught up to him and put out the flames by rolling him on the ground. One fireman had to lie on top of Benton to stop the spastic jerks of his body, already going into shock.

Benton was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Most of his body had been burned. The flames had been so fierce that there wasn't even a trace of an odor of gasoline, which the youngsters had used to ignite their victim.

"Some kids set me on fire," Benton moaned to the firemen. This was all they could learn from the horrified victim. It was all the police had to work with, the report showed.

Police combed the area in search of clues. They located the doorway where Benton had been sleeping when the kids found him. Even there police found no trace of gasoline.

What had happened, detectives later learned, was that some five neighborhood youngsters had found a new way to have fun: unbridled sadism. Three days earlier two of the youths doused another bum in gasoline, then set him afire. The first burning had been perpetrated by a 14 and a 12 year old. The two had bragged to their friends at school about their "accomplishment," but when nobody would believe them, they reportedly asserted: "We burned a bum Friday night and we're going to burn another one tonight!"

Monday night they found Benton, and three other youths had come along to witness the atrocity . . .

The incinerated Benton could hardly speak in Bellevue. When doctors operated to insert a pipe into his throat so he could breathe, he couldn't speak at all.

By holding the throat incision closed for short spurts, the doctors let him talk in brief conferences with the detectives.

A police stenographer was present and took down Benton's halting testimony. Each word came painfully from his burned throat. His words were a croaked whisper.

"I was reading a paper. I got tired. I tried to get some sleep.

"Some kids came by. They woke me. They asked me the time. I tried to chase them away.

"I felt something wet on my head. I heard one kid scream and I heard the name Vinnie.

"Then I was on fire."

The detectives asked Benton to describe the youths. When they mentioned hair color, Benton nodded at a blond-haired detective.

Also in Bellevue at the time was the man who had been burned on the preceding Friday night. Detectives questioned him and learned that one of the kids that burned him had blond hair. The stench of burned skin still fresh in their nostrils, the officers left Bellevue with two clues: a youth named Vinnie and a blond boy.

Six days after he was admitted to Bellevue, Leonard Benton died. The other man, Frank Cassidy, managed to survive, and some months later he left the hospital and disappeared.

Eventually the police rounded up the five youngsters who had burned Benton.

Their cases went to Children's Court, where all procedings are kept secret. Some of them received psychiatric help. The others walked away with nothing more than the memory of Benton burning, a mental scar to live with the rest of their lives.

What had happened, police said, was that the two young sadists who had burned Cassidy had used a soda bottle and had siphoned gasoline from a hose in a gas station that was closed for the night. Fortunately for Cassidy, help came sooner than it did for Benton, and the soda bottle fortunately held less gasoline than the milk container the youths had used to pour the gas on Benton.

As Sam Thomas and I walked back to the Bowery, he tried to explain his inability to help Benton. "I wake up sometimes thinking I can go help him. Maybe one day it (the recollection) will be enough to scare me out of here," Sam suggested.

"But I have worse dreams than that. I wake sometimes thinking the Hawks got me. I dream of them picking out my eyes or cutting off my tongue. They do thinks like that. That's the worst thing I have to live with."

Deputy Inspector Joseph Fink, commanding officer of the Ninth Precinct on East Fifth Street, has a good working knowledge of the Bowery and the bums, their habits and some of their problems.

Fink's precinct encompasses a large portion of the Lower East Side ghetto inhabited by thousands of poor families living in overcrowded and often inhuman conditions. Part of the precinct laps over into the Bowery. Fink is the cop the city uses to communicate with the hippies of the East Village—a group that doesn't live much better than the Sam Thomases or the Bentons and Cassidys.

Fink knows his precinct and he is an authority on the Bowery. He knows that alcoholics aren't a police problem. He knows that arrests don't end their drinking. He knows theirs is a vast social problem that hasn't yet been blessed with an acceptable cure.

"Generally speaking there are two kinds of men you find living on the Bowery," Fink explained. "There are those single men who desire male company. They are usually older men who don't have families and who don't have too much money. They know the Bowery is a place where they can live inexpensively. They are often men living off meager railroad, veterans or union pensions."

In recent years the number of cheap Bowery flophouses has decreased as the Bowery derelict population has dropped. Today there are an estimated 6,000 unfortunates who make the Bowery their home. Of these, an estimated 50 to 60% are alcoholics. For those who can afford it, the flophouses (charging up to $1.50 a night) are their homes. The men who aren't alkies generally pay for their rooms when their checks arrive. That way they know they will have a place to sleep and that part of their money cannot be stolen from them.

"The alcoholics gravitate to the Bowery beacuse of the Men's Shelter (the Muni, the Municipal Lodging House), and because it's the city's Skid Row," Fink said. "Under the influence of alcohol some of them will get rough, get into fights. The alcohol seems to have a tendency to make some of them pugnacious."

"One of the worst horrors perpertrated against the men on the Bowery is 'Jack Rolling'," Inspector Fink said, a technique perfected by the Hawks, younger men who come into the area to take advantage of the drunks."

Fink said the Hawks will punch their victims savagely or use knives on them, cutting them unmercifully, often leaving them dead. He said the Hawks have been on the Bowery for years, that they usually congregate along the city's truck routes which pass through the Bowery area. They meet in the early mornings at the Bowery and Houston Street and the Bowery and Canal Street.

"They look for jobs with trucks passing through. Some of the trucks pick them up as helpers," Fink explained. But some of them — perhaps most of them — do not get picked up as truck helpers and are then in the area with little to do.

"Once in the area they will try panhandling and will get together to buy some cheap wine and start drinking. If they see a derelict walk by who looks as if he may have a few cents in his pockets, they close in on the unfortunate bum and go to work on him.

"One thing I've learned around here," Sam Thomas told me, "is that you don't walk around by yourself. You try to walk with someone else, and whenever possible in a group. If you're alone you can figure you're going to get cracked down."

Fink said that the Hawks will generally converge on the Bowery at the beginning of the month or in the middle of the month, when they know many of the bums have some money from pension checks.

He said that years ago, when the Bowery was much more heavily populated with derelicts and there were more flophouses, the flops would hold the bulk of the money the men had. Today they don't want to bother in most places. They don't have to cater to any of them because there aren't that many flophouses left, and they know they'll fill the house anyway.

Police in the Fifth Precinct on Elizabeth Street—the precinct that covers the Bowery south of Fink's area — tell of some of the horrors they have seen. Most of their stories repeat the atrocities told by Inspector Fink and by Sam Thomas. A few give additional insights...

"Some of the bums are homosexuals," one police sergeant said. "They will get involved with each other and often will wind up killing another bum over companionship." The sergeant said he remembers cases where Hawks entered into homosexual relationships with some of the bums and after having their sordid affair, brutally killed their paramours.

"I remember at least one case when a couple of hawks got themselves involved with a young bum. The kid could not have been more than 23. They shacked up with him in a flophouse for a couple of days, drinking up every penny the kid had. Then when it was all over, after a couple of days of making love to each other, they robbed him of everything, including his underwear, and killed him.

"But it wasn't one of those killings you find ordinarily on the Bowery.

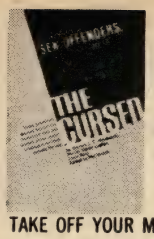
"They cut off his private parts and left them in his mouth and put his tongue inside his ass. They even cut off his ears and ripped out his eyes.

"That thing was so damn horrible and sick we made sure none of the newspaper guys heard about it. Sure, most of the time you don't read about what happens to these guys on the Bowery. Who cares? What difference does it make?

"But those Hawks took that kid apart like nothing I've ever seen and they got away, too." ▲

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"Ah-h-h-h!"



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Spies

(*Continued from page* 13)

knew the location of every nuclear weapon in NATO, the capabilities of every European air and seaport, the ordnance stockpiles of NATO forces, right down to the number of tank shells and machine-gun rounds. He also knew the complete details of NATO's plans to defend West Europe in the event of a Soviet invasion.

Their mutual interest in sex and photography brought Luedke and Suetterlin together sometime in early 1967. The suave, dapper secret agent introduced the admiral to several pretty girls and gave him a Minox mini-camera to take their pictures. Later, he suggested that Luedke could use the spy camera for personal profit.

A real swinger, known to his pals as Sonny Boy, Luedke was a familiar figure in Bonn nightclubs and gambling establishments. Though he had a wife and family, his after-dark companions usually were *frauleins* young enough to be his granddaughters.

Admiral Luedke's Navy and NATO pals suspected that he was a free-spending playboy, but they didn't realize he was spending far more than he earned. And they never dreamed he was selling NATO secrets to the enemy.

When the Suetterlins were arrested and Leonore hanged herself, Luedke suffered an agony of suspense. Every day for several weeks he imagined his own arrest was imminent. But nothing happened, except that another member of the ring took over Suetterlin's job.

Luedke resumed the lucrative business of photographing classified documents and peddling them to his new "control," a clerk in the Defense Ministry.

But he had lost his appetite for espionage. The Suetterlins' fate convinced him it was only a matter of time until he too was found out. Consequently, in the summer of 1968, he sent in his retirement papers.

This sudden decision amazed his NATO colleagues. Luedke was only 57, three years below the usual retirement age. Furthermore, he looked 10 years younger and was in perfect physical condition.

His bid for a Navy pension also surprised his control agent. There was an argument and threats of exposure. Luedke stubbornly refused to withdraw his retirement application, but he did agree to take a few final shots with his handy little camera.

On September 22, tan and rested after a holiday on the German resort island of Sylt, Sonny Boy Luedke strolled into Dancker's photo shop on Stern Strasse in downtown Bonn.

He handed the clerk a cannister of exposed film for developing and printing. "These are my vacation snapshots," he explained with a lascivious leer. "I snapped some beautiful scenery."

The "scenery" turned out to be 23 pictures of curvy girls, photographed in bikinis, in their underwear and in the nude.

The darkroom technician who developed the film studied them carefully, admiring the view. Then he saw something that seemed completely out of place among the naughty nudes.

The first nine pictures on the roll were of NATO documents, clearly marked SECRET and TOP SECRET.

The technician notified his boss, who studied the photos and then took them to the photo shop owner, *Frau* Trude Helke. She called the police. They contacted MAD. And when they saw the admiral's snaps, the Intelligence men were furious.

They placed the photo shop under surveillance and were watching when Luedke called for his pictures four days later. The clerk told him the prints were not ready.

Luedke didn't seem alarmed. He apparently had forgotten about the incriminating shots he took before snapping the scenic cuties.

On September 30, exactly a week after the investigation began, Luedke retired from the German Navy. Three days later, his Navy and NATO colleagues gave a champagne luncheon in his honor. West German Defense Minister Gerhard Schroeder, who had not been informed of the spy probe, delivered a glowing speech praising Luedke's service and loyalty to the Fatherland.

As the luncheon broke up, Vice Admiral Gert Jeschonnek, commander of the West German Navy, took Luedke aside and introduced him to a MAD counterspy.

Then Luedke was shown the incriminating pictures and told they had come from his camera. The champagne flush on Sonny Boy's round face was instantly replaced by a deathly pallor.

"T-There must be some mistake," he stammered. "Those pictures couldn't have come from my camera. Or if they did, then someone must have taken my camera without my knowledge."

He was permitted to go home without further questioning. But next day two more agents called on him and this time he admitted copying the NATO documents.

"It was perfectly harmless," he insisted. "I wanted the photos for my memoirs."

The counterspies didn't buy this story, either. As the filmed documents were directions for shipment and handling of NATO supplies, they could hardly have aided the admiral's memoirs. They made dreadfully dull reading—except to certain interested parties like Soviet spies.

At this point, the men from MAD had enough evidence to justify an arrest. However, they hesitated because of Luedke's former high position, his influential friends and the fear of exploding a scandal prematurely.

They decided to confer with their superiors. And the superiors, in turn, decided to pass the buck to the Federal Attorney's Office in Karlsruhe, which handles treason cases.

The counterspies politely said goodby to Luedke at his home on Friday, October 4. The Federal Attorney's office was not notified until Monday, October 7. During that fateful weekend, no one was assigned to keep an eye on Sonny Boy.

Telling his family he was going hunting, the Admiral loaded his expensive Mauser rifle with dum-dum bullets and drove off to the Eifel Mountains. When he had not returned by Monday, a frantic, futile manhunt was launched.

Luedke's body, a gaping gunshot wound in his chest, was found Tuesday morning on a friend's hunting preserve in the mountains near Trier. He was sprawled on his back beside his Mercedes-Benz sports car, the rifle across his legs.

Trier police at first claimed he was the victim of a hunting accident, which was highly improbable. An expert marksman, Luedke had been hunting and handling guns since childhood.

The Trier District Attorney's Office took the more realistic view that his death was a suicide. But neither the DA, MAD or other agencies that got into the act could rule out the possibility of murder.

Within an hour after the body was found, the telephone rang in the Bonn office of Major Gen. Horst Wendland, deputy chief of the Federal Intelligence Service.

The 56-year-old spycatcher took the call personally. Then he hung up the receiver, removed a Luger pistol from his desk drawer and shot himself through the head.

The German government tried to cover up the second violent death with the weak explanation that Wendland was "despondent over an incurable depressive illness." But intelligence sources believe the similar deaths of Luedke and Wendland were not coincidental and that the spycatcher was also a spy.

A week after the general shot himself, a department chief in the Bonn Economics Ministry hanged himself in his apartment. His office claimed Hans Dietrich Schenk took his life due to "personal problems" . . . but his death was kept quiet for a full week and even then no details were given.

MAN'S MAGAZINE

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On October 16, the day after Schenk's suicide, there was another "personal tragedy." Frau Edeltraub Grapentin, 52, swallowed a fatal overdose of sleeping pills.

She was a senior clerk in the Federal Press and Information Office and at first her death appeared to have no connection with the earlier suicides.

Two days after she poisoned herself, Lt. Col. Johannes Grimm sat at his desk in the Defense Ministry and pumped a bullet into his brain. Grimm, 54, an old friend of both Admiral Luedke and General Wendland, was in charge of the ministry's Alarm and Mobilization Section.

As a mobilization expert, he had access to all the top secret plans for the NATO defense of Western Europe in the event of a Russian invasion.

The Defense Ministry announced that Grimm had been suffering from "incurable cancer." But hardly anyone in authority believed his death was unrelated to the similar departures of Luedke and Wendland.

Three days after Grimm's suicide, the spy plot thickened with the disappearance of another Defense Department official, Gerhard Boehm.

When 61-year-old Boehm failed to show up for work on Tuesday, October 22, another ministry employee was sent to his bachelor apartment to find out what was wrong. His landlady said Boehm had gone out for a walk Monday evening and had not returned. A suicide note was found in his apartment.

Boehm's briefcase, full of classified documents taken from ministry files, was found Tuesday afternoon beneath a Bonn railroad bridge near the Rhine River. The white-haired clerk's body was washed ashore three days later on the riverbank between Bonn and Cologne.

Number 6 in the string of mysterious deaths looked like a suicide. But it could have been murder.

Boehm was senior clerk in the ministry's Administrative and Legal Section. He worked in the same building with Colonel Grimm and the two men were old friends. Boehm also was acquainted with Admiral Luedke and Gen. Wendland.

A Defense Ministry spokesman said Boehm had been suffering from "acute depression." But others in the ministry said the senior clerk's "depression" dated from the day Luedke's body was found and Wendland shot himself.

On the very day that Boehm's bloated body floated ashore, the Bonn Government finally found a ray of light in the espionage darkness. MAD agents arrested jet fighter pilot Knobe and his two accomplices in the Sidewinder missile theft. The fact that it took a full year to track them down did not detract from this major spy-busting feat.

About the same time, counterspies zeroed in on a Defense Ministry secretary who was not identified publicly. The secretary, Mrs. Gisele Mock, a 48-year-old divorcee, worked for the Army command staff in the same building with Colonel Grimm and Boehm. She was also an acquaintance of the Suetterlins.

Federal Prosecutor Ludwig Martin confirmed that Gisele Mock had been taken into custody and interrogated about security matters. He said she admitted doing "a little spying." In return, Martin said, she received "about $840 and a bed" in a house where she lived with another suspected spy.

Frau Mock was released with orders not to leave Bonn and to report regularly to police. Though the Defense Ministry contended she had no access to military secrets and Prosecutor Martin insisted she was only a small fry, her apprehension caused six other espionage agents to flee to East Germany — two couples and two single persons. They included two scientists and a Hamburg stockbroker.

The six were all linked by investigators to Gisele Mock, Edeltraub Grapentin and other figures in the spy scandal. To make matters worse, the six had been under surveillance by counter-intelligence agents. But in West Germany, spy hunters take weekends off like other civil servants—providing suspects with ample opportunity to commit suicide or escape in more practical ways.

Colonel Lothar Domroese, in charge of the Defense Ministry Security Office, had this to say about the rash of suicides and escapes: "The Security Office has done everything possible and correct in the right sequence."

Privately, West German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger and Vice Chancellor Willy Brandt don't agree. They have ordered a top-to-bottom shakeup of the Bonn security services and emergency measures to plug additional defense leaks.

Outside of Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's guarded admission that the Bonn scandal is "a matter of the utmost seriousness," the United States has made no official comment.

But a high-ranking American officer on the SHAPE command staff says: "Thirty years ago, Germany was the strongest military power in Europe. Today, it's the weakest link in the NATO chain." ▲

The Actor

(*Continued from page 25*)

believe you're here."

Brian paused for a second or two, his head slightly cocked as though to keep his judgment dispassionately fair.

"You tell her to go straight to hell via the nearest down escalator."

"Brian, be reasonable . . ."

Brian lifted his head off his pillowed arms. The masseur stopped pummeling.

"No woman ever insists on anything with me—and that goes for Miss Merrill Yeaton as well as for anyone. Tell her that if she asks to speak to me in her nicest, most humble fashion I will take the matter under serious consideration."

"She'll flip her lid, Brian."

"Tell her!"

Lester Mitchell sighed and shrugged. "Okay, I'll do it. I'll tell her every word you said, and don't blame me if this blows the whole ballgame."

He returned to his office, picked up the telephone, and repeated the precise message Brian O'Neal had given him. He waited for the explosion.

There was none.

Instead, Merrill Yeaton's cool voice turned languid: "That does sound like Brian, so he must be there after all. Sorry to have bothered him. Will you simply convey this message—in my nicest, most humble fashion? I'll be waiting, impatiently, for him at the hotel, and I am looking forward to spending a delightful evening in his company."

"Do you want to talk to him?"

"No. I wouldn't dream of interfering with him when he's working. Thank you so much, Lester."

Lester Mitchell replaced the telephone receiver in its cradle with faint bewilderment. Trying to follow the roller-coaster course of Brian O'Neal's romantic life was like watching one of those stupid old cliff-hangers. Come back next week and see how the hero gets out of this impossible scrape. Somehow, the hero always managed, although Lester was double-damned if he knew how. Lester hoped he would not be in the audience when the next chapter of this serial was played out. His nerves were not what they used to be.

"Why didn't you talk to me when I called the first time?"

They were dining alone in her suite at the hotel. The table with its faultlessly white linen cloth gleamed with her personal silverware; the heavy, solid-silver coffeepot was also a Yeaton possession. Merrill never traveled anywhere without bringing her own linen and tableware.

Brian picked a green Tuscany grape from the bunch displayed in a bowl.

"Because you really are something of a snoop, my darling."

Merrill smiled. "Do you think so?"

"I know you are and, what's more, so do you. You've gotten to the point where you think your father's money can buy you anything you want. But you don't own me. I've made it my job to disabuse you of that vile notion, and thereby save the remnants of what is doubtless a very sterling little character."

Merrill stared at him. "You have a beautiful speaking voice," she said "Strong and masculine—and sure."

Brian chose another grape. "You would not, by any chance, be trying to seduce me?"

"The thought crossed my mind."

"I'll have another cup of that delicious Irish coffee."

"Don't you want me?"

"I've wanted you ever since I first saw you. I always want you. I'm likely to keep on wanting you for reasons that are not even very clear to me. Would you like to know the image you bring into my head?"

Across the table, her hand, lean and manicured and subtle with uncolored polish on perfectly shaped fingernails, covered Brian's hard muscular hand with the tangle of dark hair growing on its back. "Your hand is so masculine," she told him once. "That's why I love to touch it."

Now she said, "Please tell me, Brian. Tell me how you feel about me."

"You remind me," Brian said, "of a particular pub in Dublin."

She started to withdraw her hand, then did not.

"A rather odd simile, isn't it?"

"I deal in oddities, darling. They're my whole stock in trade—or nearly. Now, about the Irish coffee? Keep a steady hand on the proportions."

Merrill shook her head in amused annoyance as she got up and poured a cup half full of Irish whiskey and added coffee and whipped cream. She brought it to him and he took a sip of the steaming sweet brew.

She sat on the arm of the chair beside him. He felt the yielding flank of her thigh against his elbow.

"Tell me more."

He nodded. "The pub? It was when I was a boy. Only six or seven I was, and looking for my father. The old rascal was hiding out on Mother and hadn't gone to any of the usual places. At last I found him in this one. There was such a fine sound of revelry from behind the swinging door. I opened it a little and peeked in, and there they were, all gloriously drunk, gathered at the bar and playing darts and singing the fine old songs. No nation in the world has ever written songs like the Irish. Do you know the one they call *Eileen Aroon?*"

"Brian, really . . ."

Brian O'Neal sang:

Beauty must fade away,
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon.

"You're a madman, that's what you are. I love you for it."

"Don't you want to know why you're like the pub I saw that night? There are such lights in your lovely face, Merrill darling, such a revelry in your voice. When I look at you I hear the old songs, the wild songs of my youth, but somehow, you're always a little out of my reach. I can still feel with you like that little boy, peeking in at the door to where all the joy of life is."

She caught her hand in the thick growth of his black hair and held his face against her breast.

"You make me ache, I want you so badly, Brian."

The soft breast against his cheek was alluring. He was tired, heartily sick and tired, of being on his worst behavior. He tried so hard to displease everyone, and why did he, if not to prove that he was still Brian O'Neal, rebel, outcast, little boy who stood in the dark street and watched the lights of the pub and picked a rock from the gutter and threw it through the window. What a shattering crash! His father whipped him that night, and was properly angry because he'd had to pay for the window, but he never understood why Brian did it. Not to summon Father out of the light and warmth, the singing, or the comradely drinking, not that at all. It had been to make those inside know that he was there, a presence that could not be ignored.

Merrill came out of the bedroom in a nightgown that must have cost her at least $200 at Gorringe. The light behind her revealed the slim willowy shape within the nightgown.

"Do you like it, Brian?"

"I like you," he said. He had stopped thinking. His brain had become a gland.

She looked at him. "You do respond to me, don't you? Look at you. You're ready now."

"I'm an animal. I tried to warn you the very first time."

"I'm so glad I didn't listen."

She came into his arms with swift urgency. Her lips demanded. He put one hand on the neckline of her gown and pulled the silk until it came apart with a tearing sound. Merrill stepped forth, Aphrodite from her bath—a creature of loveliness and elegance. He passed his hands over her finely sculptured breasts, down her curving waist to the flat, hard abdomen. Everything gracious and cool to the touch, he thought, and was driven with a great need to be with her, to be in her.

She expected him to sweep her into his arms, to be taken masterfully, to be conquered by a knight of old.

But he was no knight, and chivalry was another demand that he rejected.

Instead, he put his hands on her bare shoulders and bore down. She was forced to her knees beside him. She looked up, almost imploring, her lovely clear complexion flushed beside the rock-hard prominence.

"Kiss it," he said roughly.

Tenderly, she touched him. She said wonderingly, "You must have been a good boy, Brian. You couldn't have been with anyone else while I was away and still want me like this."

She buried her face against him. She was a lovely, very willing girl. A lady, even in the heat of her passions. It was not fair to hold against her the fact that her father had $80,000,000.

It wasn't fair at all.

FOUR

The way to learn about satsifying women is to be brought up doing it. He had learned imperceptibly, a session here and there, and grew up acquiring further knowledge of the small signs by which a woman would tell what she wanted. There was almost a blueprint, and he grew adept at reading the female sexual diagram, starting with Molly on the upper floor of Kinsella's barn, and continuing through the others in his nearby villages. Alice Quigley had taught him more than anyone since. After Alice he never had any doubt about his proficiency in the art.

Alice Quigley lived in what had formerly been the old Lougran house. She had once been an actress. There were framed photographs of her onstage and in costume; a handsome woman then, tall and lean, with long black hair at shoulder length and a well-ordered face. In those old photographs she wore black, with white pearls, often with long, black leather gloves. She apparently had a following in her heyday, but her charms had faded now. Her tall figure (she was at least five foot eight) had become long and stringy, and her erect posture made her appear a haughty heron moving about on long long legs.

When she announced an evening of dramatic recitals, everyone in the village and the surrounding area received invitations. Kathleen and Bridget intended to go, and his father gave Brian permission to accompany his older sisters.

In all, perhaps 100 people gathered at the local theater which had been closed down two years before but was reop-

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ened for this occasion. When Alice Quigley appeared in her black dress with the black gloves and white pearls everyone agreed that she was a striking-looking woman.

The program consisted of scenes and readings from some of the worst plays ever written. Afterward, Brian and his sisters went backstage where four or five other people had gathered. Brian knew that at a moment like this it was proper to say only kind things and voice no criticism. But nothing that he felt was hidden, for his face was like a transparent pane of glass as far as registering emotion was concerned.

Alice Quigley turned warm attention on him, appreciatively taking in his black hair, blue eyes, and rosy complexion. "How did you like the plays tonight? You're Billy O'Neal's boy, aren't you? My, you've grown into quite a handsome young man."

"Thank you, Miss Quigley. I had a very nice time."

She laughed and clasped her hands together in a girlish gesture. "How sweet of you to say that." She held out her hand to Brian. He took it with some awkwardness. "You must come tomorrow night and see our little theatrical again. I've been thinking of adding a short piece by Pinero. Will you come?"

"If I've nothing else . . ." Brian was stopped by the sharp glares from his sisters. "I'd be glad to," he finished lamely.

"Wonderful," Alice Quigley said. "You must all come," she said to the room in general with the sort of inclusiveness that, because it was not directed to anyone, could not be construed as a real invitation.

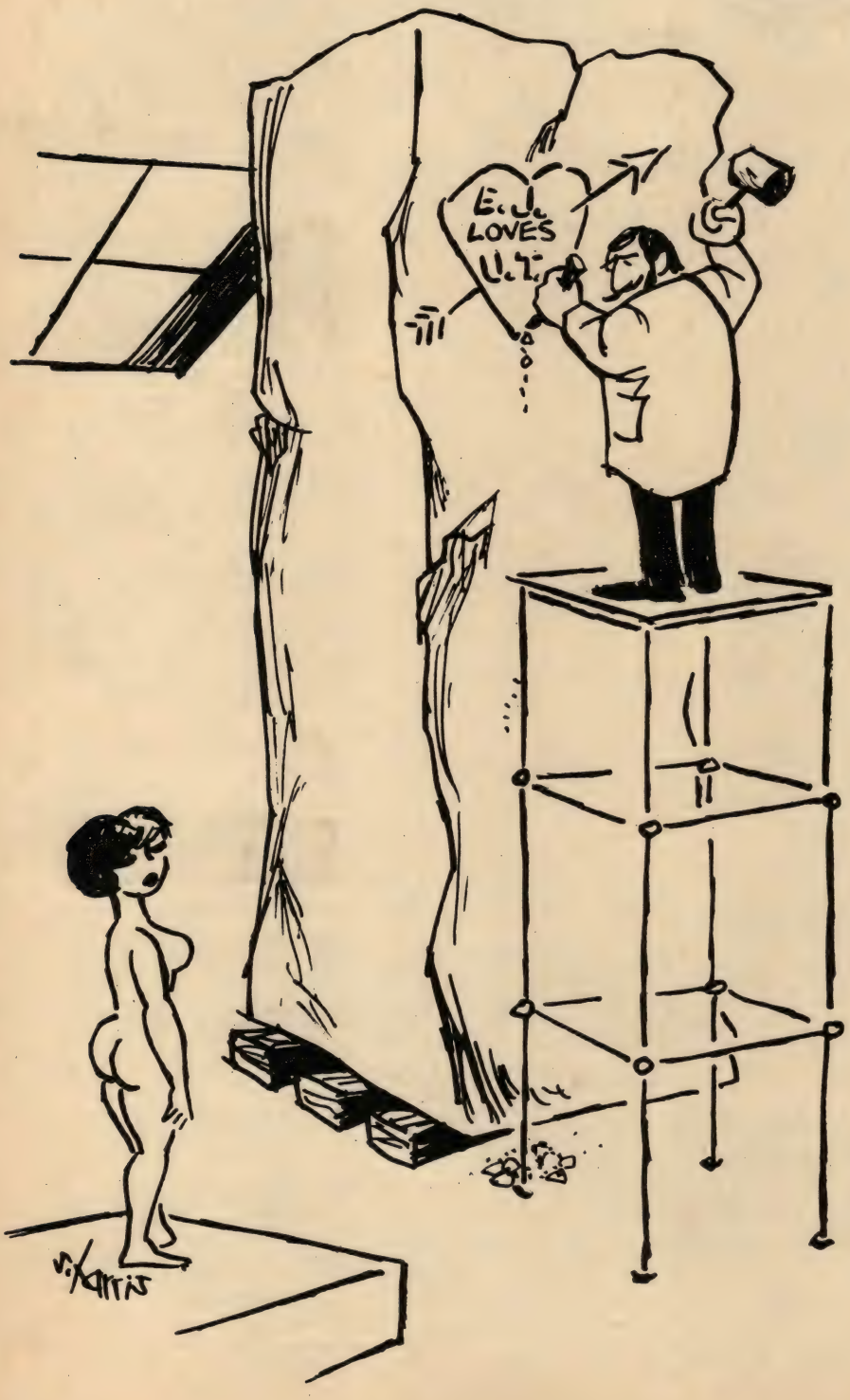
On the next evening, there were fewer people present. It was even a bit embarrassing, all the empty, staring rows. The handful of spectators distributed themselves carefully throughout the small auditorium.

Brian sat in the second row of the orchestra, and Alice Quigley saw him there just before she began reading the new piece from Pinero.

"*Cead mile failte,*" she cried. A thousand welcomes.

He did not think the Pinero piece any better than the others. When the evening ended, he hesitated about whether to go backstage. It was late, and he had three miles to walk home. On the other hand, Alice Quigley had recognized him and called out a greeting, so she would probably expect him to call backstge. Kathleen and Bridget, who had decided not to come, would ask him what had happened and would think him foolish and rude if he did not go backstage.

MAN'S MAGAZINE



Alice Quigley greeted him with outstretched hands. There was no one else in her improvised dressing room, and she seemed sadder and paler than before, her mouth redder. He felt a little sorry for her.

"What a sweet boy you are, Brian O'Neal," she said. "You shall have your reward for coming to see me again tonight. You shall take me home."

It did not seem a very great reward to Brian. Alice, after changing to street dress from her stage costume, led the way to the lot at the rear of the theater. She owned a rather battered little blue car. Brian had only been twice behind the wheel of a real automobile, and then never for more than a few minutes at a time.

"Do you know how to drive?" Alice asked.

"Oh, sure."

He drove back along dark unlighted narrow roads, and once or twice Alice cautioned him about going too fast and once she grabbed at his elbow and her face turned as green as a husk of corn.

"Are you sure you've driven before?" she asked.

"Am I going too fast for you? I'll slow down."

"And would you try to keep more toward the center of the road?" She smiled, a little apologetically. "I know I'm a nervous passenger. But I'm used to driving myself, you see."

Brian drove with a flourish into the back yard of Alice Quigley's house. The car's wheels jolted a bit going over something in the dark.

"Was that an obstruction?" he asked.

She replied faintly, "It was the hollyhocks. But no matter. We're home safe."

Brian got out to open the door for her. She sat still for a moment, as though regaining composure, and then put her hand lightly in his hand and got out.

"A gallant gentleman," she said. "Would you care for some tea before I send you on home?"

"Oh, I wouldn't trouble you, Miss Quigley."

"You may call me Alice. And it's no trouble at all."

The high-ceilinged living room was a bit chilly, and she asked him to build a fire in the grate. There were chintz covers, freshly cleaned, on the furniture, and the wood seemed to Brian oiled and polished. There was a fine-looking painted clock on the mantel above the fireplace.

"It's past 10," Brian said.

"I'll have tea on in a minute." She took off her coat, a bit damp with misty weather, and handed it to Brian. "Just hang this up somewhere, will you?"

The coat's fur collar was sleek and wet to his touch. He put it in among feminine things in a closet with a feminine aroma.

When he returned to the living room, Miss Quigley was gone. He took a seat on the chintz sofa, stretching his legs toward the growing fire.

In a few minutes she returned, wheeling a tea wagon that had pot and cups on the top shelf, and cakes and biscuits and cheese and jam on the bottom. She had changed again, this time into a long, close-fitting dark robe that reached to her ankles. She took a bottle that had been on the bottom shelf, and held it up to the light.

"I thought you might like to taste a bit of port," she said. "It's very good."

The port was dark, the color of blood. He took a big swallow and felt the warm shock go all the way down to his stomach.

Miss Quigley poured herself a glass of port too, but she sipped hers, watching him all the while. He finished the port in another big swallow.

"Would you care for another?"

"That might do. It's very good."

"I'm not allowed to drink myself," Miss Quigley said, pouring for him. "I take a little sip, but I really shouldn't do that either."

He took a piece of cake. "Why not?"

"I've been ill. I was nearly four months in bed before I moved here. It was a terrible weakening illness. I haven't got over it yet. I'm not allowed to drink, or eat eggs or anything that's cooked in butter."

"That's too bad," Brian said.

"When you come close to meeting your Maker," Alice Quigley said, "you begin to realize what things in life are important."

He bit into the cake. I hope this isn't going to turn into a religious lecture. She went to the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, and his family went to the 10 o'clock so he never saw her in church. Not that he would be able to tell from that whether she was a religious person or not.

He finished the glass of port and the last of the cake.

"Love is important," Miss Quigley said. "Don't you agree, Brian? But then, how could you know? You're such a young man. You've never been in love, have you?"

Brian thought of Molly Kinsella and rolling with her in the hay in the barn.

"I guess not," he said.

"Have you ever really . . . *liked* a girl, Brian?"

"Oh, I suppose so. I've gone out with a few girls I thought were pretty nice."

Her laugh tinkled merrily. "Pretty nice. Hardly an enthusiastic reaction. Your glass is empty. I think you'd like another glass of port."

"I have to be going. They expect me at home."

"Oh, the evening is young yet. Do have a glass. There. Now, you were telling me about the girls you've known."

Brian did not clearly recall telling her about the girls, but he could not be sure. He was warm and comfortably fuddled. The effort of concentration was not worth it. Miss Quigley's eyes were gray. They seemed very large at such close range. She listened with enormous concentration while he told her something about Molly Kinsella. Mentioning no names.

"She doesn't sound like the right sort for you, Brian."

"I didn't intend for it to be serious. Neither did she."

Molly, naked, lying on the straw. The fear began in his stomach and came up into his empty, sick head. He was standing on the rim of a chasm and had to jump, fearing he would never make it to the other side. But he had.

"I was married, you know," Alice Quigley said. "It was when I was 17—a mere child. I was divorced two years later. The real marriage only lasted a few months. He was wealthy, and my family thought I should marry him, but I did it against my better judgment. He was so much older and wanted to possess me. He was always wanting to make love. A woman doesn't like to be possessed, Brian, unless she really wants to be."

"I understand that." He drew his head back to keep Miss Quigley in focus; she was that close. Her lips seemed even redder than they had in the theater. Redder than port wine. She was smiling. She had rather good teeth, a bit prominent and large, but very white.

"Would you like to kiss me, Brian?"

"Miss Quigley . . ."

"Alice . . ."

Her lips were strong, and not afraid of work.

"I like you, Brian."

"I like you too, Alice."

Her eyes had turned smoky. She sat beside him and kissed his ear, then her teeth pinched the lobe. She was almost athwart him, and his arm touched the softness of her breasts. Big ones, he would imagine. Then he did not have to imagine. The dark robe was open to the waist. Two, soft, flat mountains spread over the front of her, with large, round, purple nipples. He had never seen nipples like those. Molly's were tiny red points, her breasts were firm and small. He felt Alice Quigley's weight, and tried to roll her off him; she went easily over and down on her back. He slipped the robe off her shoulders.

"You're not ready," she said then.

Truth was, he was frightened. Here he was on the edge of the chasm with a woman so much older and more experienced than any other he had had before.

"It's all right. Just sit back and relax. Leave everything to me."

She gave him a fond kiss and disappeared. Down lower, he felt her bare breasts against his bare skin. She was drawing him up out of himself. Her mouth felt soft and purple inside. He began to want her. He wanted her to do everything to him that she could think of.

Artful woman.

"For Jesus' sake, let me do it to you now."

"Yes. I think you're ready."

Almost past ready. As she ground her hips down, it was over.

"The first is always a bit hasty." She smiled with her red lips.

They went into the bedroom and took off their clothes. A second time was beyond his powers, he was sure. But she knew how to call out the reserves . . .

"When will I see you again, Brian?"

"I don't know when I can manage to get away from working at my father's pub."

"You want to see me, don't you?"

"You know I do."

". . . Alice."

"Alice."

"Say it. 'I want to see you again, Alice.'"

"I want to see you again, Alice. I just don't know how I'll do it, but I'll manage somehow."

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"I have an idea." He was pulling on his trousers.

"Wouldn't you like to be an actor, Brian?"

"I never thought of it." He buttoned his shirt.

"I could arrange to give you lessons. Then you could come to see me twice a week."

"My father wouldn't be able to pay for lessons."

"He wouldn't have to. I'd say I was giving you free lessons because I believe in your ability, and you'd promise to pay me back when you got a job in a theater."

He strung a tie about his neck and underneath the shirt collar. "You really think I could?"

"What?"

"Act."

"You might. You have the looks for it. And your voice is well placed."

He approved himself in a mirror. "I might have a go at it."

"It could be fun, Brian. And we would have whole afternoons to ourselves. Twice a week.

"I'll talk to my father," Brian promised. "When he's in a good mood."

They wantoned away many delightful afternoons over the next six months. He would have been willing to take on more lessons a week, but Alice had other commitments. There was Clifford the carpenter and Walsh the shoemaker, and the gentleman from the north village whose name he discovered was Fitzgibbon. Alice always told Brian that he was her favorite and made mocking comments about the others' ability to perform in the league with Brian.

"You're so young, that's the difference," she said.

Going about the village, in pride of loins, he regarded with amused superiority the middle-aged physiques of Clifford and Walsh. Crumpled horns.

He was learning both in the bedroom and in the parlor. Alice Quigley taught him something about the art of acting. She taught him to have faith in his imagination, to develop the power to project himself into a character through intense concentration, to remember emotional states from his own experience and use them in expressing an emotion felt by a stage character.

They would each take roles in a play and act them out. Brian liked *Antony and Cleopatra* or *Dr. Faustus*, where he could make mighty mouth-filling sounds roll out of him, although it was a bit awkward pretending that Alice Quigley was Cleopatra or Helen of Troy. Her face would not have launched a small-sized canoe.

Still, custom had not staled her infinite variety between bedsheets. She always had some new little goodie for him, and drew him on and on to ever more masterful conquests. He could hold back for as long as half an hour, in full erection, with such subtle modulation of stroke that he drove her half out of her wits.

There came a time when he began to suspect that while he had not learned all the secrets of her boudoir he had exhausted her repertoire in the parlor. For Brian, this new game of acting was uncovering more facets every day. He was consumed with curiosity about it, and anxious to try new roles. He wanted to do things with gusto and insight — to make people feel the heart beating in him. He had found his true vocation, but did not know what to do about it. Alice told him that acting was a terribly hard profession and that all too few who aspired to become actors ever really did. Since she was his only authority in the matter, her verdict was discouraging.

Clearly there was no future for an Irishman who stayed in Ireland. Brian's older brother Timothy had joined up with the British during the war and escaped poverty and marriage by getting himself killed at Dunkirk. That was six years ago.

Brian was now Timothy's age, 18, and if there had been a war going on, he might have joined himself. Instead he was doing what Timothy would have done, working as assistant to his father at the pub. It was either that or farming, and he had had his fill of working in the fields during his summers out of school. He was no man to spread manure to raise berries that would go to feed the birds.

His younger brother Patrick, who was 16, was frantically taking home courses at night in accountancy—that was his plan of escape. Brian did not have the ambition for it, or the head for mathematics.

So he worked for his father at the pub, drawing suds for hard-handed farmers, and dreaming that Alice Quigley's lessons would open another prospect to him.

One evening, while he was serving drinks at the pub, two men and a woman stopped by. It was raining bats outside, the woman said, and all three looked drenched. They said they had been driving for hours and were on their way to Galway to appear that evening in Synge's *Riders to the Sea*.

Brian had read the play with Alice two weeks before.

"You're actors, then?" he asked, serving up two Guinnesses and an Irish coffee.

"In the repertory," said a man, blowing off the top of his Guinness.

"I've done a bit of acting myself," Brian said.

"Have you, now?" the woman asked, with a sly look at her male companions.

That led to a conversation at a table, in which Brian stood the next round, and the next, and the woman, whose name was Judith, told him that he should look them up if and when he ever came to Galway. She was full-blown and red-haired, with plump rosy arms and a chest that was a treasure.

"Perhaps we'll find a place for you in the company," she said. "A fine lookin' lad like you, there are plenty of parts."

"Oh, yes," said one of the men with her, giggling as he said it.

"There are indeed," said the other man, and solemnly they all drank. Brian ordered another round on the house.

When they left, Judith gave him a copy of the program at Galway, and pointed out their names in the credits in the small print near the bottom.

"Now, you be sure to come see us," she called back as they rode away in a gale of laughter.

It was only a matter of time until he went, and the prompting for his decision came less than two weeks later when Alice Quigley came down with a slight recurrence of her illness. She was in bed when he called to see her, and she said she was feeling too poorly to have a go at the parlor lesson. He had been counting on rehearsing *Shadow of a Gunman*. Sean O'Casey had almost as wild a way with words as William Shakespeare himself.

"Perhaps I'd better go," he said, disappointed.

"No. There's no need to run away so quickly." She held out bare arms to him. She never shaved beneath the armpits. He sat down on the edge of the bed, but she would not be content until she drew him into her embrace. She pushed a breast against his face and he kissed it and took the solid tip between his teeth. Her gray eyes were wide.

"I don't want to hurt you if you're feeling poorly," Brian said.

She raised her hands above her head and slowly swung her body back and forth. Wobbly soft mounds, cool white and powdery with the large circles. Bull's-eyes.

He told her he was leaving for Galway. He had meant to tell her anyhow, but the timing was punishment. If there was to be no Sean O'Casey, there would be no sliding of his body into her.

They had a royal battle. "You vulgar boy!" she cried. "Do you think I've given you the dearest gift a woman can give only to have you toss me aside like an old rag when you're done with me? You've ruined me, and now you want to abandon me. Oh, you heartless thug. You Celtic cocksman, you."

The same trouble as with her interpretation of a stage role. Too emotional.

"Alice, I've got to try to better myself. We've had some good times but let me be."

"I won't. You hear me, you lout? I've made you into six pennies' worth of man. You owe me something! You can't sneak off when you want to. Is there decency in that? Is there justice? Don't you love me at all, you rattlesnake bastard?"

"What did I do to you? Am I the only lover you've got? What about Clifford and Walsh and Fitzgibbon? You'll have no trouble replacing me in your bed."

"Are you trying to give me a bad name, you festering chancre? I'm a decent woman, and you've ruined me. God will never forgive you. I'll call your father. Billy O'Neal is an honorable man. He'll throttle you for what you've done to me."

That's all she knows about Billy O'Neal, but the thought did nothing to check his rage.

"God damn it, one more threat from you and I'll ram this bedpost into you. You hear me?"

He worked himself up into such a fury (call my father, will she?) that he swung his fist, and the breakfast tray she had put on the table went flying into the air, scattering crockery and noise about the room.

Her cries dwindled down to a whimper, and a vague crafty smile came to her mouth while her bloodshot eyes streamed gray tears.

"Brian, dear, don't go in a fury and leave me. Show me some love before you go."

"You're a terrible woman."

A glimmer was in her eyes. She lifted her nightgown. "Would you come in for a drink?"

"No, I will not."

She reached and touched him. "Let me have a feel of him then. Let me have him in my mouth."

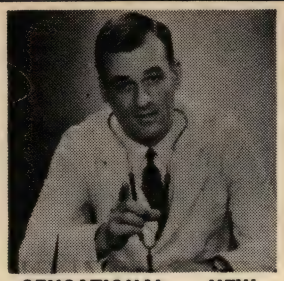
"You're an awful woman."

"Ah, but you like it, Brian. You like what I do."

After a time, moving slowly, she had him in her power. He was absolutely forced to submit.

"Lie down beside me. Tippytoe."

Ah, a pleasant way for saying farewell. It would be a long joyous hour that would see him through the tiresome long journey to another woman's arms. She had such gentle fingers. He began moving over her body, burrowing, while her artful hands moved on his legs and a soft purple mouth urged him. He felt a hammering inside his skull and at the same time wanted to roar with explo-



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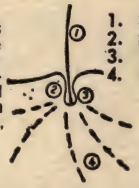

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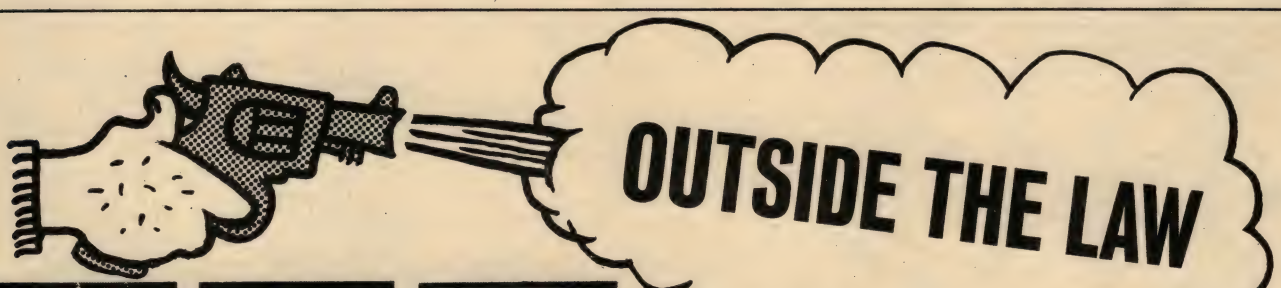

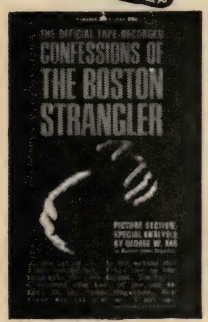

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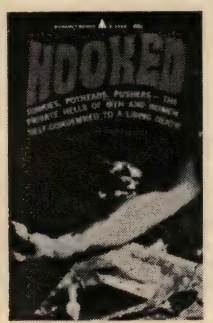

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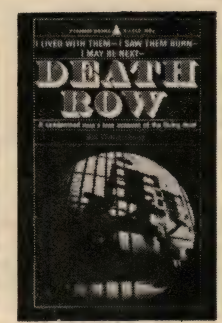

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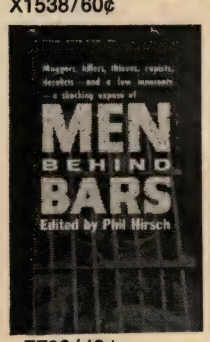

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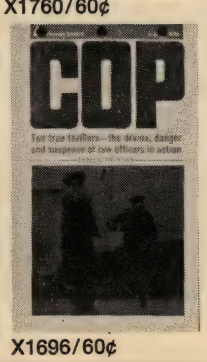

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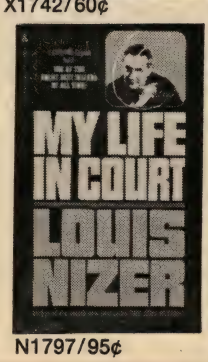

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sive releasing laughter. Oh, she was a black beast of a lover. They could set her free among a flock of sheep and she would turn them all into goats. Circe! Ulysses would have torn down his mast and shoved it into her for safekeeping. All his blood was descending out of him into his groin. What a blast there is going to be, my lady. Through the back of the throat and onto the pillow if I know my projectile force.

"EEEOWWW!"

He should have known when he stopped hearing the slurp of her purple mouth. She shifted gears. Teeth came down deep onto the root, biting him off like a link of sausage. Chords of pain swung up like a blazing fire into his brain as he pulled free. Decapitated, by God. Do not nod your head, said the headsman, or it will fall off. YIIIEEE!

She was laughing, with the red color of him on her lips, when he picked up the tray and swatted her. It made a cymballing sound and her mouth opened O, and she fell back on the bed. Serve her right if I fractured her cannibal skull. Ohh, Jesus Mary and Joseph, I am coming undone!

When he got back to the house and took a look at it under the faucet it was not all that bad. She had made a grievous tooth furrow, but the bleeding had stopped and he was intact.

He poured iodine until the pain made him jump about the bathroom, and when he had to urinate his aim was unbelievable. There was no doubt she'd tried to leave her mark on him.

He was well rid of her.

Two days later he arrived in Galway, and went to the local theater. *Riders to the Sea* had departed more than two weeks earlier, and the company had ridden out with it. The watchman did not know for sure where they had gone; he thought Manchester, perhaps. The theater was dark and would be until a revue came in three weeks. Singers and dancers only.

He had a 10 shilling note and a few pence in his pocket. There was no turning back. Alice Quigley would have the horse laugh on him.

He got a job drawing drinks in the local pub, and three weeks later returned to the theater. They gave him a job as an usher. He wrote his father on the letterhead of the theater, saying he was going to keep on with his stage career now that he had made a start.

He was young and sure of himself.

FIVE

The telephone rang.

Distinguishing himself from the rich men, and their beautiful kept women, married or not, and the assorted hangers-on, company presidents, idlers, Blue Book regulars, and titled heads, Brian O'Neal called out:

"Oh, let the f - - - ing phone ring. I'm in the middle of telling a story."

The ringing echoed through the ballroom of the Crittenden mansion while everyone studiously ignored it because Brian O'Neal said to. Such bloody fools. The guest list at Crittenden's fancy ball included the ripest rotten fruit falling from the branches of England's noblest family trees, yet no one dared to speak against Brian's vulgar assumption of command. There's the proof, if any more was needed, that their blood has thinned. I'd have been drawn and quartered and my tongue sliced off if I'd presumed as much a couple of centuries ago.

A servant answered the phone, which was ringing and ringing from the gatehouse where outside calls were being intercepted. The relay meant it was important, but Lord Crittenden didn't move when the servant indicated it was for him. The servant finally hung up the phone.

Brian went on with his story. It had to do with the time he'd been an altar boy. "The finest sort of training for being a pubkeeper, which was my secret ambition. All that muckin' about with wafers and wine, you know, and changing over of one thing into another—like pouring cheap whiskey into fine labeled bottles."

A nervous whinnying came from a paunchy, pale, snub-nosed man standing on the fringes of the crowd. Stephen Innis, the irreverent dog. Not likely anyone would challenge Stephen either: this party was in his honor. Ireland's poet laureate, they called him, and who had a better right to the title?

Stephen was drunk, mad with the power of his new-found, new-minted speech—but they would ruin him. There was already talk of adapting one of his long Irish narrative poems into a movie and having Stephen himself do the screenplay. It would be a commercial disaster, and it could also be his unmaking. He would be hired for more screenplays on the strength of it, and what would happen to the glorious mysitc roar of his Irish verse? Perhaps no matter. All would be lost one way or the other, bartered for Hollywood gold or drowned on the long binges or frittered away in salons where silly people punctured him with tiny pinpricks of admiration until all the fluid of poetry seeped out of him.

Brian winked at Stephen and went on: "I rather enjoyed being an altar boy. It was like being the assistant in a magician's act. You give the head man the props and watch him befuddle the multitude. If he's a little leaning in the wind, you remind him whether he's conducting Low Mass or High Mass. I can't say it was dull. That was really my first introduction into show business — to performing before an audience. I missed the applause, but I had all the rest of it."

There was embarrassed laughter. Merrill Yeaton's tinkling chime joined in with it. Merrill looked especially beautiful this evening in her white gown, diamonds sparkling like a million icicles. Beautiful, impeccable, far-from-untouchable Merrill—how far a distance he had traveled from the boyhood years. Merrill was a strange conquest for a boy who worked after school in dark rocky fields to help poor farmers and served drinks in his father's pub at night.

"I even got f - - - - d in a church," Brian said.

A young girl near him put her hands to her face. "You didn't!" She was charmed. She'd have gone behind the altar with him on Ash Wednesday. What a resurrection there would be with the two of them rising a hundred feet into the air before the eyes of the startled worshipers.

He said, "Not in the church proper but in the graveyard. We had a wonderful good time. She wasn't exactly a pro, but she had certainly long ago abandoned her amateur standing."

This time the laughter was led by Lord and Lady Crittenden themselves. Brian turned for a new drink and found that Merrill had materialized near him.

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"It's midnight," she said, "and you've gone past the manic into your outrageous phase. Would you like to take me home?"

Brian said loudly, "Are you making indecent proposals to me?"

"Brian . . ."

"I'm in a receptive mood. Meet me in the hothouse in half an hour and we'll see what we can do about raising the temperature."

Merrill flashed him a look that said he was drinking too much. She was quite right. He had begun the evening on champagne, a mistake for him because it took a magnum to have any effect, and by them he had switched onto the hard stuff and was beyond his true capacity. Just as well, considering what the evening would have been like if he remained in the slightest degree sober.

Poor Stephen Innis was working on his second bottle of Irish whiskey and smiling at everyone in gap-toothed fashion while feeling as many ladies' bottoms as he could reach. In the society columns tomorrow the party would be written up as a magnificent success. It was a dismal bore that only liquor made endurable. He was tired of contributing his shocking all to the merriment. He shook off Merrill's arm and crossed the room to where Stephen had a blonde in a low-cut green dress cornered against a wall. Stephen's hand was on her bottom as he spoke with her, and the girl kept sliding along the wall in a vain attempt to disengage his hand while keeping him in conversation.

As Brian came up, the blonde was saying, "What Kierkegaard means when he says that Don Juans are irresistibly demonic is that Don Juans *expect* to be victorious simply because they are erotic . . ."

"You have a beautiful behind, my dear," Stephen said.

"Don't you agree with me?" the blonde asked Brian.

"I agree with him," Brian said, indicating Stephen. "You do have a beautiful behind."

The blonde blinked. "Is sex all you men ever think about? There are more serious things in life."

Stephen made an attempt to reach her lips, but she evaded him. "My dear," he said, "I am perfectly serious about sex. I'm even willing to talk about it provided the talk leads to something more practical. Now you take the typical Don Juan. Think of the mad cunning with which he insinuates himself into the affections of his desired object. He is a master of the seductive arts. What should interest you is the high degree of art, the magnificent control and direction, of Don Juan as a seducer. A boff isn't just a boff to him. When the f - - - ing is over, Don Juan can get as much pleasure, maybe more in thinking back over his own cleverness in leading up to f - - - ing."

"I wish you wouldn't use that kind of language," the blonde said.

"What kind of language?"

"I'm really very disappointed in you."

"Do you or don't you?" Stephen asked.

"What?"

"F - - - ."

"I certainly do not!"

"Then I," Stephen said, drawing himself up to his entire five foot five inches, "am very disappointed in *you*."

The blonde finally departed in a state of indignation, and Stephen looked after her reflectively.

"I still say she has a beautiful behind."

"I've seen better," Brian said.

"Why don't we forsake this old ladies home and go on an ass hunt?" Stephen asked.

Brian said, "I'll pretend to go to the men's room and get the car. Then I'll be ready for a getaway in front when you show up."

Stephen flung an arm about him. "Fellow conspirator. Great-hearted seeker." Stephen put a finger beside his nose. "Outside the house, in five minutes. Then forward to Meehawl's."

Meehawl's was the best pub this side of St. George's Channel. It was dark and smoky and leathery looking, and no one paid any more attention to Ireland's poet laureate and Ireland's most famous actor than if they had been two dockworkers stopping by for a draft of the warm, brandy-colored beer.

"Do you think they've missed us by now?" Stephen asked.

"It would have to have been a mighty long pee," Brian told him.

Stephen's whinny was cut short. He jabbed his plump elbow into Brian's side.

"Look there," he said. "The young thing with the mane of honey hair. Like a palomino mare."

"She can't be more than 18."

"Ah, but she's well broken in. You can see the look in her eyes."

"You can't see her eyes from here, you liar."

"I can see what I need to. If I can't have her, Brian, I am going to stand here and drink myself insensible."

"What d'you want me to do?"

"Is she alone?"

"No. That's her boyfriend over there, playing darts."

"Will you give me half an hour with her, Brian? Would you do that for an old friend? I'll leave a sonnet to you in my will, I swear it."

"I'll do what I can."

Brian sauntered over to watch the dart game in progress. The boyfriend had a steady hand and a good eye, and seemed sure to win in jig time. Brian glanced at the booth where Stephen was in earnest converse with his palomino mare, who seemed both bewildered and flattered by all the attention. Brian noted that from time to time she cast anxious glances in the direction of the dart game. That indicated to him that Stephen was being treated merely as an interesting diversion, a possible provoker of jealousy, rather than as a serious contender.

The dart game ended. The boyfriend collected his shillings, and was about to start off when Brian intercepted him.

"I'll have a game with you. And I'll wager half a crown to a shilling I can beat you."

The boyfriend, a cocky little squirt, winked at his friends.

"You're on."

The contest was no contest at all. It was a rout. The cocky little boyfriend won hands down going away. Brian, chuckling, shook hands and congratulated him, and offered to stand him and his friends a round at the bar.

When they finished their drinks, Brian glanced over at the booth and noticed it was empty. He called the pubkeeper and paid the tab. As he was pocketing his change the boyfriend noticed his girl was missing. There was a hubbub for a few minutes, interspersed with comments of an unfavorable nature on the girl's ancestry, and fumbling attempts at sympathy from his friends.

Finally the boyfriend said, "She can go straight to hell for all of me," and joined in a new dart game with his friends.

Brian left Meehawl's. As he was crossing the street he heard a whispered halloo.

"Brian, it's me, Stephen. I've someone who wants to meet you."

Stephen emerged from a dark hallway, with his palomino in tow.

"See, do you recognize him now? Isn't he Brian O'Neal, the actor?"

The girl's eyes widened. "Mr. O'Neal, I never expected to see you in a place like this."

"It's the only sort of place you can expect to see me, my dear. But we should not stay around too long. It's nearly closing time. That boyfriend of yours will be leaving soon and if he finds you here . . ."

The thought bestirred her. Moments later they were in a taxi, heading toward Stephen's sublet in Chelsea.

In the taxi Stephen treated the girl alternately with respect and mockery, with a real attempt to be charming and with humorously grandiose fantasies. She reacted with a placid smugness that seemed to say, I know what you're after, and which finally baffled, fascinated, outraged, and defeated Stephen.

As they were getting out of the taxi, the girl took Brian's arm instead of Stephen's proffered one.

Stephen gave him a reproachful look. "If there's one thing my dear father, who owned a bit of land, taught me, it was to hate poachers."

Brian shrugged and they went upstairs in a groaning, old elevator. In Stephen's two-room flat the palomino became animated. She put on a rock 'n' roll record, and while Stephen mixed drinks she kicked off her shoes and did a fairly abandoned dance. Watching the slim lithe figure wriggling inside her clothes, Brian deduced that she was only wearing a bra and panties underneath her white wool sweater and miniskirt.

She held out her arms to Brian.

"Come on, let's dance."

She was disappointed when Brian shook his head and let Stephen take over instead. Watching them together, Brian wondered why this porcine unattractive man was in a constant state of heat for pretty young girls who would never understand the hundredth part of his riotous eloquence. The needs of mind and body are so wonderfully different.

Stephen joined in the spirit of the girl's dancing, ripping off his shirt and twirling it about his head, while he matched her step for step. He began to use the shirt as a cape, inviting the palomino to charge at him. When she did, she went lurching drunkenly past and down to the floor where she lay on her stomach convulsed with laughter.

Stephen promptly tried to mount her from behind. For a minute or so she did not protest; then she uttered an impatient exclamation and rolled over, sliding Stephen off to the floor.

Brian mixed more drinks all around. Stephen put on another record.

At shortly before 2 A.M., Brian decided to get out of his warm sticky clothing. He stripped down to shorts and stretched out on the bed with his drink. Stephen and his young palomino were dancing to a very slow rhythm now, standing face to face and hardly moving, with only their hips revolving against each other.

Stephen gradually worked his hands up under her sweater, lifting it so that her waist was bare. She dropped her honey-colored head wearily on his shoulder.

Stephen glanced over at Brian and with a jerk of his head indicated that he should retreat into another room.

Brian was starting to obey when the girl suddenly came to life. She lifted her head and looked around suspiciously.

"Say, what time's it?"

"It's still early, honey," Stephen reassured her.

"I've got to be getting home. My mother'll kill me."

"Don't be in a hurry. We're just starting to have fun. Aren't we just starting to have fun, Brian?"

"Sure," Brian said. He lay back on the bed and finished his drink. There was nothing he could do to help in the seduction except put forth the kind of effort that would undoubtedly win the girl away from Stephen. He had learned when he was a very young man that he had an animal appeal for women — he had noticed how some women looked at his strong stocky body, the head with its heavy shock of black hair, the regularly chiseled but masculine features.

It wasn't just his looks, however; he knew many men better looking than he was. He had seen it happen to women while he was talking to them, when he was far more interested in what he was saying than in them. Their gaze would become a little bit fixed, their smile a trifle unsteady, and he would think here was another one ripe for the plucking.

There had been hundreds, literally hundreds without meaning, a brief quiver in the loins. None of them meant as much as Jacquelyn.

Jacquelyn.

A man's real mistress is sometimes his wife.

He drained the last of his drink hurriedly. If Stephen didn't hurry to bed down his palomnio, he was likely to stage one hell of a bawling scene. It wasn't manly, but he was Irish and beginning to be drunk, and everything he was doing seemed strange. I want to live warmhearted and bravely go forth to die. Instead I live a clown's life and will perish of a liver turned to sawdust. What am I doing here? I ought to be with Jacquelyn right this minute. She ought to be beside me in bed. How could he be horny for a woman he had bedded down a thousand times?

"I'll bet you don't think I can," the palomino said. She was standing, legs astraddle and challenging, at the foot of the bed. She must have been talking to him, but he hadn't heard a word she said.

"If anybody can, honey, you can," Brian said.

"Would you like to see me do it?"

"I'd love nothing better. First I want to get myself another drink."

At the bar he poured a glassful and took a deep swallow from it. Jacquelyn is gone, he thought quietly. She's gone for good with all her beautiful, enticing, insidious blandishments.

"Hey!" Stephen called. "How d'you like that?"

Brian turned to see the palomino standing on her head at the foot of the bed. Her miniskirt had slid up around her hips. He had been right. She wore nothing but panties.

"That girl's got talent, Brian." Stephen went over to where she was standing on her head and held her legs together in one arm. He ran his other hand down the smooth length of her thigh. "A shame to have a girl keep so much talent hidden."

"I can do it like this for minutes," the girl said in a muffled voice.

"That's all I'll need, honey," Stephen said soothingly. He got hold of the top of her panties and pulled them up over her legs.

Brian smiled. He had come with Stephen and the girl, as inevitably as if no other place of refuge were offered. Now he had had too much to drink, and still the edge of self-disgust was not dulled. Is the throne of my reason ever occupied or do I only cast an occasional shadow across it? He looked on without

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"No more for me, thanks, I'm driving."

interest as Stephen worked the palomino's panties up over her ankles.

Brian went into the bathroom, sat on the toilet, and finished his drink. No doubt I overdo it. They are not long, the days of wine and roses. Or the weeping and the laughter. A man seizes what he can. Does no good to swear to be better. When you make a vow to the Lord your God, do not put off fulfilling it, for the Lord your God will require it of you, and you will have incurred guilt, whereas you incur no guilt if you refrain from vowing. Old Testament boys knew how to get along with the Deity. Don't make promises you can't keep.

When he came out 10 minutes later, Stephen was sitting on the floor, with his back propped against the bed. The girl was on her stomach, her bare behind showing. Stephen looked exhausted.

"Maybe we ought to take her home now," Brian said to Stephen.

Stephen's glassy gaze rolled over to him. "What for?"

"It's getting late."

"Don't be silly. Rosetta has all kinds of tricks she hasn't shown us yet. Haven't you, Rosetta?"

The palomino put her head on her crossed arms. "I'm not a bad girl. I don't want you to think I'm a bad girl."

"Nobody thinks that, honey," Brian said. He bent over her and patted her bare behind. "You get up now and I'll take you home."

Instead she turned, half lifting herself. She flung her arms about Brian.

"You're the one I want," she cried. "Why did you let me do it with him?"

She began to cry against his shoulder. "You don't respect me anymore. You think I'm cheap!"

"No, I don't. That isn't so."

Her teeth bit his bare shoulder.

Stephen waved a magnanimous hand. "It's all right with me, Brian. Have fun."

"Thanks a lot." He had no intention of making love to her.

She began to squirm and move until the silken soft touch of her skin began to rouse him.

"Come on," she said. "Come on. Please."

Her hand fumbled with the front of his shorts. She looked down, and a flush spread over her face. Her lips parted. She flung a strand of loose hair back over her shoulder.

"He's right, you know. I have a lot of tricks I can show you."

He lifted her with him and drew her toward the bed.

She brought to their wild antics a strange and disturbing purity. While he was waiting for her to join him and ride on to climax he saw in her white, strained, harassed face a silent indication that the lights were red. He stopped his motion, held himself with an imperious gesture. He wanted to break through the little seductive ways that still defended her innocence.

Then he let himself go, and over the noise of traffic from the streets, above the hoarse hooting of Stephen's breath from the foot of the bed, he heard her rising cry. ▲

Airport Crime

(*Continued from page* 29)

with the formation of a Cargo Security Squad. Heading the Squad is tall, muscular Scandinavian-American, Lieutenant John Redlefsen, a veteran policeman with 18 years of crime detection experience. Since Redlefsen and his men took over the record has improved. During the first five months of last year, there were 40 cargo thefts reported and only two arrests. This year, in the same period of time, there have been 34 cargo thefts valued at $800,000, and 13 arrests have been made.

But cargo is only one of the many opportunities for criminals working out of the airports. A total of 1,200 arrests was made by Redlefsen's men last year for almost every conceivable crime.

Madeline Connors, a pretty blonde in her mid-twenties, working at the auto rental counter in the International Arrivals Building, sensed something strange about the lean, balding young man at the counter. It almost appeared as if he were trying to shrink deeper into the upturned collar of the camel's-hair overcoat he wore against the bitter February cold. As she turned her best business smile on him, she noticed his hands. They shook slightly as he reached for the ball-point pen provided for customers filling out rental applications. She watched his face closely. She wasn't sure, but there was something . . . Then she realized that he'd come in out of the cold, not from an arriving jet.

Pete Colazzo, known as the "heavy hitter" of the detective squad by virtue of more than 150 individual arrests last year, was on duty in the huge lobby. He caught Madeline's signal and walked slowly over to the counter. He waited in line behind the nervous customer.

The customer had requested a Cadillac, and Madeline placed his order with the airport garage. Meanwhile, she completed his papers and checked his driver's license identification.

"That will be fine, sir. Now, if you'll just sign here," she said, indicating the signature space on the papers. The customer signed. Ordinarily, that would be all, but on cue from Colazzo, Madeline asked for some further identification. The man stammered that he had no additional identification, and started to walk away . . . right into Pete Colazzo's arms.

In the back office, the suspect broke down and talked. He was a member of a credit card ring which had been operating around major airports for several months. He worked at the General Post Office in New York City, where he stole letters containing renewal credit cards and sold them to the ring. In his spare time, he worked as "dropper." He'd use a stolen credit card, pick up a car, and drop it at a pre-designated spot where it would be picked up by someone else. The suspect, whose name is not disclosed since he is awaiting trial, averaged three drops a day, at $200 a drop.

Pickpockets abound in public places, and airport terminals are no exception. Detective James Reynolds, a chubby man in his late fifties, recently tailed a suspected pickpocket to the balcony which overlooks the Customs clearance area at JFK. The suspect stood close to an elderly woman who was nervously awaiting the arrival of her son and his family from Europe. A large purse hung from her left arm. The suspect held a newspaper folded in his hands. What wasn't so obvious was that one of the suspect's hands was a phony. His real right hand was in the woman's purse. When he withdrew it, there was a fourth hand, belonging to Detective Reynolds, that gripped the pickpocket tightly around his wrist.

Robert Miglis, 40-year-old veteran of 11 years at the airport, eyed a spry little old man milling among a huge crowd of recently arrived passengers from an Eastern Airlines Miami flight. The man bumped against a female passenger. She gave him a nasty look. A few minutes later, he brushed against her again. This time, Miglis moved in. He dragged the suspect away from the crowd and arrested him for "jostling," an offense for which a police officer can make an arrest without having a sworn complaint. A police check was run on the old man. He was Nick "The Greek" Pappas, age 70, a criminal with a "sheet" six pages long listing numerous arrests, including 27 in Istanbul, Turkey, and seven in the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal—all for picking pockets.

By far, the most sinister aspect of crime at the airports is the take-over of the air cargo trucking industry by the crime syndicates. What follows are the facts as revealed in testimony before the New York State Crime Commission:

Until 1964, the Metropolitan Import Truckmen's Association (MITA) was run by hard-working truckmen. It has now been taken over, lock, stock and barrel, by big-time racketeers. It began with the appearance of John Masiello, a reputed member of the Vito Genovese "family" of the Cosa Nostra crime syndicate, on the MITA payroll as a "consultant." Masiello, convicted smuggler, surrounded himself with cronies of similar background, hired as "trouble shooters."

You Schedule the Orders while Your Servicemen Bring You $18 an hour gross profit

Yes, that is your hourly gross profit from the work of only three servicemen . . . at "national-price-guide" rates. And this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. Duraclean dealers find it is easy to gross $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 per hour on any service they themselves render. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a **clear net profit** to you.

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We furnish all the equipment . . . and help finance you

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Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . **before** someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big . . . in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods.**

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services.**

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

Your Services Are Commended by McCall's Magazine, American Research & Testing Laboratories and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

What Dealers Say:

Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me $205.70 in single day. Another, $300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in $140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged $122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for $400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed $2,012. One job came to $752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word"

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If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The **value** of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly.**

FREE BOOKLET tells how to start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income.**

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

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It may put you in business

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With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

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Masiello dropped out of MITA during the New York State Crime Commission's investigation of loan-sharking in 1967, but not before he appointed his successor, Anthony "Hickey" Di Lorenzo, another member of the Genovese crime "family" with a long record of arrests and convictions for theft and felonious assault. As a $25,000 a year "trucking consultant," Di Lorenzo calls the shots at MITA.

Di Lorenzo's first act was to put a relative on the payroll as a "trouble shooter." The relative owned a cargo trucking firm which, coincidentally, reported the theft of cargo stolen in transit from JFK to Manhattan on April 14, 1967. The cargo consisted of a hundred .32 caliber Omega pistols, one of which was recovered last December in the possession of Joseph "Mazzie" Saccomanno, a good friend of the Masiello family.

By 1965, the gangster take-over of the air cargo trucking industry was complete. Men with criminal records monopolized the payrolls.

The same thing was happening to Teamster Local 295, which has jurisdiction over the air freight trucking industry in New York. The dictatorial control of MITA and Local 295 working hand-in-hand was evidenced by reports of New York State Crime Commission witnesses who testified to threats, boycotts, slashed tires and other methods of intimidation, sabotage and violence whenever anyone tried to fight either group.

Local 295 was formed by John Dioguardi (Johnny Dio), a captain in the Thomas Luchese family of the Mafia. Dio, whose arrest record dates from 1932 and continues today, brought 40 mobsters into high positions in the labor movement — men whose combined arrests total 178 (77 convictions) for such crimes as theft, extortion, accessory to murder, narcotics, forgery and possession of stolen mail. Among these men was Harry Davidoff, present head of Teamster Local 295. His record includes convictions for burglary, gambling and conspiracy to extort, and arrests for larceny, robbery and possession of a gun. Early in his career, police linked him with Murder Incorporated.

The 1,500-member Local 295 has contracts with all the leading air freight truckers in New York City.

A classic example of the mob's almost absolute control of MITA and the union turned up in the Crime Commission testimony of John Eschmann, vice president of Direct Airport Service, Inc., a Long Island air freight trucking company. Direct signed a contract with Local 355, a small independent union. From that moment on, Eschmann says: "The situation changed dramatically. We tried to deliver freight. It was refused by employees of the forwarding firms, all operating under instructions of Davidoff . . ."

One of these forwarding firms was Emery Air Feight, largest air freight forwarder in the country. In spite of its size, Emery was intimidated by Davidoff.

Thomas Granzow, Emery's Station Manager at JFK, testified that Emery discontinued Direct's services as a result of threats.

Granzow explained: "Harry Davidoff told me, and others, 'you'd better stop using Direct or I'll take you out,' "— meaning that he would call a work stoppage.

Direct obtained an injunction against Davidoff and Local 295. It wasn't worth the paper it was printed on.

The following day when Direct tried to pick up a shipment of cargo from Emery, union members walked off the job. After all-day negotiation, during which Davidoff repeated his demands that Emery should stop using Direct, the employees returned to work. But the damage was done. Davidoff managed to close down Emery completely, even in the face of a court order.

In August, 1967, when Direct was negotiating for trucking services with National and Northwest Airlines, Davidoff put in calls to the companies' regional cargo sales managers. The gist of his alleged conversations was: "If you sign with Direct, you will find it difficult to handle any of your cargo pickup and delivery services in the New York area." Northwest refused to be intimidated and told Direct that it would coninue to use Direct's services for as long as Direct could guarantee on-time performance. The following day, Eschmann went out to the airport parking lot and found that Direct's 10 trucks had 38 slashed tires. Direct couldn't perform, and lost the Northwest contract.

Another time, while traveling on a busy highway leading from JFK, the right rear wheels of one of Direct's trucks flew off. Six days later, it happened again. The lug nuts had been tampered with. Luckily, no one was injured, though the truck went off the highway into a drainage ditch.

Arthur J. Gibbard, a young man with five children to support, owned and operated his own firm, Falcon Air Freight Service, Inc. When approached to join MITA, he refused to do so. This brought a phone call from Davidoff asking Gibbard to turn in his union card. Davidoff reportedly told him that he didn't allow owner-drivers in Local 295. Gibbard knew that this was a lie as there were many owner-drivers holding union membership.

Gibbard also received a warning from a MITA "trouble shooter": "Arthur, it would be best for you to join us because then you could operate. If you don't, who knows . . . ?"

Within 24 hours, Gibbard began to receive cancellations from his customers. The pattern was the same. They admitted to having received phone calls from Davidoff. One customer told Gibbard, "You are the easy way out because I don't have no trouble if I play ball with them. I'd rather get rid of you than lose my business."

Harassment continued. Gibbard had deliveries refused at the terminals. One day, his truck broke down. At the garage to which it was towed, he discovered that five pounds of sugar had been dumped into his gas tank.

Davidoff and his henchmen—according to sworn testimony—were not above using physical violence. On January 21, 1965, Davidoff was discussing union business with John Duda and Arthur Nottleman, managers of Add Airfreight, Inc., a freight forwarder whose drivers were all members of Local 295. Soon the discussion turned into a loud argument, with Davidoff reportedly using vile language. Nottleman asked Davidoff to lower his voice, since female secretaries were present. Davidoff sprang from his chair and told Nottleman what he could do and where to go. Nottleman rushed at Davidoff.

By the time their pushing and shoving match was broken up by others, Nottleman had a bloody nose. Davidoff left and the office settled back to its normal routine. Within a few minutes, a man came in from outside, approached Nottleman, and called out "Arthur," to attract his attention. He swung a right to Nottleman's face. The blow smashed

"We couldn't get the lipstick out so we dyed the suit to match it!"

Nottleman back against a table causing injuries requiring hospital treatment. His assailant, a Davidoff henchman, rushed out as quickly as he had come in.

Usually, victims of these rough tactics don't prosecute or proceed with charges because of pressures brought to bear on the freight companies. After all, labor "peace" in the trucking industry is a priceless commodity, and in the tightly-knit business community that exists at JFK, "the word" soon gets around.

Davidoff seems to have a complete disdain for the law. Edward Schmidt, recently-retired 18-year veteran Port Authority detective at JFK, testified that he and his partner were paid a visit by Davidoff, who told Schmidt that an employee of one of the companies had a speeding ticket.

Davidoff allegedly said: "It's worth $50 to get it killed."

Schmidt replied: "Better take the $50 and hire a good lawyer."

After Schmidt's partner left the room, Davidoff purportedly said: "I got a guy that I'd like to 'snap some action.' It's worth $250 a week."

Davidoff, according to Detective Schmidt, was offering to buy protection to the amount of $250 a week for a bookmaker to operate at JFK.

In a community the size of JFK there is bound to be gambling activity, but only four arrests for gambling have been made there since 1965. It's a big operation, too, for any attempt to pay off $250 a week means it would probably be paid by someone already operating successfully as a gambler. A $250 overhead would have to leave the gambling operation with a substantial profit.

Payoffs, tips, gifts and rake-offs to platform "agents" for holding and releasing freight to certain truckers are commonplace. Truckers jack up their rates to pay off platform men. Loansharking is prevalent. Racketeer infiltration at the airport allows mobsters to operate in many ways. They can pressure a company to hire their own people, who then collect kickbacks; they set up organized theft and pilferage; undesirable characters can be put into a position to "finger" shipments for burglary or theft.

Organized crime, like an iceberg, exposes only a small part of itself above the surface. The greatest menace remains hidden. The crisis at the airports is serious. Practically any company is subject to hijacking, the theft of valuable freight, or physical damage to its property or people. The millions of dollars siphoned off each year by racketeers and organized crime at our airports poses a serious threat to each of us.

Fortunately, men like Redlefsen and the agents of the FBI, and the Narcotics and Customs bureaus are fighting back and hitting hard. Security is being tightened. At JFK, the Cargo Security Squad is already flexing its muscles, and in June of this year the airlines formally attacked the problem by forming an Airport Security Council led by Joseph L. Schmit, a vice president of American Airlines.

Schmit has already taken vigorous steps to combat crime at New York's airports. Steps such as tightening security measures, giving extra protection to valuable cargoes, monitoring of strategic locations with closed-circuit TV, and setting up security procedures for cargo handling.

Schmit says: "The Council will soon provide the basis for the tighter security procedures for all the airports of the world." Hopefully, because the public is the ultimate loser when organized crime moves in. ▲

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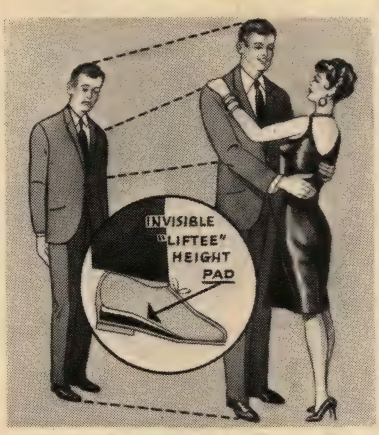

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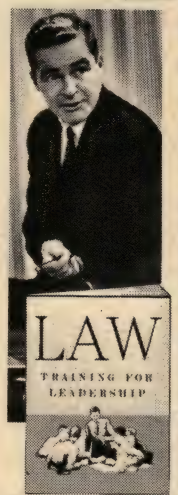

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Campus Mistresses

(*Continued from page 47*)

How could a girl with such hot pants be a virgin? Or so—so unready? He moved frantically. Uselessly.

Then he groaned, as much in disappointment as climax.

"Don't stop," she begged. "Please."

Man, did she know from nothing!

"Let's rest a few minutes, huh?" Moving off her jerking torso, he leaned on his elbow and lighted two cigarettes.

Red-faced, she accepted one and looked away.

They listened to a new platter thud and spin into the Jefferson Airplane. "Groovy!" he forced himself to say.

She nodded listlessly. He caught her eyes darting to his midsection, estimating his powers of recovery. He felt nervous. Suppose the knight charged again at the castle and the drawbridge *still* didn't come down? He stared frankly at her taboo parts, trying to stir himself back to life. But he had to think dirty thoughts before he could react.

She noticed his stirring and looked at him hopefully.

He felt a desperate need to save face—in case.

"Hey," he said, smiling. "You a virgin?"

He braced for ridicule. Regarding him palely, she nodded. "I'm sorry," she said, swallowing.

"Sorry?" He was so relieved he could have shouted. "Think nothing of it," he smiled. "Some of my best friends are virgins!" Laughing, he tried to turn the whole fiasco into a joke. He felt feather-light. Now she couldn't put *him* down as a zero. He had his out.

She looked shocked as he rose to dress.

"No, wait," she gasped. "You've *got* to!"

He stared at her. "Why?"

"Because," she blurted desperately. "I'm being initiated into the Three-F Club. You've *got* to!"

"Three-F Club?"

"Free Fulfilled Females."

"You're putting me on," he grinned. "Anyhow, it ought to be the Four-F Club. You left out one important F."

"Please," she begged. "Just try once more. If I go out of here a virgin, they won't let me join."

Fascinated, he tried. By forcing his thoughts to Physics 109, he narrowly avoided humiliation. Then suddenly the drawbridge was down, the castle was taken and a royal salute was fired to honor the knight's successful siege.

She thanked him, glowing.

"My pleasure," he murmured proudly.

However, the joy was as short-lived as the Three-F Club she had worked so hard to join. A week or so later, the club fell afoul of the Dean of Students when one member, plagued by guilt, sought counseling. An investigation revealed that the club, consisting of nine coeds, had been organized by a girl who, ironically, was still a virgin herself.

Dr. William D. Brown, former university chaplain of the Florida State University who revealed the existence of the Three-F Club on "a college campus," explained:

"As the history of this group unraveled, the instigator admitted that her virginity was intact and that she had no intention of changing this condition until married! Unfortunately, her experiment caused undue guilt and stress for several of her more poorly sexually initiated sorority sisters."

The Three-F Club is representative of a small number of college girls today who are swingers, out to prove their independence of an uptight moral code. More typical, however, are coeds who reject promiscuity for the role of a mistress.

College administrators refer to the trend as "student cohabitation." The less hypocritical students call it "shacking up," "the arrangement" or simply "living together."

Many colleges, seeking to be realistic, have changed the old rules intended to prevent shacking up. Couples in a dorm room — his or hers — no longer need to leave the door open the width of a book, or make sure that at least three legs are touching the floor at all times. (One campus couple caught at fellatio in the boy's room pleaded innocence of a violation by reason of having *four* legs on the floor at the time.)

Hours for room visits have been extended, and more overnight leaves allowed. "Girls used to sneak in through the kitchen door," said a Cornell housemother. "Now they don't even bother to sneak *out* any more." At Pomona College girls signing out overnight coolly list their destinations as their boyfriends' apartments. At Berkeley over 1,000 unmarried campus couples are living together openly.

"We certainly don't have cohabitation in residence halls," states Berkeley Dean of Men James Lemmon, "but we have no control of it off campus. If we tried to oversee student actions in Berkeley, we might as well oversee them during the summer in Tucson, Arizona, as well."

At Antioch, where students determine their own hours for dormitory visiting, the majority voted to remain open all night. There is no policing of three coed dorms in which male and female students are only a floor or two apart.

"Having men living on the first floor is reassuring," Associate Dean Jean Janis says candidly. "It makes the girls feel more secure." Sometimes, however, there are complaints from girls deprived of sleep by their roommates' preference for male teddy bears. "Since the living arrangement does violate a community regulation," Miss Janis concedes, "we ask them to end it while we talk."

How widespread is the decision of today's coeds that fornication is a desirable part of higher education?

The answer will soon be official in a new Report of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, now headed by Dr. Paul H. Gebhard. He has already suggested, in an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, what that new Kinsey Report will reveal about sex on campus.

Once most coeds decide to have sexual intercourse, Gebhard finds, they continue right up to marriage. Most make their first surrender to men they love. First sex was experienced by an average of 80% of girls who loved the boys they slept with compared to 88% of boys who didn't give a damn about *their* first sex partners.

Because today's girls are more willing, less than 7% of young men now have to patronize prostitutes. The older Kinsey study, 15 years ago, showed that fully one in four had to lose his virginity with a whore; today first intercourse usually takes place between young teens of about the same age.

Whereas less than half the girls in the old Kinsey Reports enjoyed being sexually initiated, a startling 73% of today's girls do. Only 8% of their mothers had an orgasm the first time, as compared to 27% of modern coeds.

The new Kinsey Report, declared Dr. Gebhard, shows "a trend toward sexual equality, with the female being regarded both by the males and by herself as less a sexual object to be exploited, and more as a fellow human being with her own needs, expectations and rights."

A study of coeds driven to seek orgasm as frequently and intensively as possible was made by Dr. David F. Shope, director of the Psychological Clinic at Lock Haven State College, Pennsylvania. He found that most were emotionally unstable girls who enjoy petting, relishing oral stimulation of their breasts and genitalia. They match the male's movement in copulation, and have no inhibitions about losing control of themselves. Willing to discuss sex frankly, they enjoy both the physical and emotional aspects of a sex relationship.

In another five-year study of coeds, Drs. Charles Westoff, of Princeton, and Norman Ryder of the University of Wisconsin, found that the number of Catholic coeds willing to use contraception, especially the Pill, has increased from 39 to 67%.

The Pill has come in for its share of the blame for the sharp upswing in campus swinging. Some coeds, undoubtedly, are intoxicated by the freedom to have as much intercourse as they like without fear of pregnancy. They become so sexually greedy that their exhausted partners take refuge in headache pleas or staying up for the Late Late Show.

After starting on the Pill, one Cornell sophomore accused her boyfriend of going to bed with other girls, using himself up so that he had "none left for her." After a stormy scene he was finally able to convince her that she had no rival, but was simply wearing out his equipment.

"I guess the Pill just carried me away," she admitted meekly. "I've never felt so free before to do what I damn please. It makes you think of nothing but sex all the time!"

But for the majority of coeds, the Pill simply represents a better contraceptive method available, rather than a license to run wild. "There is not one shred of evidence," declares Dr. Roswell Johnson, of Brown University, "that the Pill is responsible for promiscuity." Most coeds, in fact, take no precautions at all when having intercourse."

Some are simply ignorant about contraceptives, or leave it up to the boy, who may not use them. Most coeds resist taking precautions for the reason one George Washington University freshman coed explained to Gael Greene, author of *Sex and the College Girl*: "It's one thing to be in love, to be swept away by love, but once you start planning ahead to the extent of a diaphragm (or the pill), it's like wearing a sign, 'I'm a girl who screws.'"

College physicians try to offset such squeamishness in the name of fewer unwanted babies. In one study 50% admitted that they either supplied coeds with the Pill, or referred them to off-campus physicians who would.

Sensational headlines sometimes give the impression that campus shack-ups add up to university-wide bacchanalias.

"Sexual intimacy, where it occurs, takes place in the context of a relationship that is serious rather than casual," states Dr. Joseph Katz, of the Stanford Institute for the Study of Human Problems. In a four-year study of campus

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morals at Stanford and Berkeley, he found that even today fewer than one male student in three — and only one coed in four — has experienced sexual intercourse by the junior year.

By the senior year, however, half the students of both sexes favor yielding to sexual impulse with their sweethearts.

The emphasis is not on sex per se, but on "communication and total relationship." At one Saturday night booze party at the University of Chicago, a senior put the matter bluntly to a visiting friend from another college: "Look, f - - - my girl all you want—but *don't* have a relationship with her!"

No college sex case created more of a nation-wide sensation than that of Linda LeClair, a 20-year-old Barnard College sophomore, and Peter Behr, a 20-year-old Columbia University junior. Linda, a good-natured 5'6" brunette who likes tights or short grannie dresses, decided to live with Peter, a denim-and-turtleneck type. Shortly after Linda first came to Barnard from New Hampshire, they moved into a $100-a-month four-room apartment on New York City's West 106th Street.

Both told their parents the truth, but in order to get college permission to live off campus, Linda lied to Barnard, saying that she was taking a job as a live-in maid. "We decided we could lie to an institution," Peter explained, "but not to people." He gave "emotional security" as their reason for shacking up: "It gives us confidence—like psychotherapy. College students are very insecure; there is a fantastic vacuum here. You *need* someone to like you."

Their parents were not overjoyed by their decision. Linda's banker father testily referred to her arrangement as "what you're doing," but continued to pay her tuition at Barnard to keep her from dropping out. Linda and Peter maintained a joint bank account and split the household chores, with Peter doing most of the cooking. The apartment had no bed, but their mattress lay on the floor beside five others for other college couples who couldn't afford lovenests of their own.

The storm broke when reporter Judy Klemesrud wrote about them as "Peter and Susan" on the women's page of the *New York Times*, under the headline: "An Arrangement: Living Together for Convenience, Security, Sex." Barnard, named in the story, quickly identified Susan as Linda LeClair and put her on the carpet for having broken housing regulations.

Indignant, she appealed to other Barnard coeds. Three hundred girls signed a petition certifying that they, too, had broken the regulations, and that some of them were also living illegally off campus with boyfriends. Sixty girls offered to make this confession to the Administration.

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"C'mon, Miss Bixby, just one little drink won't hurt you!"

Linda received further support from two of Columbia's religious counselors. Rabbi A. Bruce Goldman testified before a student-faculty committee that Barnard's housing regulations "cause a great deal of guilt, because everybody breaks them and everybody knows it." Protestest minister William Starr agreed that the rules were "ridiculous."

The committee tried to cool off the rhubarb by simply giving Linda a mild penalty, barring her from the college cafeteria, snack bar and social activities. But Barnard President Martha Peterson angrily wrote to Linda and requested a letter from her parents, asking them to take responsibility for what she was doing, and inquiring, "At what age and for what reason did they grant you the freedom you now enjoy?"

Linda released the letter to the press, along with a challenging statement: "She's ignoring the whole issue of civil rights. What do my parents have to do with it all? It seems to me the letter is demeaning and sarcastic." Her parents were tempted to cut off all financial aid, but then decided against it.

"I guess we're of a different generation," said her mother, "and there's a lot we just don't understand."

Labeled "Barnard's Kiss-and-Tell Girl," Linda was flooded with shocked and scathing letters. Wrote one proper young man, "What kind of material are we going to have to build a better world if WHOREDOM takes over?"

President Peterson lamented in a letter to Barnard alumni, "Public interest in sex on the college campus is insatiable." She finally informed Linda that "it is my inescapable conclusion that no useful purpose can be served by your continued enrollment at Barnard College."

Linda summed up her position: "I had only two choices: 1. To live honestly according to my beliefs and not be allowed to return to college; 2. to lie and return to school. I am by no means the only person who has been forced to make such a choice."

Most college authorities agree that shacking up on—and off—campus has become increasingly widespread during the past five years. "It is certainly more above ground than ever before," admitted Columbia's Dean of Students Alex Platt. "It reflects what's happening in America today: The breakdown of the Victorian and Protestant Ethics; the creation of a whole new set of values, and a new emphasis on honesty and integrity in interpersonal relationships."

Perhaps nothing illustrates the change more graphically than the bawdy slogans on buttons with which coeds as well as male students challenge each other on many campuses: "Chaste Makes Waste," "Fornicate For Freedom," "Organize For Orgasms," "What Comes Up Must Come," "I Am a Lonely Heterosexual," "Use Erogenous Zone Numbers," "Pray For Sex," "Make Love Not War" and "Orgasms For Sale, Rent or Trade."

"Some males tell females that the latter are not *complete* females (almost implying that they are lacking some anatomical part) until they have experienced intercourse," reports Dr. William D. Brown, minister and Chairman of Child Development and Family Relations at Colorado State University. "Or girls tempt boys . . . to exert their 'masculinity,' sometimes adding, *'providing you are a man!'* "

Alienation from the older generation is part of the syndrome. "My mother thinks getting f - - - - d is the worst thing a girl can do," said one Lawrence Uni-

versity coed. "But that's her hang-up, not mine. It feels good so we do it."

Loneliness is a factor. When out-of-state students come to a big city university, they feel depersonalized and dehumanized. One California State coed tipped her reason for sharing a pad with a boy by explaining, "Besides being my lover, Bob is my best friend in the world." Some couples set up house because, as one Columbia graduate student admitted, "It's the cheapest way to live." He depended on his "campus wives" (he's been through three) for his creature comforts, while he devoted himself exclusively to his studies .

Many couples simply drift into sexual affairs by studying together, with the girl automatically making dinner for them. Then breakfast, when it gets to be late and it makes more sense for him to sleep over. When the boy begins shopping for them, the relationship is considered established.

"We don't know how long it will last," said one Wichita State coed. "Maybe forever, maybe five more minutes. We like it that way. Both of us stay loose. No big scene if we split. No funky divorce. We operate on voluntary power."

Off-campus arrangements include all kinds of living combinations. Some couples double or triple up in single apartments, or take over small groups of flats. One Berkeley girl lives with three male students, only one of whom, however, is her lover. Because of their cramped quarters the couple has to share the bedroom with one roommate. He wears ear-plugs—or at least goes to bed with them on.

For many campus couples, living together is the only thing that keeps them from dropping out of college. "If I don't knock off a piece five times a week, I can't concentrate," one Cornell student said. "The only way you're guaranteed instant sex relief when you need it is to live with it."

A University of Illinois coed declared, "Who flips for Greek Art or Poly Sci? But I'll do that bit as long as I can play house while I hustle the B.A. That's my *real* education."

"It's a substitute marriage," observed Dr. Harrison Eddy, New York psychiatrist. "There is so much frustration and uncertainty about life today — mainly because of the Vietnam War—that they can't get out and get a job and get married like they used to."

Studying the prevalence of sex and drugs on three college campuses, sociologist Sylvia Herz found widespread detestation of the Vietnam War and a feeling of living in a "hopeless world." By shacking up and using drugs, many students felt they were the only honest, free and natural members of a sick society whose values were horribly twisted.

"How can making love or grooving with pot be wrong when both are *creative?*" demanded one Ohio State coed. "How can using violence against Vietnamese peasants and American black people be right when they're both *destructive?*"

Some collegians have a simpler and more earthy reason for shacking up. *Life Magazine* shocked its uptight readers by daring to report the explanation of one Berkeley undergraduate: "We like what we are doing. We're quite happy the way we are. Living together we can screw all the time."

The decision of so many coeds to become campus mistresses is not a uniquely American phenomenon. Professor Hans Giese, head of the Sexual Research Institute at Hamburg University, Germany, made a study of 3,600 students'

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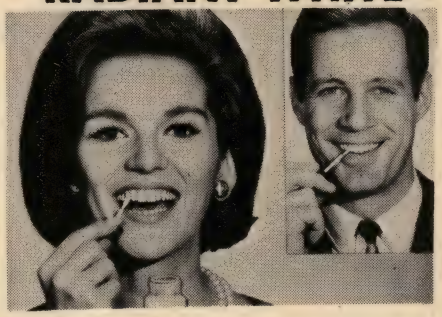

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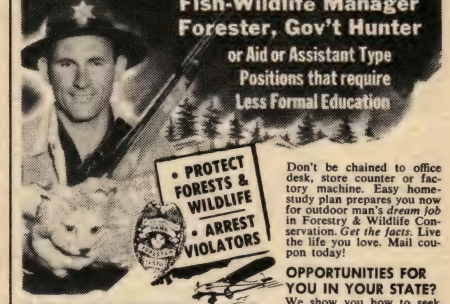

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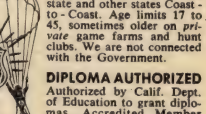

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sex lives. Nine out of 10, he reported, act on the belief that student love should be accompanied by sexual intercourse.

At Manchester University in England, where some 40 girls a year drop out because of pregnancy, students defied university authorities by voting to install vending machines for contraceptives. Some 70% of Edinburgh University's Scottish students demanded free birth control pills for female students. The Family Planning Association of Britain now gives free contraceptive help to any boy or girl over 16.

Most shack-up couples keep their arrangements secret from their parents. "If my father found out," said a Maryland University junior, "he would cut off my bread. He'd say if I'm old enough to take a mistress, I'm old enough to support one."

A Vassar coed from Ohio said, "I have to lie about it. Othewise I'd just be ordered right home."

Often the couple manage the rent of a flat between them out of allowances and spare-time earnings, while maintaining the fiction of an official college address for each. One couple even arranged their phone hook-up so that it rang simultaneously in their flat and her college room. A good many parents suspect the situation, but prefer to play ostrich rather than provoke a stormy confrontation.

Charles, a graduate student at CCNY, told his parents he was sharing an apartment with a fellow student named Chuck. One morning the phone rang at 6:00 A.M., and his groggy Barnard companion crawled out of bed to answer it.

"Hullo," she squeaked drowsily. "Who this?"

"Hullo, Chuck," was the growled reply. "This Charlie's daddy. Can I talk to my son if I'm not interrupting a poker game?"

The assistant dean of one Ivy League college admitted, "Our policy now is simply one of letting sleeping coeds lie." At the University of Minnesota, where two-thirds of the 40,000 students live off campus, a faculty spokesman shrugged, "We'd need the whole FBI to check on who's shacking up."

Roy Bergmann, assistant director of student housing at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island, declared bluntly, "We are not here to be parents." Professor Stan Goldberg of Antioch said, "I can't think of anything more beautiful than two kids in love and acting on it."

But then he added wryly, reflecting the sentiment of a great many parents, "I say fine, but don't slap me in the face with it." Some parents are less disapproving themselves than worried about what others will think. Many with college-bound daughters agonize over the favorite question of women's magazines: "Should I give my daughter the Pill?"

One girl's father grumbled, "I don't mind her free love experiments. But they're not free for *me*. I get the bills!"

Psychotherapist Albert Ellis frankly urges college students to have not just one, but many affairs: "The less experience with sex that you have before marriage, the less you know what you really prefer, what your mate is like in bed, and how well you can get along compared to getting along with other partners."

Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher, Harvard Divinity School professor, points out, "Married unlove, which is legalized access to sex, can be far less rewarding than unmarried love."

Some authorities think that shacking up, ironically, leads to less sex for students rather than more. With the sexual pressure off, and as much sex at hand as a couple need or want, sex soon ceases to dominate their relationship.

"F-----g is like money," explained one Brown University senior. "It's only really urgent when you can't get enough, or when you don't have any at all." Father Edward Hanrahan, dean of students at Boston College, is convinced that "they have less sex than they did before they started living together."

Because shacking up is stylish, in fact, a great many students, male and female alike, do more bragging than shacking. Studies show that swingers are still a minority. Most students still have one sexual hang-up or another — shyness, lack of confidence, fear of gossip, inhibition, anti-sexual unbringing, dread of hurting or defying parents. And only a small number of those who do experiment sexually dare to live together openly.

"The whole scene is blown up out of proportion," insisted a University of Illinois coed who has been living with her student boyfriend for almost three years. "Everyone is so strung-out over whether we're f-----g or not. For Nick and me, the main point is the way the Establishment is f-----g *us!*"

One authority took a dim view of youth's morals:

"I see no hope for the future of our people if they are dependent on the frivolous youth of today, for certainly all youth are reckless beyond word. . . . When I was a boy, we were taught to be discreet and respectful of elders, but the present youth are exceedingly wise and impatient of restraint."

So wrote the Greek poet Hesiod — in 800 B.C. ▲

Why Buy It—Rent It!

(*Continued from page* 43)

dress rehearsal started."

"The orchestra just barely got here," the hostess said. "You lovely people just go make yourselves at home out on the terrace . . . and have Walter fix you a pair of strong drinks, first thing."

They settled for champagne and hors d'oeuvres from the lavishly appointed buffet table, and found a couple of chairs under the striped canopy where they could toast each other before starting to mingle with the other guests.

A couple of millionaires who owned practically all the good things in life? Far from it; they *enjoyed* all the good things in life, but they owned very few of them. Just about everything was rented for the occasion.

Plummer's tuxedo had to be back at the store by morning, the Chrysler belonged to a rental agency, and the mink coat and gold gown were hired for the evening.

"You can rent almost anything nowadays," Plummer says, and he's not kidding. "Why buy a cow when milk is so cheap?" he says. Needless to say, Adam Plummer is not married, either.

In his business, practically nothing is owned outright. The stage properties are all rented, as are most of the costumes, many of the sets, and even some of the electrical equipment. People like Mrs. Fleer are strong on rentals, too. Her party would not have been possible without the rented china and silver for the buffet service, the champagne glasses, the awnings and canopies, the garden lighting, and of course the extra chairs needed for the party.

In many parts of the country, oil paintings are now available, along with many other works of art, on a rental basis . . . as well as practically anything else needed for an impressive reception. At Mrs. Fleer's party, the photographer was also using a rented camera and one of the musicians had had his clarinet smashed at a drunken revel the night before and was using a rented instrument.

"Renting isn't respectable," your Aunt Matilda might sniff. However, chances are good that she sees nothing wrong with renting a house or even a summer cottage. Likely as not she feels no compunction about borrowing the neighbor's lawn mower, either. Renting is simply borrowing, with the only difference being that the borrower pays for the privilege of using the owner's property. A little-publicized fact is that many an undertaker has long made a lucrative practice of adding to his income by renting out folding chairs to the PTA, Elks Club, and other meetings when he is not holding a funeral.

Today, the "personal" rental industry breaks down into five main categories: (1) party supplies and equipment; (2) medical and convalescent needs; (3) tools and do-it-yourself machinery; (4) automobiles and trucks, and (5) "open" rental operations. The latter category includes almost any retail establishment, where a customer who is not actually a potential buyer simply rents what he needs.

This could be a typewriter the customer might need for a special short term project, a piano for his kid, binoculars for a football game, ski boots for a weekend in the mountains (and an infra-red lamp to heal his bruises), skid chains just in case, bottle sterilizer for making home brew, extra TV set for his visiting mother-in-law, movie projector for a stag film, suitcase for an overnight trip, set of golf clubs for the company tournament, tent for a vacation, cash register for a charity bazaar, pool table for a fraternity reunion, window fan while the air conditioner is being fixed, outboard motor to try out a new boat, tape recorder for getting the goods on the wife, etc.

If it starts to rain while he is shopping, he can even rent an umbrella for the walk home. In short, a man can usually rent anything for which he has a temporary need.

"That's the name of the game in the rental industry—temporary need," says Pete DeMott, who operates tool rental agencies in Illinois, New York and Florida. "Until a few years ago, the handyman who didn't have some friends or neighbors he could bum equipment from was in bad shape when he needed anything he didn't feel like buying. For example, the man who had a dead tree in his yard he wanted cut down had no practical choice but to call in a tree surgeon or get to work with a back-breaking handsaw and wedges.

"Sure, he could go out and buy power equipment that can do a two-day job in two hours, but today there is no good reason for such a man to lay out the price of a chain saw for a job he might do only once in his life . . . not when he can rent it for a small fraction of what it would cost him to buy. OUTRIGHT PURCHASE OF ALMOST ANYTHING IS JUSTIFIED ONLY WHEN THE RENTAL FEE ON A REPEAT BASIS WILL COST MORE OVER A 'TOTAL USE' PERIOD THAN THE PURCHASE PRICE — PLUS MAINTENANCE COSTS — OF THE EQUIPMENT."

DeMott practices what he preaches. A licensed pilot, he flies frequently between his branch operations as well as

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for pleasure trips . . . but not frequently enough to justify ownership of an airplane of his own. He pays $20 to $30 an hour for small Piper and Cessna aircraft.

Many rental agencies charge a daily fee as high as 10% of the value of the equipment leased. This amounts to 3,650% "interest" per year on the investment, which would make even the loan sharks blush, much less a bank that charges a legal 6% a year. On that basis, a rental company could get its money back on a given piece of equipment in the first 10 days, and all rentals from then on would be pure gravy.

"We hear accusations about charging too much all the time," DeMott admits. "However, our maintenance costs are unbelievably high, and some equipment such as electric power drills and similar gear needs overhauling after almost every rental. A lot of people figure, 'What the hell, it's not my property,' and they abuse the stuff accordingly by trying to use it on jobs it is not meant to handle, or otherwise not taking care of it properly. Sheer ignorance also accounts for a great deal of misuse and resultant damage. Usually, the customer pays for damage only if it is due to outright negligence.

"On top of that, we have to cover losses where the people simply never come back with what they 'rented.' There are so many crooked customers in some big cities, including deliberate thieves with fake credentials, that insurance companies simply will not touch the coverage for many rental companies. These losses constitute an operating cost that has to be reflected in the fees the rental company charges. Even so, many of our rental units, particularly bigger items such as in highly competitive lines like tractors and back-hoes, rent for less than a penny on the dollar per day. Nobody gets rich in this business."

Also, very few ever go broke (even 1% per day is a 365% return per year). The industry started on a "professional" basis in the 1950's, and has since mushroomed to the point where there are now over 3,000 full-fledged rental stores and yards in the U.S. The leaders are organized in the American Rental Association, which is one of the fastest-growing trade groups in the country. The Rental Equipment Register publishes rate books which members of the industry are supposedly guided by, but few pay much attention to the recommendations.

Actually, many rental charges are made on the basis of what the rental is worth to the customer rather than on the real costs involved. Which is a fancy way of saying "all that the traffic will bear," limited only by what the competition will allow.

If Pete DeMott's operation is typical of rental companies, Adam Plummer is typical of the average customer. He often rents tools and mechanical equipment for his stage crews, and he views the charges philosophically.

"We had one of the stage sets start to fall apart one time an hour before the doors were due to open for the evening performance," he says. "We needed some ladders and we needed them fast. We wound up paying $20 rental for what we might have bought for $75, but we figured the fee was cheap considered against a ticket sale that was worth over $1,500 for the house. What a piece of rental equipment is actually worth to the man who uses it can depend on the degree of emergency and the consequences of inaction.

"When we need an item at night when the regular stores are closed, or when there is no time to go out and look for it, what its use is 'worth' has little to do with what the item cost. One matinee in Ohio, part of the electrical system went out and there wasn't a simple screwdriver to be found in the whole theater; the janitor in the building next door was bribed into 'loaning' us one for $3 . . . and had the nerve enough to ask for it back when we were through using it."

Adam Plummer is among the many people using rental facilities who firmly believe that one of the main advantages in renting many products, is their up-to-date availability. "For example," he says, "a man who finds some use for a portable electric drill three or four times a year might figure that he will eventually be money ahead by buying one of his own. Maybe on some items, but not on tools like electrical equipment where the technology is changing so fast that the new models every year make previous ones unsatisfactory.

"I particularly remember a banker in Michigan who serves as stage manager every season. He bought a power drill one year that he replaced only a year later because the new one had a variable speed trigger he could use from 0 to 2250 rpm, which is a pretty handy feature when working on different kinds of materials.

"When I saw him the following year he had still another new one . . . with a back-up feature that enables him to back out of work with power as well as to take out screws with the reverse power, and so on. To date he has spent over $200 for his three drills . . . which are demand items renting in competitive markets for as little as $3 per weekend."

Plummer contends that rental rates are often lower in small towns than in big cities. "This is due to two factors," he says. "In the first place, loss of equipment is relatively rare because everybody knows everybody else in a small town. Secondly, labor rates are lower, which means that maintenance costs are also accordingly less. A small town rental operation can thus afford to charge less. Not that they do, of course, unless there is some competition nearby to keep them in line.

"On the other hand, sometimes rental operations in big cities will have lower rates because of a highly competitive situation, coupled perhaps with volume that allows them to operate on a lower profit margin. In any case, it pays to shop around for rentals, provided that you can afford to spend the time it takes to do so.

"Most rental companies," Plummer says, "are usually forced to maintain large inventories for the sake of offering a wide selection, and some individual pieces may rent out only a few times a year. If such is the case on an item the customer needs, he shouldn't hesitate to make a counter offer of a lower fee than the one asked, on the sound premise that any income for the rental company on a slow-action item is better than none."

Not all people who use rental equipment patronize the "professional" rental agencies, and many people don't even realize that they do rent equipment. A telephone is the commonest example of equipment which is never sold to the user, but simply rented to subscribers by the telephone company. Most computers, many juke boxes, and even some slot machines are rented to the people who operate them.

People who "do not believe in renting" often do rent nevertheless. Few ever consider buying electric golf carts when they are available at practically all golf courses, stiff rental fee per round or no. Millions of people rent stake trailers for hauling furniture or other personal cartage, too, either on a two-way or one-way basis through local as well as national service organizations such as U-Haul, Rent-All, etc.

Mort Jaffe was a man who had always pooh-poohed the idea of renting anything as a device resorted to only by the impecunious and otherwise less-than-respectable folks. He regarded "pride of ownership" almost as a cornerstone of life. Jaffe had a basement full of sophisticated tools he seldom used, and his wife had a closet packed with "party" china and glassware that she took out only once or twice a year.

Then Mrs. Jaffe had to go to the hospital. The doctor's fee and hospital bills were high, and when it was time for his wife to come home, Jaffe learned that she would temporarily need a variable-height hospital bed, an over-bed table, a wheel chair, and other items that would add almost another $1,000 to the total cost.

Mort Jaffe changed his mind fast about his vaunted "pride of ownership" when he found that he could rent the required equipment for less than $75 for the convalescent period. By the time the missus was okay again, he had even rented a cane.

Rental companies who specialize in sick-room supplies can afford to charge low rates because most of their equipment is delivered to the user's home, and there is seldom a question of the customer disappearing with the company's property. Maintenance costs are also relatively low, and weekly rental rates are often as low as 3% of the value.

Not all rentals are for emergency or temporary use. Many are for steady use and long-term utilization. For instance, Adam Plummer rents not only his bed but the rest of the furniture in his Baltimore apartment as well.

"Styles change," he points out. ". . . not to mention my personal taste from time to time. Many people redecorate their homes every spring, and when I do it I do it thoroughly, from the carpeting on up. I never have any brand new furniture, because I have found that the only suppliers I can make a deal with are in the second-hand furniture business, but what the hell, even new furniture is actually 'used' after it's been in the house for a week anyhow."

Plummer is also a customer of Bob Mandel, who operates a gun shop called The Powder Horn in Wilmette, Illinois. Mandel specializes in renting firearms and edged weapons as props for theatrical and advertising use, but he also rents guns for marksmen and hunters. His customers include rifle shooters, who may attend only a few claybird shoots a season, for shotgun rentals . . . as well as duck hunters who might need a light shotgun to go pheasant hunting once in a while.

"Gun owners tend to specialize in one particular field," says Mandel. "Very few of them own enough different kinds of guns to enable them to accept invitations for 'other' types of meets or hunts. With rentals, we can make it possible for a man like Adam Plummer to get in on anything going."

Plummer, who is a good shot even though he doesn't have any firearms of his own, has traveled as far as 150 miles to get a particular piece from Mandel when he was invited on a hunting trip.

Naturally, Plummer drives there in a rented car. Car rentals and leasing constitute the fastest-growing segment of the entire automobile industry, and it is now so big that one out of every eight cars currently being built by Detroit

already goes into this service market.

There is almost as great a difference between renting a car and leasing one as there is between renting a motel room and leasing a house. The former is concerned with convenience; the latter, with utility.

Renting a car can be expensive, and is sometimes justified only when no other transportation is immediately available. In many cases, even riding taxicabs on out-of-town trips is less expensive. Rates that run up to $30 a day and more for the use of an automobile can be considered economical only by a driver whose time is very valuable.

But there is no doubt about it... a rental car is handy at the end of an airplane ride when a number of calls have to be made, or when a second car is needed by somebody in the family. Special occasions for need can range from picnics in a convertible to a funeral in a black sedan.

The car rental field is so profitable that the success of leaders like Hertz, Avis, National, etc., has spawned its own competition with literally thousands of smaller independents. These includes hundreds of "gyp outfits" which rent cars for as little as half the rates charged by the majors. This competitive edge is often possible only because some of the cost factors have been shaved, such as adequate insurance, proper maintenance, or even good equipment.

Some of the worst dogs in the used car market, for example, wind up in rental service. Best protection for the prospective rental customer: a check with the local Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce.

However, there are plenty of legitimate "discount" rental agencies around to give the major firms a good run for their money. Companies like the Econocar chain, for example, rent a Volkswagen for $4.95 a day plus 10¢ a mile, which is the same mileage rate for a $6.95-per-day Valiant. Cars like a Chevy or Fury rent for $8.95 a day and 12¢ a mile.

Outfits like Avco rent a 1969 Chevy Nova for $8 a day, a Chevelle for $10, an Impala or Galaxie for $12, or a Pontiac for $14... all including 100 miles free mileage, with additional distance figured at 6¢ to 8¢ a mile. Air conditioned cars cost another $1 a day. Many local agencies run weekend specials for $13.50 or so. These fees include gas, oil, insurance and any and all other costs. The "discount" rates compare to an average of $12 a day plus 12¢ a mile charged by nationally advertised majors for the typical Ford, Chevy or Plymouth.

"Even the most expensive rental car costs me less than owning an automobile of my own," avers Adam Plummer. "When I rent, say, a Cadillac Deville I pay $17 a day or $85 a week if I need it that long, plus 17¢ a mile. That may sound like a lot of money, but after all, it's a $6,000 automobile and I'm actually getting more for my money than if I'd rent a smaller car, rate for rate considering the costs of the cars.

"If I owned a Deville and traded it in every two years, the 50% depreciation I could expect would amount to $3,000, which alone would cost me $1,500 a year. I'd spend maybe another $1,500 a year on gas, oil, maintenance and storage, plus another $600 or so for licensing, insurance, and incidentals. That's an operating cost of $3,600 a year... and for that kind of money I can rent one helluva lot of Cadillacs.

"The average driver only puts about 12,000 miles a year on a car, which on a rental basis means about $35 worth of mileage a week. For my resultant $125 per week total rental cost, I can rent a current model Cadillac better than 28 weeks out of the year... and a different style or color every time if I am so inclined.

"Actually, I don't use an automobile that often, what with my being out of town so much, so I am way ahead of the game," Plummer says. "For anybody who doesn't need a car every day, renting even at short term rates costs less than purchasing, and it can even cost less than leasing."

As opposed to all the shenanigans going on in the rental business, car leasing is almost uniformly a "straight" business. Inasmuch as the customer usually leases the car for a year or more, it is in the company's own interest to make sure that the operation is as trouble-free as possible.

The purpose of car leasing, compared to outright purchase, is generally twofold: (1) conservation of liquid capital, and (2) simplification of a tax situation.

Not counting its use, buying an automobile is one of the worst investments in the world. After only three years, the buyer has usually lost 65% of his investment; the average depreciated value of a $4,000 car bought in 1966 is $1,400 today. If a man would have put that same $4,000 into the stock market in 1966, it would average out to be worth around $4,800 today... not counting the dividends, which would have been another $700 or $800 in income for the blue chip averages.

Actually, most car leasing is to businesses which operate entire fleets. A company that needs, say, a dozen cars for its salesmen and executives could have perhaps $50,000 tied up in such frozen (but thawing) assets... money which could be put to better use in almost any growing business, considering the profit on turnover of inventory. Ownership takes liquid assets out of a business and freezes it in fixed assets, an economic fact of life which thousands of companies simply cannot afford to live with. The answer: leasing, which grew almost 25% in 1968 alone.

However, the prospective lessor should not be misled by the car leasing industry's roseate sales talks. Even executives in the leasing industry privately admit that leasing does cost more than outright purchase. On a dollar for dollar basis, it usually costs 15 to 20% more to lease any given car than to buy it. Leasing is thus justified on a purely economic basis only when the customer can realize more than that 15 or 20% difference by using the money elsewhere to better advantage.

Sometimes special considerations enter the picture. Banks in many states, for example, are limited by law as to the amount of money they can invest in physical facilities. Or a man with a lot of debts may not want to have any assets that his creditors can grab; car leasing, instead of outright purchase, has helped many such drivers over a rough hump. And just plain being broke, without the price of a down payment, is a good reason for leasing an automobile, too.

The tax situation, of course, is a tremendous factor in leasing. When everything is deductible, a single monthly bill from the leasing company leaves little room for argument from the Internal Revenue Bureau (which now has almost a quarter of a million people on the payroll, or enough to get around in so many places that nobody can take a chance on being overlooked any more). This is one reason why so many thousands of professional people such as doctors, lawyers, publishers' reps, manu-

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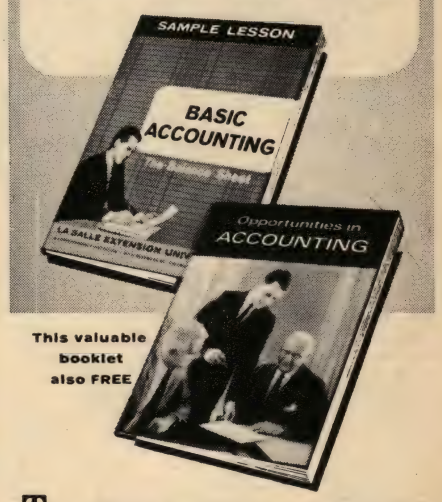

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facturers' agents and even ministers now use leasing so much.

A Denver salesman named Bob Ross found this tax advantage only after leasing his car for an entirely different reason. He had a good credit record (mandatory for leasing) and had been buying a new Impala with standard equipment every couple of years. The last model he bought listed around $3,300 although he got a deal for $2,850. With $1,000 down for his trade, his payments were $77.15 a month for 30 installments . . . plus all the expected and unexpected extras.

In January, 1969, he found that he needed some money fast. A leasing company paid him $2,100 spot cash for his 1968 Impala and leased him a new one, fully equipped, for $96 a month. This was without maintenance, a deal which is now possible with many leasing companies who write "custom tailored" leases, where the lessor can pick and choose the facilities and services he wants instead of being forced to take a Full Maintenance Lease which is all that was available until competition stiffened a year ago.

In short, Ross pays less than $20 a month more for the leased vehicle . . . and drives a brand new car at all times. He used the $2,100 to invest in a side line that nets him a steady $150 to $200 a month in extra income.

With so many different leasing companies of all stripes competing for the business, picking the better ones is not always easy in any given section of the country. However, a new development in the last few years has simplified the picture somewhat. This is the entry of regular automobile dealers into the leasing business.

When they saw how many new car sales they were losing to the leasing companies, Chrysler-Plymouth dealers were the first to enter the field on an organized basis with a nation-wide network of licensees operating as the Chrysler Leasing Corporation. Dearborn followed with FALS (Ford Authorized Leasing System) and GM with Chevway System.

These local car dealers usually set up separate corporations to facilitate financing, insurance and retailing of used units coming off of lease. But they are still part of the same basic franchise operation, and leasing is strictly "plus sale." If a good-sized dealership like the Ken Brown Plymouth agency in Detroit, for instance, with 3,000 cars in lease service, averages $1,000 a year per car, it means another $3,000,000 in gross income . . . without the addition of appreciably more overhead. The more units a dealer puts into lease service, the more factory registrations, too; and the more cars he orders from the manufacturer, the better he is treated.

A leasing operation is thus extremely lucrative for a car dealer. He can afford to lease for lower fees because his purchasing power is better than that of the independents (none of whom can buy direct from the factory, including the ones who buy 50,000 automobiles at a crack).

The operational advantages of leasing from a local car dealer can count heavily, too. For one thing, his service department is often better than the facilities of a purely leasing specialist. And when he actually owns the car he is servicing, he will do his best to keep it at peak performance.

The dealer will eventually have to sell the leased vehicle as a used car, and inasmuch as his main business is selling cars, he depends heavily on the good will of the community. He generally operates on a more personal basis than the representative of a nation-wide leasing chain, too, and is often more amenable to "dealing" with a customer.

But he is still human. Even the members of these "captive" leasing organizations will seldom actively solicit small accounts. Like everybody else in this mushrooming industry, they are still skimming the cream from a business which is still in its adolescence.

The *oldest* type of leasing in this country is the leasing of houses. Even here a good case can be made for leasing compared to buying, despite the fears of many home owners about renters who "will wind up in 20 years with nothing but a pile of rent receipts."

Listen to Adam Plummer: "Sure, I had a house once," he says. "But I didn't buy it, I rented it. The man who buys a house is really tied down, and it can be a hard rut to get out of. But even if he can afford to be in that kind of a situation, can he afford the actual money involved? I don't think so.

"A good friend of mine decided to buy a house last year and has regretted it ever since. He put $5,000 down on a $25,000 house, and his payments are $155 a month . . . for the next 20 years. In others words, his monthly payments will add up to a total of $37,000 by the time he has paid off that $20,000 mortgage.

"Also, that $5,000 he paid for the down payment is actually worth a lot more than just five grand; $5,000 invested at just 6%, with compound interest, amounts to better than $16,000 in 20 years. With the loss of that income added to his total payments, his $25,000 house is actually going to cost him $53,000!

"As far as what it costs him to live in the place is concerned, his taxes are about $40 a month, it costs him an average of another $20 a month to heat the place, $25 a month or so for repairs and maintenance, and that $11,000 he's *not* going to make on his initial $5,000 investment averages out to still another $65 a month or so. He also puts a whale of a lot of time and money into his yard, his decorating bills, and the 'improvements' he keeps making. When you add it all up, it's costing him over $300 a month to live in that place.

"He's nuts," Plummer concludes. "You know the kind of pad I can get for $300 a month? Zowie! And I can move the hell out any time I get tired of the apartment, the neighborhood, or the town."

When he leaves, he can be depended on to drive away in one of those rental cars, too. He has found a rental agency that will furnish a car on a "drive it there, leave it there" basis in case he never wants to come back. ▲

MAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Royal Stallion

(*Continued from page* 31)

beautiful girls of all castes and creeds and colors, waiting eagerly for the arrow to settle on a number, determining which one of them was "it." They were clad in the costumes of their tribes or homelands, but with a difference: Whether in harem outfits or the fashions of Italy or France or even the Circassian Mountains, the girls wore sheer materials—voiles, nets, laces, organdy and nylon—gossamer raiment that left nothing to the imagination.

When the arrow finally halted, the lucky designee would move languorously toward the hub of the bed and the flabby, outstretched arms of the king. It was an old game to many of them, but what would happen next never failed to surprise; and after the first concerted shriek at the selectee's good luck, the girls would watch with increased panting and whimpering the scene unfolding before them. When Farouk let himself go, it was with an athletic abandon unbelievable in a man so gross. And the writhing watchers never knew what to expect in the subsequent sex act, except that it would be perverted and depraved and done with completely gratifying finesse.

The music provided by female servants with lyres and zither-like instruments and gourds would have stopped, as the players were held transfixed by the sight on the bed. The sexual gymnastics were too diverting for any woman to pluck a string or carry a tune or beat a drum as an obliggato to the emotional orgy pervading the room. The slapping of flesh of the perspiring performers and other gasping sounds somehow provided its own unseemly syncopation.

The build-up to such a scene was usually drawn out with an exquisitely appropriate sense of timing. It was calibrated to be played, this orgiastic game, just short of the moment of ecstasy. In the background was the music, and around the great bedroom of the king were silken pillows and ottomans and low tables laden with exotic foods and fruits and wines laced with aphrodisiacs. Pornographic paintings festooned the walls. Farouk would move around the room, sampling the food and the wine and the lips of his guests, and testing their erogenous zones for responses. Unlike the orgies of his Egyptian forebears, Farouk's parties had no other men present, no lithe satyrs to compete with his corpulent self.

"There are never enough women for me," Farouk was often quoted as boasting.

The scenes of Farouk's sybaritic soirées were usually the bedrooms and ante-chambers of one of his four palaces: Ras el Tin (near Alexandria), Kubbeth, Montazah or Abdin (the Cairo area). He usually favored Kubbeth, with its 250 treasure-laden rooms, which he owned outright and which neither of his successive queens especially relished. Other potentates of his Islamic faith, in other parts of the Arabic world, enjoyed the luxury of several wives or a harem; but this was denied Farouk because, when he took over from his father, Fuad I, as king of Egypt, it was a British protectorate and Farouk was urged to be diplomatic about certain customs. Polygamy and harems were out—legally, that is—but no one cared much what he did illicitly so long as he didn't do it in public. And since neither of his queens, Farida nor Narriman, were of royal blood, they also didn't have much to say about what he did.

Farouk had become king following his father's death in 1936, and in 1938 he married Farida, one of the most exquisitely beautiful women ever to grace a throne. But after three natal strikes—all daughters, that is—he simply dissolved his marriage in 1948 by dismissing her, an old Islamic custom when a queen can't produce a male heir.

A couple of years later, while shopping for trinkets for his girlfriends, Farouk met a salesgirl in a jewelry shop who attracted him. Her name was Narriman, and after promoting her father to a federal job to give him social standing, he married the girl. Nine months later, in 1952, she provided him with a prince, Fuad II. Three months later in July, however, a military junta forced Farouk to abdicate, and he was forced into exile.

Down to his last yacht, a 4,561-ton floating palace of elegance, the deposed monarch had to moor it somewhere. He decided on Capri and Italy, for hadn't he given Victor Emaunel III, the ex-king of Italy, asylum in Alexandria when no one else wanted him?

Settled there, Farouk had time aboard the yacht *Mahroussa* to contemplate his future and dwell on his past . . .

Farouk had been educated in England, and at 16, had returned to Egypt upon his father's death. He began his reign by touring Egypt's wastelands and waterways, acutely aware of the abject poverty of his people and determined to set things right. During the war years he visited destroyed areas of Alexandria and Cairo at the height of German and Italian bombing raids, exposing himself to danger more often than the officers of his cowardly army.

The palace, and his parliament, were overrun with corrupt officials, but despite them, Farouk increased his influence through the Middle East after the war by founding the Arab League. In 1948 his armies suffered a crushing defeat in the Arab-Palestine war, and he got the blame instead of the generals and colonels who later unseated him.

That was when he started the "clock game" orgies, and gambling at the Royal Automobile Club in Cairo or at Monte Carlo, where he'd sometimes drop $100,000 a night at the roulette and dice tables. On the Riviera circuit and on trips along the North African coast, from Port Said to Casablanca, his name became associated with belly dancers and beauty queens, whom he'd bring back to Cairo for trips on his royal barge up the Nile.

Farouk now had a sense of history, but it was only in the past, and those barge trips to the ancient treasure troves and burial grounds of the Pharoahs at Luxor were archaeological in name only, and the lateen-rigged *felucca* usually had more beauties aboard than graced Atlantic City for the "Miss America" contest. Maybe the girls couldn't sew a hem or play a piano, but they were adept at the obvious. Farouk had the wisdom to include his bodyguard of Sinai Desert commandos and spies in those parties, and though they were in top physical shape they allegedly dropped exhausted after going from one naked beauty to the other, while the 300-pound Farouk never seemed to tire of satisfying a myrirad of nymphs.

There's a book in Arabian pornographic lore which describes and even illustrates over 100 ways to copulate, but it has been said that Farouk's strange desires and acts required revised editions of that bawdy tome.

Farouk had a voracious appetite. His religion forbad eating pork and drinking alcoholic beverages, but Farouk wasn't exactly a prayer-rug addict or very keen on the Allah-and-Mohammed bit. He was pure pagan, and his orgies rivaled those of old Roman emperors like Nero and Caligula, but without the attendant cruelty.

Despite Farouk's enormous fatness it was said around Rome during his exiled years that his genital endowments rivaled that of the famous Nubian and Sudanese warriors, who were vaunted far and wide for the muscles beneath their loincloths. Farouk's women always came back for more—and it wasn't only because he was so generous with lavish gifts.

Movie stars and wealthy Greek ship owners known for their philandering could never compete with Farouk; he outdistanced all of them with his amorous conquests just as conclusively as he did with his ocean-going yacht. When he fled Alexandria for Capri in 1952, he had—through systematic pillaging and with the help of his loyal bodyguard—hidden a fortune in the bilges and behind the bulkheads, a hoard estimated at 300 million dollars. And there was more where that came from, for his various palaces were liberally stocked with precious gems and art treasures which his spies could smuggle to him whenever the need arose.

It was a decorous departure. Narriman stood beside him with the young prince in her arms, and the three princesses—the daughters of Farida who, as a commoner, had no claim to them—waved gaily from the boat deck. Farouk had engaged a 30-room suite in a hotel run by Gracie Fields on Capri. The bill for the suite came to $500 a day.

There was a show of family solidarity for a while. The playboy king announced: "My queen and the prince and our three daughters will live just like other people. We now must live simply, and without the pomp and grandeur we once knew. I am no longer a king."

Whatever he called himself, Farouk was still His Royal Highness, and he didn't play the role of father and family man very long. At this time, what had once been Cafe Society was trasforming itself into the international Jet Set, and a real live king was a bright feather in any socialite's cap. Old society leaders like Lady Mendl and her coterie were on their way out, and the post-war millionaires were vying with one another for status. Film stars aspired high, especially the Italians and the French; and many of them had been Farouk's mistresses-of-the-moment in years gone by, before transferring their fickle allegiance to shipowners and oil millionaires.

Farouk couldn't have cared less, because he was a swinger who made the Jet Set look like bungling beginners. While his queen and princesses rattled in the great hotel suite, Farouk returned to his yacht and began hosting those orgies. He reduced his crew of 164 aboard the *Mahrassa* in the interests of economy but kept his faithful bodyguards, who practiced target shooting off the yacht by potting at sea gulls in the dawn hours. He also retained most of the stewardesses who'd been hired for their versatility and beauty, clothing them in costumes which made miniskirts look like Mother Hubbards.

To Farouk, when it came to sex, the name of the game was action and expertise. He wanted no part of frigid society dames and conniving movie stars who sought to use him for publicity and to advance their own positions. But he loved the hungry starlets who would do anything—but anything—to be in-

vited to his parites, and he often rewarded them all out of proportion to the services rendered.

A Rome correspondent tells the story of a now well-known movie star who had been to a bash on the *Mahrassa* and put on a show, known to the enlightened as a circus, that had heads wagging all over Italy. She had not only performed publicly with Farouk, but also with one of his magnificent Great Danes.

"Farouk's the greatest," she laughed to her friends, "man or beast."

Another story that titillated Rome concerned Farouk's visit to a restaurant with a gorgeous French movie star. They were sitting in a dark corner, alternately eating, drinking and smooching, obviously getting more and more excited by the minute. Suddenly Farouk slid off his chair and disappeared beneath the table, whose cloth reached to the floor. Whatever he did down there brought a look of delight to the French girl's eyes.

Farouk's antic behavior became the talk of Rome. People flocked to that restaurant for confirmation of the story from their favorite waiters.

But the capper came when a certain Englishman, high in the peerage and more than a little high on booze, stalked into the place with his lady. After the waiter seated the lady, the Englishman suddenly lifted the tablecloth and looked underneath, pretending instant disappointment.

"*What!* No floor show?" he roared at the top of his lungs, and the whole restaurant rocked with laughter.

It took guts to insult Farouk, and very few people ever did, though he cut the legs from under many a matinee idol, movie director and ostentatious millionaire. And whenever he encountered any Egyptian diplomats or politicos in his wanderings through Italy, Majorca, Sardinia, Capri or Greece, they fled the scene abruptly, as if pursued by the devil himself. Farouk was known to carry a Beretta automatic which he wouldn't hesitate to use on his political enemies, and his guards were as lethal as they were loyal.

One of his favorite ways of humiliating Jet Set playboys was to come unattended to some gala, fiesta, or restaurant, and look uncomfortably lonely as he surveyed the scene around him. He'd spot his victim—some male who was the darling of the gossip columnists, and maybe a hero to millions of movie fans, or even business tycoons — and start gazing attentively at the woman the man was squiring. She might be the man's acknowledged mistress, or even his fiancee, but that didn't matter to Farouk.

When the woman began to grow restless under the ex-king's gaze, Farouk would reach into his pocket and take out a handful of gems which sparkled in the candlelight as he played with them on the table — fabulous rubies, diamonds and sapphires shooting flames off their facets. They were enough to mesmerize almost any woman alive. From time to time, Farouk would look over at the woman, ignoring the unfortunate man with her, and continue his little game. Almost invariably the woman, fascinated by Farouk and his gems, would be paying only listless attention to her escort.

At last Farouk would look up and telegraph his message to the woman, first with his eyes; and then, slowly holding out a fat finger, he would beckon. Almost always the woman, as if entranced, would leave her partner and settle herself at Farouk's table.

To complete the humiliation of the woman's escort, Farouk would walk out

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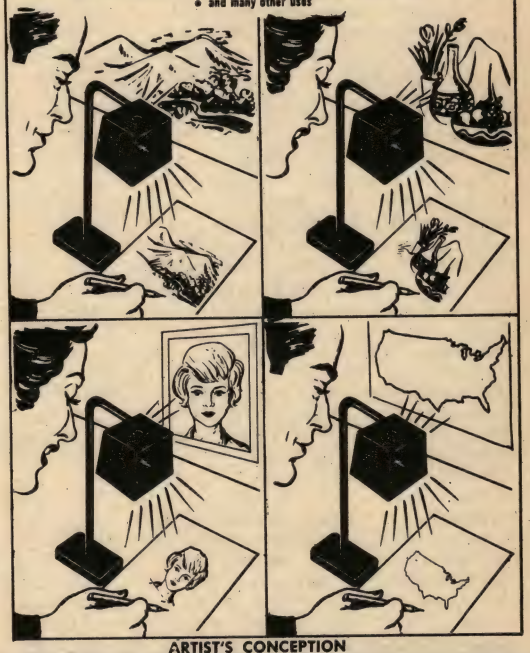

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with her on his arm, take her to the yacht or a villa he was currently renting, and return her in the morning with a bodyguard in one of his many red cars.

Farouk never welshed on such come-on deals, and the girl would invariably wind up with a jewel of considerable value.

The red cars, incidentally, were a hang-up of Farouk's, and could be anything from jeeps to Rolls-Royces. In the old days when he was king, he had a fleet of Rolls-Royces, Lincoln-Continentals, Packards and Mercedes-Benz racers, all of them painted bright red. Whenever he traveled in one of his cars, a motorcade of bodyguards in red jeeps went with him. No one else in Egypt was allowed to have a car of that color.

It was said that Farouk knew every call girl in Rome by her first name, and that he was generous to a fault with them. His servants loved him and were loyal, both because of his generosity and his lack of pomp in dealing with them. The fact was that all who surrounded Farouk could be trusted, and even if they didn't like his morals, they admired his consideration for them. It was this loyalty that paid off for him against his Egyptian enemies.

Perhaps the most unpopular characters in Italy are the *papparazzi*, those pestiferous street photographers who run their hot hands over women tourists and are gadfly annoyances to celebrities. Despite the fact that the bulbous Farouk, with his black bathing trunks and white sun hat with its upturned front brim was not exactly photogenic, he never cursed the *papparazzi* the way others did, but threw them money. So they were on his side, too, as well as the call girls, and in time he was to make use of them.

The call girls often went on trips to Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut, Baghdad, or Port Said, and they always came back with information useful to the exiled monarch. In most cases he knew ahead of time what his deposer, Nasser, and his Russian advisers, were up to; and he'd see that the information was leaked to the proper embassies. When Syria broke with Nasser, newsmen were convinced that Farouk had engineered the crisis by leaking information through roundabout sources that Nasser was planning a *coup d'etat* in Syria. Soon there was no one in the Arab world who would trust Nasser as far as he could throw him.

As for the *papparazzi*, Farouk's bodyguards let the word get around that all pictures of Egyptian diplomats taken anywhere, at any time, would be welcomed by Farouk. As a result, one correspondent wrote, "Egypt's diplomats can't even go to the bathroom without being photographed. They're really getting gun-shy about cameras."

It was easy to understand why. Every time a picture was snapped of, say, an Egyptian talking to a Jordanian, a print would be sent anonymously to the Syrian government, and they'd begin to wonder what sort of deal was cooking behind their backs. Eventually, all the Arab countries — Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Algeria, Liberia and Morocco — became so suspicious of Egypt that nothing Nasser said was believed. And — though Farouk didn't live to see it — this web of distrust resulted in the devastating lack of coordination among the Arab states that culminated in their defeat by Israel in 1967.

Farouk would have relished that moment.

But political machinations never occupied much of Farouk's time or thoughts. He seemed to sense that he wasn't long for this world, and he meant to enjoy life to the fullest. He was always looking for new kicks, and only women could provide them.

The Mohammedan religion is most permissive about the use of hashish and marijuana, but nothing in this appealed to Farouk. He loved only women and lots of them, and as he grew older, he liked his women younger. He collected them with more delight than he'd collected his pornographic treasures, his jewels, his $16,000,000 worth of rare stamps, and his $30,000,000 worth of rare coins, clocks and tapestries. His avid hunting of "birds," "teeny bimbis," and Lolitas finally led to his divorce by Narriman, his second wife. She, like Farida, went to Switzerland, taking Fuad II along. The princesses rejoined their real mother, and managed to eke out an existence on the few million dollars that Farouk allotted to them.

As a man who liked his steaks rare and his lamb succulent, Farouk drew the line at women over 25, except for a very few acknowledged mistresses of the art of love. One movie star of well-preserved, nun-like beauty made a play for him, and after he laughed her away, she got in a snit and married a wealthy Italian with a meaningless title that had been abolished when Italy turned democratic at the end of World War II.

But Farouk's penchant for nubile nymphets finally got him into trouble. It began with the discovery of the body of 21-year-old Wilma Montesi on a beach, near Rome, in April, 1953. She was adjudged a suicide, and there wasn't much of a stir about her death until February of the following year, when a journalist named Silvano Muto insisted that she'd been murdered.

The charge raised all sorts of fears among the Jet Set, since a prince, a couple of counts and marquesses, and the son of a cabinet minister were among the suspects. As the investigation developed, a few Cosa Nostra figures got hauled in, and a number of Levantine shipowners known for their wild yacht parties were discovered to have been among Wilma's many friends. Farouk, too, allegedly had entertained her a couple of times.

The case brought Farouk lots of notoriety, about which he couldn't have cared less. Nor did he mind when the investigation declared the murder to be the act of a vice ring. But when dope began to be mentioned, Farouk became enraged — dope was the one thing he drew the line at. Yet the whispering campaign among the new "aristocracy" — the johnny-come-lately millionaires and movie stars Farouk wouldn't give the time of day to — vengefully took aim at him.

Naturally, the rumors and gossip attracted the attention of the police, but even before he was questioned, Farouk got sudden and unsolicited help from his loyal friends among the call girls of Rome. One after the other they traipsed down to the police prefecture and volunteered alibis for the king on the night of the murder, saying also that Farouk never had so much as a sleeping pill in his living quarters. And they were most graphic in explaining that one, pointing out that Farouk had many, many ways of inducing sleep, chiefly from fatigue due to an over-active gland.

Then came the *papparazzi*, the photographers. They flocked to the police station in droves, all of them producing pictures of Farouk which they swore had been taken in Capri, or Milan, or somewhere else on the night of the murder.

It was a source of merriment as well as a revelation to the police, for Farouk had never once been under suspicion by anyone but the jealous Jet Set. Officials were astonished at how many friends Farouk turned out to have among the common people. (Ironically, it was later established that Wilma Montesi had died of dope injections at the hands of certain persons who are now free, and that the dope ring had used couriers

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traveling in ships owned by some of the very people who had been loudest in their suspicions of Farouk.)

The potent ex-potentate included among his pleasures a love of gambling and a wanderlust. He traveled restlessly from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, looking for fun in Italy, on the French Riviera, and wherever else he was not *persona non grata*. As an exile, he was without citizenship, but even so, he was welcome in most places because he was both rich and royal. However, he eventually decided to settle down and become a citizen of Monaco.

When asked about this decision, Farouk said, "You know that I've always been an avid stamp collector." It was a remark not calculated to amuse Prince Ranier or Princess Grace, as it was a less-than-oblique knock at their "post-age-stamp principality," which boasts, in its 387 acres, a couple of museums, a brace of radio stations, and some gambling houses, notably Monte Carlo. But whatever he said, Farouk was more than welcome, for he was a big loser at the gambling tables, whether he played roulette, dice, *piquet, chemin de fer,* or poker.

But there were times when he won, and generally these involved side bets in which he'd stubbornly stick it out when the stakes seemed important enough. Money certainly wasn't important to Farouk, but on one famous occasion at the Casino Royale, he shot craps for a woman being squired by a man whose name still makes front-page news, and who is the delight of the gossip columnists. This squat and squalid millionaire, in whose presence lesser tycoons trembled, caught Farouk's eye minutes after the deposed ruler's gaze had fastened on the voluptuous blonde whose diamond-braceleted arm was hooked to his.

Farouk knew the man by sight, and once had turned down an invitation to a party on his yacht, saying, "If I want to meet a Greek who smells of garlic I'll go to a restaurant and ask for the cook."

Now, however, Farouk deemed it expedient to ignore his distate. Idling over to where the tycoon was tossing dice, Farouk started fading him just for kicks, losing a little, winning a little, until the annoyed magnate asked him whether he'd like to make a big wager.

Sticking out his fleshy underlip thoughtfully, Farouk considered a moment, and then said, "Let us gamble to decide where the young lady"—and he inclined his head to indicate the blonde — "spends the next few days and nights." Then he plunked down a large ruby, and the magnate's eyes gleamed. "Against that."

Farouk won, and as he left the table with the blonde on his arm, he said to the loser, "I'll only keep her a few days, but you'll find her much improved when I return her."

"Mais je l'ai perdue," said the millionaire. *"Elle est finie."* ("But I lost her. She's finished.")

After all, wasn't Farouk the master sexpert of the Mediterranean?

Farouk immediately alerted the duty officer of the *Mahroussa,* and by the time he arrived at the dock with his newly-won guest, the yacht's festive lights were blazing from stem to stern. Farouk's versatile stewardesses had made the staterooms and salons ready, and now sat around in topless gossamer gowns, beating and plucking on their musical instruments, playing the dithyrambic airs of the desert, which soothed the ear and hit the loins like sweet, hot wine laced with aphrodisiacs. The blonde moved through the lush scene like someone in a trance, and a stewardess led her to a dressing room where she could change into filmy things suited to the occasion.

The Riviera set of social swingers have *avant garde* morality as well as exploratory drives, and women collect experiences like trophies, just as the men collect women. And since there's really no trophy to be exhibited, they talk about their intimate lives with no shame whatever.

"He played me like I was a musical instrument," the blonde said later. "And he discovered places on my body I never knew could be capable of stimualtion and excitement. I'd always thought of him as fat and repulsive—like we see him on the beach. But in the soft lights, with the music going, and those strange wines and liqueurs playing hell with your mind and emotions, and all those women panting in the background — well, it's an experience I'll never forget. He wasn't simply a man, he was a happening."

When asked just exactly what Farouk did, the blonde looked blank. "I really couldn't describe it, but whatever it was, I was doing things I never dreamed of before. I kept reaching climaxes until I thought I'd go mad, and I fell exhausted. But an hour later we were at it again."

After three days—which for Farouk was a flattering length of time—he returned her to the tycoon. And to add insult to injury he had the ruby he'd wagered set in a ring by a Monaco jeweler, for the blonde to wear as a constant reminder to the man who'd "lost" her that, despite her return, she was still Farouk's. In spirit, anyway.

Occasionally, Farouk would drop his hereditary titles of king and prince and travel incognito under a couple of his other names, his Monaco passport reading Fouad el Awal. He'd then go to Paris, Madrid or Switzerland for a change of scene, or even to Algiers before it passed out of French hands and became a sovereign Arab state. Wherever he put up—at the King George V in Paris, or the Castellana Hilton in Madrid —he'd take over the largest suite, and soon women would be flocking to his parties in coveys. His bashes might not have been as self-consciously "select" as those thrown by the Bruno (Merle Oberon) Pagliais, the Greek Goulandrises, Emericoses, Zoulasses, Theodoracopouloses, or the American Revsons, Capotes, and Bruno Grafs, but they swung. People cast away their inhibitions as though they were old clothes, and the attending beauties made the Jet Set crowd look like dogs.

But the gaming tables and occasional sorties to the capitals of Europe were nothing compared to the contentment and pleasure Farouk found in Rome. Among the women there he had a charisma, an image, a certain magic, enjoyed by no other man. He felt about Rome the way so many New Yorkers feel about their city — if you're elsewhere, you're nowhere.

As obese and physically repulsive as Farouk might have seemed to some, he represented a kind of masculinity that was disappearing from the scene all over the world. Women were discovering that certain film stars—towering and beautiful physical specimens of manhood which made them drool—were really homosexuals; other attractive males traded their sex for money or an advantageous marriage; but men who really enjoyed women, and loved for sex's sake, were disappearing.

The Errol Flynns and Rubirosas, the Jim Fiskes, Wilson Mizners and Diamond Jim Bradys — guys who really loved women—were all rolled into one in the incarnation of Farouk.

Once he went to his physician for a routine check-up, and the doctor—who had already given him certain pills for his heart condition—warned Farouk that his sexual gymnastics might be the death of him. Farouk is said to have answered, "Doctor, when I die, I want to die in the saddle."

Unfortunately, he didn't quite make it. When Farouk's end came, on March 20, 1965, he was sitting beside the willowy blonde beauty, Anna Maria Gatti, as they dined in Rome's *Ile de France* restaurant on the ancient Aurelian Way not far from Vatican City. Farouk had just finished an enormous meal of oysters, lamb, fruit, and cake. Suddenly, he turned white, clutched at his throat, and fell as far forward onto the table as his fat stomach would allow. The maitre d' called an ambulance, and he was rushed to the hospital where he was immediately put into an oxygen tent. He died a few minutes later of a massive coronary.

In his jacket pocket was found a pillbox initialed "F," his habitual dark glasses, a loaded Beretta automatic, and a wallet containing $115 worth of Italian lire and $2,500 in American money. Chicken feed, really—but then, hadn't he said when he was in exile in Capri that he was going to live simply?

Of his vast fortune, which had once amounted to over $100,000,000 at a conservative estimate, only $3,000,000 was left to bequeath to Prince Fuad. However there was also the unreckoned fortune in jewels hidden in various parts of his yacht.

Farouk's body was brought to Rome's municipal morgue and, though he did not exactly lie in state, at least his two ex-queens, the prince and the princesses were there. But the chief mourners—like the sobbing women who flocked for years around the grave of movie idol Rudolph Valentino — were chiefly anonymous women.

They were the tarts of Rome, the call girls, the starlets who never made it, the women he'd loved and been generous to, if only for a fleeting moment in their lives. And he was also mourned by those kooky photographers, the *pappa-razzi,* to whom he'd also been kind. They were snapping pictures like there was no tomorrow, knowing instinctively that tomorrow would never again contain the likes of Farouk. Allah, once he'd made the man, had thrown away the oversize mold. ▲

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Prison for Psychos

(*Continued from page* 51)

looking everywhere but at Doc. Holliday read the paper, and fell to the floor screaming. The PO (Parole Officer) called One Building for a straitjacket. And after the sobbing inmate had been carried away, the PO re-read the order on the paper.

Holliday had been certified as a psychiatric patient on the day of his release. Five years—sixty months—260 weeks—1,825 days of hell—for naught.

Doc was lucky. His mind snapped and he mercifully escaped the reality of his living hell at Springfield.

Hearing this story, the reality of your own situation comes home to you. As a psychiatric patient you are, in effect, doing a life sentence. You might as well be dead! In your frustration, you attack the pots and pans with frenzied strength. Almost like a madman.

Madman? Hell, you are not that lucky. The mercy of the deranged—oblivion—is denied you.

School starts and this occupies your nights. The days are full enough. You live in a cloud of steam and piles of greasy pans from 4:30 in the morning until 6:30 in the evening. There are classes every night from 7 until 10, and totally exhausted, you sleep five hours a night . . . undisturbed by the screams and moans of tortured minds . . . the thrashing of pain-ridden bodies and the grumble and rumble of stomachs rebelling against mountains of starches and beans.

Two of the convicts from A & O, Jenkins and Rizzo, are also assigned to the kitchen. Once in a while the three of you find time for a cigarette and a cup of coffee together. You three stand alone and watch the others.

Seventy convicts work in the kitchen. Most are certified as insane. Zombie-like, they wield knives and cleavers and shuffle between the huge cook pots like automatons; the massive doses of tranquilizing drugs keep them docile. You know it is impossible, but you can't help but wonder what would happen if they should all come unglued at once.

MARCH

One morning you wearily finish your cup of coffee and start for the pan room.

"Hey, you!"

"Me?"

"Yeah, you." It is Gordon calling. He is one of the screws in charge of security

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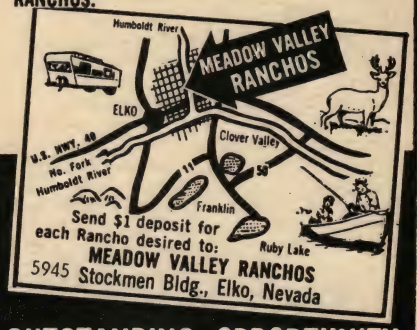

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in the kitchen. You wonder what you've done wrong.

"I been watchin' you work in the pan room. You're a good convict."

Thanks loads.

"An' a good convict deserves a good job. Report to the vegetable room."

There is something wrong with this. No screw does a con a favor, but you go as ordered.

From the Turkish bath steam of the pan room with it's mountains of utensils, through the kitchen, down a corridor and into a 10-by-20 room immersed in six inches of water. One end is piled to the ceiling with mountains of potatoes, cabbages and onions. There are two windows covered only with bars on the outer wall, and snow swirls in and coats the huge Negro at the washing sinks with fine white powder. Running the length of the inner wall is a wooden table where a white convict stands chopping cabbage furiously.

The Negro is named Napper—10 years for interstate transportation of stolen merchandise—and the white is Crisco. "Like in shortening?" you ask, and he grins affirmatively. He is a bank robber from Chicago.

During the next three hours, the three of you peel and wash 800 pounds of potatoes, clean and cut 600 pounds of cabbage and peel 200 pounds of onions.

You switch jobs every hour so one man doesn't get all the dirty work. By the time the cooks have finished serving breakfast, the vegetable room crew is through for the day.

Stiff, wet and cold, the three of you wash the room down, drain the water off the floor and return your knives to the knife room.

The days pass in the new pattern and there is a note of comedy. Napper and Crisco are both relieved to have a third man on the job. They are enemies and communicate with each other only through you.

But it is a deadly comedy. You catch the two men eying each other in speculation and fingering their knives when each thinks the other is not looking. Each tries to buddy up with you, to enlist you as an ally for the time when the final showdown comes.

You make peace as best you can and sign up for more classes. There are several open in the afternoon. The more classes the better. It is important to occupy your time.

By the end of the month your hands and arms are covered with a heavy rash from hours in the cold water and vegetable acids. Your feet are swollen, white and beginning to crack and bleed. It looks exactly like trench foot and you remember the blinding, burning pain after your lower extremities were frozen in Korea.

You visit the clothing room and try to check out a pair of boots to protect your feet. The queen on duty looks you over from head to foot and tells you: "You're a gorgeous man and can have anything you want—for a price, that is."

You stalk out in disgust, but your feet are hurting, and so you go back in and grab the fag by the front of his shirt and drag him halfway over the counter.

"If you don't give me a pair of high topped shoes," you threaten, "I'm going to catch you on the compound and stick a knife in you. Understand?"

He understands very well, scurries to the rear of the room and gets you a pair of high topped shoes. You drop a pack of cigarettes on the counter and limp out. It is important to pay for anything you get here. Owe no favors.

APRIL

You realize that you are adapting to your environment. You don't like it, but it is necessary to be an animal to survive in this jungle.

The Catholic chaplain calls you into his office. Father Roger is a nice, young guy. A Benedictine, the prison is his first parish. He takes it seriously.

He suggests gently that he would like to see you in Mass and tells you about a Theology class he conducts on Wednesday night. Having a free hour Wednesday evenings, you sign up for his class and on Sunday morning march to the Catholic Chapel in Seven Building.

The goon squad also comes to Mass. There are almost as many screws as convicts in the chapel. Lining the walls, watching the churchgoers warily.

At the end of the service, the young priest intones *Et Missa Est* and the congregation mumbles, "Thanks be to God," and starts to shuffle out. Then the celebrant's voice rings over the bent heads with a whip lash like a first sergeant's.

"Christians!" Everyone stops. "Remember your dignity!" You look back and he is standing with arms spread, that thin esthetic face shining and eyes burning. This is the kind of cat the Romans fed to the lions, only they wouldn't have to throw *this* one into the arena. He would have *leaped* in. You look over the crowd and notice that now they are erect, heads up and *marching* instead of shuffling.

You steal a look at Patrick and his face is an impassive mask. Only his eyes are alive—burning at the chaplain with sheer hate. All the screws seem tense.

Careful, Father—tread softly.

And suddenly you have a friend. Father Roger starts calling you to his office two or three times a week and the two of you sip coffee and talk. He is the most humble and dedicated man you have ever met.

Finally you know and like this man well enough to warn him. "Go easy, Roger. You can't change this place all by yourself."

"But I have to try—"

And the door bursts open, interrupting what he was saying. Patrick stands there.

"What are *you* doing here?" he barks at you.

The Father answers before you can. "Special religious counseling. I sent for him." Not exactly a lie, but not exactly the truth, either. "Now, what can I do for you?"

Patrick dismisses you as not worth notice. "Chaplain, a con came in here for confession this morning. You know who I mean. I want to know what he confessed to you."

Roger looks at him in disdain. "Well, Patrick, that is sort of privileged information—between me, the inmate and God."

"Well?" Patrick asks.

Roger smiles thinly. "Surely you're not likening yourself to God?"

Patrick puts both hands on the desk and leans close to Roger's face. "Chaplain, for 12 hours a day, seven days a week in this institution, I am as near to being Him as you are ever going to encounter on this earth. And you better not forget it." He swivels his head to face you. "You, either," he snarles, straightens, turns on his heel and walks out slamming the door.

"See what I mean, Father? Better go easy."

"But I can't." He turns anguished eyes on you. "You understand, don't you?"

"Yeah. I guess I do. I'd better go now, Father. Typing class in 10 minutes."

"Right. You'll visit again Monday?"

"Sure. Just don't forget to send a 'call out' for me." You are at the door now and the Chaplain calls.

You turn and his eyes are anguished.

"Yes, sir."

"Pray for the priest. He needs a lot of help."

You nod and leave. *You really do need help, man.*

Near the end of the month, the trouble in the vegetable room comes to a head. You don't even know what set it off. Suddenly Napper and Crisco fly at each other with knives, jabbing and flashing.

"Okay! Hold it! Both of you. There'll be no killing while I work here!" You notice the incongruity of your action and words, but continue. "Now, get the hell back to work!" They both look at you for a long time, then sullenly return to their job. You wonder what you would have done if they had defied you—but you *know*. And the knowledge is hard to take. You are becoming like every other convict. Hard, vicious, respecting nothing but strength.

That night you stand in front of a mirror in the latrine, searching your face for signs of the change. When you came in, you promised yourself that you would not become a typical con. But you are rapidly becoming what the prison officials call "institutionalized." Is there any other way to survive in this society? You don't know and sleep doesn't come easy that night.

New prisoners pour into Springfield. For every Civil Rights worker, there seems to be at least 10 KKK or Bircher dedicated to keep him from functioning. A large number of white militants begin trickling into the institution. The build-up in Vietnam continues and the prison camp is filled with conscientious objectors. Alcatraz is closed and the prisoners from there are sent to Atlanta, Leavenworth and Springfield. The Medical Center gets the incorrigibles. The increase in population continues and parole judges seem to release *no one* since the presidential assassination.

The work day in the vegetable room increases with the population. You stare at potatoes from four in the morning until noon now. And at meal time you look at boiled potatoes, broiled potatoes, mashed potatoes, creamed potatoes, fried potatoes, parsley potatoes, scalloped potatoes. God, you're sick of potatoes.

Every federal prisoner is allotted three-fourths of a pound of meat products per day. This sounds great until you realize that *meat products* means bone, gristle, fat, grease for cooking, skin, guts, hooves—everything that is on a cow or pig, including horns and tails. You usually get a slice of bacon or a tiny pat of sausage in the morning, a piece of bologna at lunch and a thin slice of pork or beef at supper. Perhaps two or three ounces of meat a day. And potatoes, and noodles, and macaroni. And what isn't eaten one day is made into pastry, is packed off to The Hole.

You are luckier than most, though. When the bakery cart passes the vegetable room, you usually manage to snatch a pie or cake, cookies or hot bread.

Security is loose until one of the bakers blows his mind and uses up a whole month's allotment of sugar to make thousands and thousands of chocolate brownies. For the next two weeks the entire institution eats brownies instead of bread for breakfast, lunch and supper. Greek, the baker who made the pastry, is packed off to The Hole.

The two cats in the vegetable room have acknowledged you as boss and while you neither like it nor the way

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you became their leader, at least the damn bickering has stopped.

Another month ends.

MAY

The weather is letting up a little now and the yard is opened for a couple of hours each afternoon. It is still cold as hell, but the health freaks turn out in mass to stroll the compound, pacing as if their very lives depend on a daily walk.

One afternon you get a cop out to report to the parole office. After three months, the social worker assigned to your case wants to see you.

Mrs. F - - - e is your PO. A tall, slender, sexy girl, it is a pleasure just being in her presence. You are extremely courteous and very careful to avert your eyes when she crosses those long, gorgeous legs or leans forward.

You silently nickname her "The Racehorse" because she looks as if she is built for speed and distance. You are uneasy in her presence. It is the first time you have been this close to a woman in months and her perfume is almost intoxicating.

She offers you a cigarette and talks awhile. Just getting acquainted. She asks if you like your job and you shrug. What is there to say? Then, there are the usual questions about home, family, and the inevitable: "What will you do when you get out?"

It is all so much bullshit. You know it and the Racehorse knows it, but the *game* is necessary so you both play your parts and you return to the "rehabilitation" of the vegetable room in the daytime, afternoon on the yard and evenings in school.

Near the end of the month, you get a cop out from the head-shrinker. He took *his* time also, but you suppose no one will feel in a hurry with the sentence you have.

Dr. Roloff has that same cold stare you remember from A & O. The interview has the same feeling of necessary, but useless, crap — like the one with your PO—and finally it comes to an end.

As you leave the psychiatrist's office, an inmate clerk hisses at you. It is Henry, an old guy quartered in your cell block.

"Kite something to the dormitory for me?"

"Okay."

He hands you a large, manila folder. That night he chuckles and lets you read it. It is the psychiatric case history of the recently deceased Birdman of Alcatraz. You scan the pages and wonder what Burt Lancaster would think if he knew the real story of the guy he portrayed on the screen.

Some guys are transferred out of the Snakepit, and you get assigned a private cell. You start doing a little hustling to amuse yourself. The cigarettes you earn smuggling and bootlegging cocoa from the kitchen are incidental. A guy has to have some kind of a racket just to occupy his mind. The cigarettes do help, though. They pay for pressed clothes from the laundry, decent haircuts and a pair of tennis shoes to wear when you're out of the vegetable room.

Your feet are really in bad shape now, but it is beneath your dignity to ask for a job change. "Screw the world! You'll do whatever the joint hands you!"

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"It's coming in blurry—maybe you need a new tube."

The weather grows warmer every day and the yard is also open in the evenings. You notice a foxy looking guy — a dead ringer for George Raft who spends all his time on the yard guarding a small tree. You watch him and realize that it is not the tree itself, but the *contents* he is worried about. A robin's nest.

Foxy is a lifer, sentenced for the Busch kidnaping in the early Thirties. One afternoon he stands by the tree with tears streaming down his cheeks. Some nut has killed all the baby birds. Pulled their heads off while Foxy was absent from his post.

The yard is a grotesque circus. There is Captain John. Captain is Federal Prisoner #10, the oldest man still in the federal system. He was sentenced before the turn of the century for killing a marshal in the Indian Territory of Oklahoma, taken to Leavenworth on a stage coach and took his first, last and only automobile ride in 1935 when he was brought to Springfield.

Then there is Big Jess—completely paranoid—convinced all the cooks are plotting to poison him. He paces the yard and devours pounds of dirt. They periodically have to pump out his stomach.

Willie the Penguin paces the compound cooing, "Smoke Kools — Smoke Kools." He was hopelessly crippled, both physically and mentally, by a beating he received in isolation. At chow time Willie rakes his food from the table and crouches over it like a huge dog, snarling and lapping his meals off the floor.

"Jesus" wanders up and down calling the wrath of Heaven down to smite the screws for cutting off his hair. Hours of electro-shock therapy destroyed what little sanity he might have retained.

Even more pathetic than the mental cases are the Wheel Chair Brigade. Hopelessly ill, they are treated by a staff of Public Health Service doctors who are working here for two years rather than go in the military.

Obsolete equipment and inadequate supplies handicap any of the physicians who *might* care about their patients.

Near the end of the month, something odd happens . . . something to break the terrible monotony. Bureau of Prisons notifies you that *the Court* has for some reason seen fit to cut your sentence to two years. This really makes no difference as you are still under Article 4208-B. Indeterminate. But you suspect that godlike creature, the judge, might feel that to leave the five-year sentence on a first conviction — for a *technical violation* — would show obvious prejudice. He has protected himself from criticism and you are still safely on ice with a B-Number.

JUNE

You are in trouble. You have been *noticed*. You try so hard to be inconspicuous that the custodial staff starts watching you to see when and how you will screw up. Your cell is searched two or three times a week while you are on the job, and screws start stopping you to shake you down.

You accept the challenge.

You start making book, shylocking and dealing in watches. Then you make a bad loan. The Bear—doing time for stealing checks and credit cards—owes you two boxes of cigarettes (king size, at that) from a bad bet and two boxes borrowed at *three for two*. He can't pay.

"Bear," you tell him, "if I'm not paid by Friday, write your last letter to your wife and tell her to sell the crapper because I'm going to get your butt."

Friday rolls around and no cigarettes. You go to bed wondering where to am-

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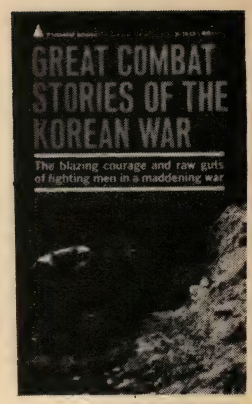

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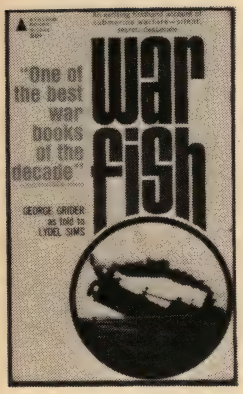

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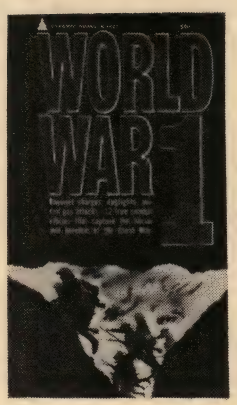

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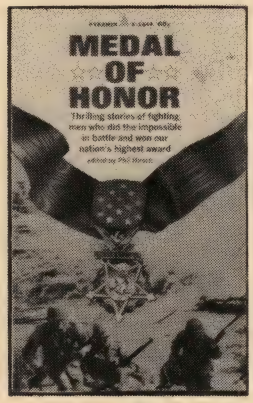

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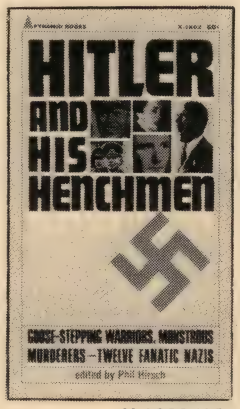

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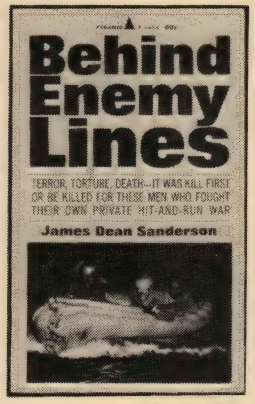
Behind Enemy Lines
TERROR, TORTURE, DEATH—IT WAS KILL FIRST OR BE KILLED FOR THESE MEN WHO FOUGHT THEIR OWN PRIVATE HIT-AND-RUN WAR
James Dean Sanderson

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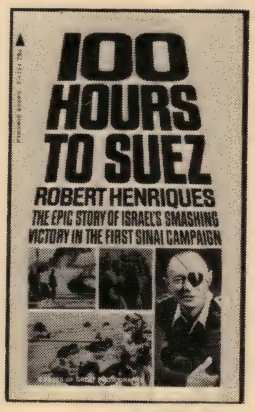

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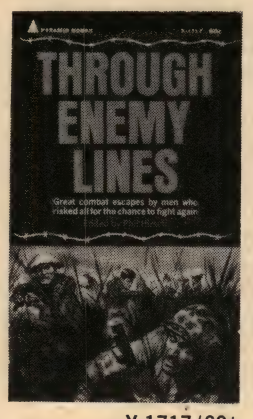

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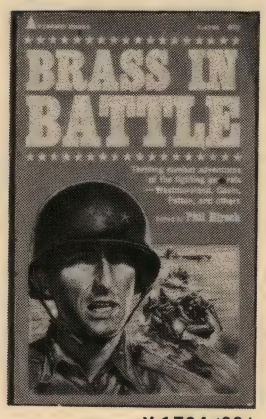

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bush the Bear and how badly to mark him up, and you hear the goon squad trot down the corridor on one of their mysterious errands. Then you hear a screw on the phone and a stretcher crew runs by. You peep out of the tiny window in your cell door and watch them wheel the Bear away. He has cut his wrists, biceps, triceps and thighs. *Two hundred odd slashes!*

You decide not to shylock any more.

JULY

You get a job change and it is just in time. Your feet couldn't take much more. Some clerk has noticed that you were in the restaurant business a couple of times in the free world and the classification committee searches your record and finds it unblemished.

You are assigned to the diet kitchen. Fourth floor of One Building. Four on One. The screw in charge is named Sheffield.

The kitchen is small, compact and neat. Your duties are to be on the floor at 4:30 A.M., prepare meals for those who are on special diets and set up the chow line for walking patients who eat regular chow.

There are a hundred men on the floor. About half are bedridden and the rest ambulatory.

You quickly fall into a routine, clean the kitchen and dining room within an hour after each meal and have the rest of the day free.

And the food is better than anything you have had since you've been in prison . . . as evidenced by the fact that so many of the screws come to the diet kitchen for a salad or sandwich rather than eat in the officer's mess.

You watch gleefully as one of your coworkers prepares a special salad dressing for the guards who would rather eat convict's food than pay for their own. Its chief ingredients are dishwater, spittle and urine. One screw in particular thrives on it, and it is hard to keep your face straight as he gobbles the free chow.

Another inmate has his own private revenge on the custodial staff. He spends every waking hour searching for and catching insects and rodents to grind into the sausage served in the staff mess hall.

You think how sick all these guys are, then note that you laugh right along with them. It is a sobering thought.

The first week is completely routine; then the goon squad brings in an emergency case. He is a convict whose next of kin gave permission to a routinely worded form letter asking them to sign for him to have "advanced treatment." They innocently gave written consent to the medical staff to perform a frontal lobotomy on their son. Now he is hopelessly insane. The knife slipped or something. He has attempted suicide a dozen times, always swallowing glass, razor blades or something equally harmful.

This is his last time, though. They operate on the con again and his stomach is solid scar tissue. Stitches won't hold it in. They insert clamps over the incision and the man is locked in a cell until the antiseptic wears off. Somebody goofs and lets the man wake up alone. When they finally check him, he has torn the clamps out and strewn his intestines all over the room. Two attendents wheel him off to the morgue and you help another orderly clean up the mess.

Monday of the second week another man dies. The doctors have decided he is malingering, rather than suffering from epilepsy as he claims. He is thrown in isolation and, alone, has another seizure. When they find him at chow time, he has bitten off his tongue. He would have died anyway. The fit was so violent the poor guy pounded his skull on the floor until it was like jelly.

Most of the convict attendants refuse even to give medication unless the patients pay them in cigarettes; consequently, you start helping the couple of guys who are half human . . .

Another con dies. He has emphysema and the attendants are off playing grab-ass somewhere and there is no one to give the man oxygen when he needs it.

There is an ancient Indian named Whiteman, sentenced before the turn of the century for some long forgotten crime. He is dying of sheer old age and you notice a strange phenomenon.

The pigeons.

A flock of them sit on the sill of his cell window cooing and gurgling as they do—every day until he dies.

When they remove the old man's body, you get sick. It is the worst thing you have ever seen. He has lain in one position, in his own filth, for over a month. No one has even changed his sheet and when the stretcher-bearers pick him up, all the flesh drops off his back. The horrible odor of gangrene wafts down the corridor.

A man dies every day for the next 10 days . . . and the damn pigeons are in the window of every cell where a death occurs! You *know* it is just coincidence, but still it is so strange.

The last guy to get the Big Parole is a colored kid from Texas. He woke up one morning, saw the pigeons and screamed. Heart failure.

Mickey Cohen, the tough little gangster from California, broke the pigeon jinx. They landed on his window sill and he bounced a tray off the bars. They flew to Little Earl Jones' cell and the famous bank robber hit one with a canteen cup. The birds flew up and down the barred windows of the fourth floor for two hours, and frightened convicts bombarded them with ash trays, hair brushes, anything they could throw, and finally the birds left the hospital and went back to their roost in the prison camp.

AUGUST

You go before the psychiatric staff, and six headshrinkers—led by Dr. Roloff, stare at you. Finally one shuffles some papers. Your prison records.

"Young man," he says. "You have made an amazing response to medication."

"But, sir," you tell him, "I haven't been on medication. In fact, the closest I've come to medication is two APC's for a headache back in January."

"Ahem! Uh, yes. So I see. Well, the therapy has certainly done you wonders."

"Sir, I've seen Doctor Roloff twice since I've been here. Once at A & O and once about three months ago." You know you're on dangerous ground, but you can't stop.

Malovsky speaks: "Well, to precisely what do you attribute your miraculous recovery?"

Might as well be hung for a sheep as a goat, you think, and answer: "I was not aware I was suffering from anything to recover from. But if I was, it must have been the relative tranquility of the hospitallike surroundings as opposed to a regular penal institution. Yes, sir! I'm sure that is what did the trick."

There is a long silence before one of the staff snaps, "You may go now."

You leave knowing you've said and done the wrong things. But what the hell can they do to you? You have an indeterminate sentence and you are sure you'll be at Springfield for a long long time.

You are amazed to get a letter from your congressman. He has followed your case closely and when he learned you were not nuts, he contacted Bureau of Prisons asking why you are not released. And they replied that you would be freed on September 2nd.

You don't believe it. It's a dream. *Nobody* gets out of Springfield like that!

But it's true. Your teeth are cleaned. You are granted $10 and fitted for a suit. People look at you with envy—some with hate. You can't blame them.

Then the ax falls. You walk in the kitchen and there stands a cat named Carmichael.

"What are you doing here?"

"Eating," he answers calmly. He is in the refrigertaor where the diet patient's food is kept.

"Get out of here, Carmichael," you order, and he flips and comes at you with a bread knife in one hand and a heavy iron skillet in the other. You look wildly at the corridor and a screw is leaning against the wall, watching calmly.

Why doesn't he break it up?

You dodge the knife and Carmichael lands a blow on your shoulder with the frying pan. You dare not hit him back. Then the skillet clangs against your head.

Well—release or not—you have stood about all of this you can stand, and you put a hip throw on the nut and he sails into the hall. The screw is still watching when your opponent scrambles up and rushes you again.

Screw it! You meet him halfway this time. A chop on the arm and the pan drops. You spin him around, disarm him and start to break his back with your knee, but the screw finally acts.

"That's enough!" he shouts.

"You took your own good time in breaking it up," you snarl.

"Looked to be a pretty good fight," the hack grins.

"Hope you enjoyed it, you -------."

"Go ahead and sound off. Cause I don't think you're goin' anywhere next week."

"He hit me first," Carmichael yells.

"You'll both get a chance to talk about it in the Capain's Court," the hack grins maliciously.

That night you toss on the cot and stare at the moonlight seeping through the bars. You're trapped by THE CODE. You can't even defend yourself because it would be "snitching."

You are tempted, but you know you will be silent at the hearing.

The next day Carmichael rushes up to you. He is white as a sheet and obviously scared spitless. He starts begging you to get your friends to leave him alone.

It seems that some of the guys—people you have done favors for — have taken up a collection and put a price on Carmichael's head. Two hundred and fifty cartons of cigarettes. He has been warned either to cop out at the Captain's Court or else never set foot on the compound again.

He cops out.

You are released as scheduled, on Labor Day Weekend. Exactly eight months to the day you arrived at Springfield.

You walk through the same door the marshal escorted you into in January.

The sun is shining and it is a beautiful day. You pause and look back from a block away. You think of the thousands of cons rotting behind those damn brick walls.

You still don't understand exactly *how* you got there or why you were released, but you are damned thankful to be leaving. And you are determined *never* to come back. Never. ▲

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Peter J. Strikwerda of New York State: "Yesterday I did a 60' x 12' 1-year-old trailer. I hope this is a good beginning in this area, because it was accomplished with ease and resulted in a great sense of satisfaction when I saw the trailer glistening. You can imagine the dirt, grime and film that had accumulated in one year. Now I would like to get 3 more machines."

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Steven Schorr of Long Island, N.Y.: "I am 15 years old and in junior high school. My dad will let me do only 10 cars on a weekend, although I could do a lot more, if I didn't have to do homework. Even so, I make about $50.00 a weekend, which will go to my college education. This summer I've lined up 2 beach clubs, and 2 of my friends to do the work for me."

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Not So Funny Girl

(*Continued from page* 34)

was shattered when she was eight. Mrs. Streisand remarried, this time to a used car salesman, a man Barbra did not like. The marriage ended in divorce, but not until Barbra was presented with a new half-sister. Eventually the rift with her mother healed, but the damage had been done—to Barbra.

So far, Barbra had all the marks of a loser. She was not pretty, far from it, not graceful, not talented. But secretly she was practicing to become a great actress, locking herself in the bathroom and smearing her face with cheap make-up that she had bought at the dime store with her lunch money, gazing for hours in the mirror and telling herself, "I *am* beautiful, just like Rita Hayworth."

Whenever her classmates would laugh at her ambitions, Barbra would shake her tiny fist at them, choking back the hurt, saying, "Remember my name. I'm gonna be a big star someday." Years later when a friend suggested that Barbra take a more suitable marquee name, she refused because she wanted the people from her old neighborhood to know it was really *she* who had made it.

The more that people disliked her, the more Barbra rebelled to show that she didn't care. She started wearing outlandish outfits like tight purple Capri pants with her mother's old Forties wedgies. Says one of Barbra's former neighbors (who still lives in Brooklyn), "She was a real loudmouth brat, always going around shouting at the top of her lungs in her mother's old clothes. She'd just give us a dirty look whenever we told her to shut up. Nobody liked her."

In high school Barbra had only two girl friends ("both pretty") and no beaus. "I couldn't imagine my future then. I didn't have any boyfriends, so I couldn't see marriage as a future. I thought it was a sign that I was gonna die young," she recalls. Barbra's death fear is still very strong and she goes through torture whenever she has to travel in a plane.

As for her future, Barbra's mother thought that her honor roll grades would land her a good job as a secretary, if she only knew how to type. But Barbra had other plans and let her fingernails grow long to discourage thoughts of typing lessons, and started taking dramatic lessons and working as a movie usher after school.

When Barbra was 16, she talked her mother into letting her accept a part-time job painting and moving scenery in Greenwich Village's Cherry Lane Theater. There she met Anita Miller who was featured in a play. Anita took a liking to the kooky little girl who, on the surface, seemed to fear nothing. She could see that Barbra had talent and wanted to encourage it, so she made a bargain with the teen-age novice. "I babysat for Anita and her husband. Alan had a drama school and gave me lessons in return," Barbra remembers. "The Millers were a big influence on me. They showed me that life doesn't have to be boring, that you can enjoy being different and not be ashamed of it."

At 18, Barbra crossed the bridge to Manhattan permanently, got a job as a waitress in a Chinese restaurant, and rented a $62.50-a-month cold-water flat over a fish store. "I hated Brownsville (Brooklyn). It was the smallest, most nowhere town in the U.S., where neighbors knew your business and what you were thinking — because they thought the same way," she says. "Even a dump over a fish store was better than living like that."

In drama school, Barbra tried hard to be a serious actress, but somehow the lines came out funny when she said them. She was unaware of her comic talent, however, and would become furious whenever the class laughed at her emoting. She had just seen *The Diary of Ann Frank* on Broadway and thought the role perfect for her.

The Millers helped Barbra land a part in an off-Broadway review, *Another Evening With Harry Stoones,* which opened and closed on the same night. The few who saw that performance agree that Barbra was a standout, even though she had received no professional training as a singer.

After that brief encouragement, Barbra started to make the rounds of casting agents, most of whom thought she was a joke. "It was degrading," she remembers vividly. "They wouldn't audition or even talk to me. No one should have to beg for a job. I made up my mind that they'd have to come to me because I knew I was good."

In those days Barbra had little money, and so she began to wear thrift shop clothing. "I bought the stuff because it was cheap. Besides, I figured, anybody that's rich enough to donate to a thrift shop gotta dress clean. I mean—they're rich enough to take a bath, huh?" Barbra claims that she had no special interest in fashion at the time, but whatever the reason, those traffic-stopping relics of the Thirties she wore five years ago are in the pages of *Vogue* today.

Barbra entered a singing contest at a Greenwich Village club called "The Lion," and won hands down. The prize was a two-week engagement at the *Bon Soir,* an important showcase for new talent. The two-week engagement was stretched to three, then to four weeks—by popular demand. Talent scouts from TV and Broadway dropped in to see her and she was soon booked for a nightclub tour and several network TV appearances.

For her debut at the Bon Soir, Barbra wore a $5 dress from a thrift shop, a frayed Persian vest, shoes with outsize Minnie Mouse buckles, and a sheep-dog hairdo. The first song she sang was *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf,* and her eccentricity couldn't hide her talent.

After TV appearances on Jack Paar's *Tonight* show, and engagements in Cleveland, Dallas and Chicago, Barbra was signed for her first Broadway show, a big budget musical called, *I Can Get It For You Wholesale.* Her role was only a featured one, but she stole the show from all the stars, including the leading man, Elliott Gould. She sang one song, *Miss Marmelstein,* about a lonely unnoticed secretary, which fit her like a glove.

Barbra was surprised when handsome, curly-haired Elliott Gould asked her for a date; she couldn't quite believe he really meant it. "She liked me," Gould recalls, "and I think I'm the first person who liked her back." The relationship soon developed into a full-fledged romance and Elliott moved into the small apartment over the fish store. "The only window looked out on a black brick wall," he recalls. "We used to eat on the sewing machine. A big rat named Oscar lived in the kitchen."

After *Wholesale* closed the couple found that Barbra's blazing success made it difficult for them to continue their secret life; they decided to get married (September 13, 1963). Meanwhile, Barbra had auditioned for Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, who told her that she was much too special, that she "would appeal only to a small clique." He signed her anyway and her records began to sell immediately, each going over the million mark in sales.

Offers started pouring in and Barbra was seen on all the big TV shows, in important nightspots, and was even invited by President Kennedy to perform at the White House. "Everyone was surprised," she remembers. "But I always knew it would happen this way. People were ready for me."

Of all those instrumental in elevating Barbra to stardom, perhaps Elliott has been the most important, after Barbra herself. He is the one who gave her the self confidence and the discipline that she cannot do without. Whenever Barbra was ready to give the whole thing up and collapse into a tangle of nerves and doubts, "Elly," as she calls him, was there to keep her going, often at the expense of his own career. "To say that I love Barbra is obvious," Gould explains. "Otherwise I couldn't have stood it. I know the traps and the wounds and I've decided it's worth it to wage the battle."

Critics and public alike applauded Barbra's emergence as a real star in

"Miss Silverhorn . . . I said first you'll read the minutes of the last meeting!"

Funny Girl, which opened on Broadway in 1964. The show was basically a patch job, but Barbra made it into something special, breathing life into the character of Fanny Brice. London critics received Barbra as enthusiastically as had their American counterparts when the show moved to England.

Underneath the star image Barbra Streisand hadn't changed much. She was still putting her foot in her mouth whenever she got the chance. Her meeting with Britain's Princess Margaret, a great honor, was turned into an embarrassing shambles, partly because Barbra kept Her Royal Highness waiting half an hour. When the Princess told Barbra that she had all of her records, Barbra said "Yeah?" and proceeded to explain why she had been late: "I got screwed up." The princess looked bewildered and it was like a scene out of a bad movie. Barbra quickly corrected herself, saying, "I mean I got fouled up."

In 1966, Barbra took a giant step toward financial security and signed a new contract with CBS, calling for one special a year for the next 10 years for a total of $5,000,000. That same year, Barbra embarked on a series of personal appearances which she had to cut short when she discovered she was pregnant. Jason Emmanuel (the middle name is for her father) was born on December 29, 1966. It was an event which seemed to fulfill Barbra—for a while—and she took 10 months off to master the arduous role of a mother. "I'm going to teach my child about God, then he can decide for himself. Science isn't everything," she said.

Barbra went back to work when Hollywood tapped her to repeat her starring role in the film version of *Funny Girl.* For her troubles, Barbra was paid a cool $1,000,000 and given one of the industry's top directors, William Wyler, winner of three Academy Awards. Wyler is considered a "woman's" director, for under his guidance Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Greer Garson and Audrey Hepburn have all won Oscars. Naturally Wyler was not pleased when Barbra decided she would play the part the way *she* wanted to; after all, hadn't she created the role on Broadway and played it for a year? "Settle down, do as I tell you and you'll be great," the graying, fatherly Wyler told her. Barbra followed his advice most of the time, for she realized that a different technique is required before the cameras. But still there were the costly and often unnecessary retakes, the disagreements with cinematographer Harry Stradling, the advice to top designer Irene Sharaff.

Her co-star, Omar Sharif, was less of a problem for her and soon Elliott began to complain publicly of Barbra's "dates" with the handsome Arab. "The first impression I had was that she's not very pretty. But after three days, I am honest, I found her physically beautiful, and I started lusting after this woman," recalls Sharif.

At first Barbra put down the rumors, saying that every time she got along well with a man, the press reported that she was having an affair with him. Then she melted under Omar's formidable charms and admitted she was "madly in love" with him, causing Elliott to ask for a trial separation. The romance cooled soon after the picture was completed, perhaps because Barbra realized that Sharif, too, was married and that his appetites are broad enough to include more than one woman. Two weeks later the Goulds were a family again.

With her new affluence Barbra blossomed into the peacock that the ugly duckling had always wanted to be. During one shopping spree at Dior in Paris, Barbra dropped $20,000, and has been known to spend even more when the urge hits her. Magazines no longer write about her as a "friendly anteater" or a ferret. Now she is Nefertiti, the ancient Egyptian princess, a unique beauty, a leader of fashion who is always on the best-dressed list.

In cultivating her image Barbra also broadened her appeal, which at first seemed to be mostly to the rebel instincts of teen-agers. Today she has something to offer everybody. She is on her way to becoming a *persona,* like Jackie Onassis and Sophia Loren, a style-setter and woman of the world. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* recently named her as a major trend-setter of the sixties.

"I am a cross between a washwoman and a princess. I am a bit coarse, a bit low, a bit vulgar and a bit ignorant. But I am also part princess—sophisticated, elegant and controlled. I can appeal to everybody," she has said.

Success has given Barbra a financial security she never knew as a child, and even though she spends it freely, she demands value for money spent. Barbra's mother is now living comfortably in a Manhattan co-op apartment her daughter bought for her and they see each other or talk over the phone often.

Her brother Sheldon runs his own advertising agency and her half-sister thinks she wants to be a singer.

Today the only thing that matters to her is to keep her winning streak going. When asked if she did anything for her own enjoyment, if she ever stopped thinking about work and success, she replied: "No, never. I suppose that's hard on the people who live with me, but I can't do anything else." This quest for success at all costs is what makes Barbra run.

How much effect Barbra's devotion to her career will have on the upbringing of her son Jason is anyone's guess. She tries hard to sandwich in motherhood between takes on her movie sets. A nurse often brings the child to the studio, where he sleeps in her dressing room while she works. At the end of the day, Barbra can be seen in the screening room, burping the baby over her shoulder while studying her previous day's work.

Now Barbra is talking about "Art" and would like to make films abroad; her friends say she sees Europe as another audience to win over. But Barbra says, "European films show the details—the dirt, the girl with her hair hanging, life as it is. I would like to live in Europe and work in films there." Fat chance, however, that European filmmakers could pay her astronomical salary.

A close, hard look at herself would greatly benefit Barbra as her star goes into orbit, but it isn't likely that she will take the time for it. After six flawless years, she is locked into the peculiar isolation of fame, where those faceless hirelings who shape and gild the star's image keep telling her how great she is.

"I don't need anybody. I made it on my own and I'm gonna stay up here," she tells herself.

The poor, neglected little girl from Brooklyn can be pleasant and she can be rude. It doesn't seem to matter to her, and it all seems strangely pathetic . . . and points up the truth of Barbra's own words: "When I am not acting I don't think I have a definite personality. I think maybe I have nothing." ▲

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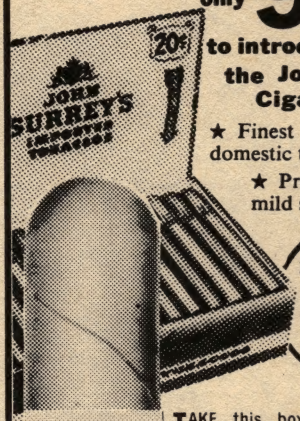

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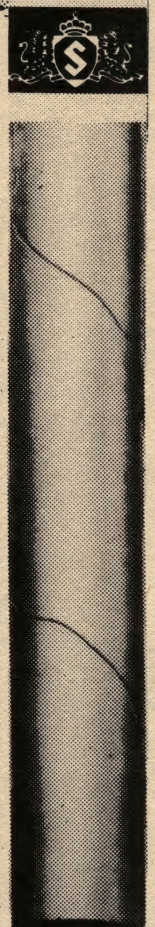

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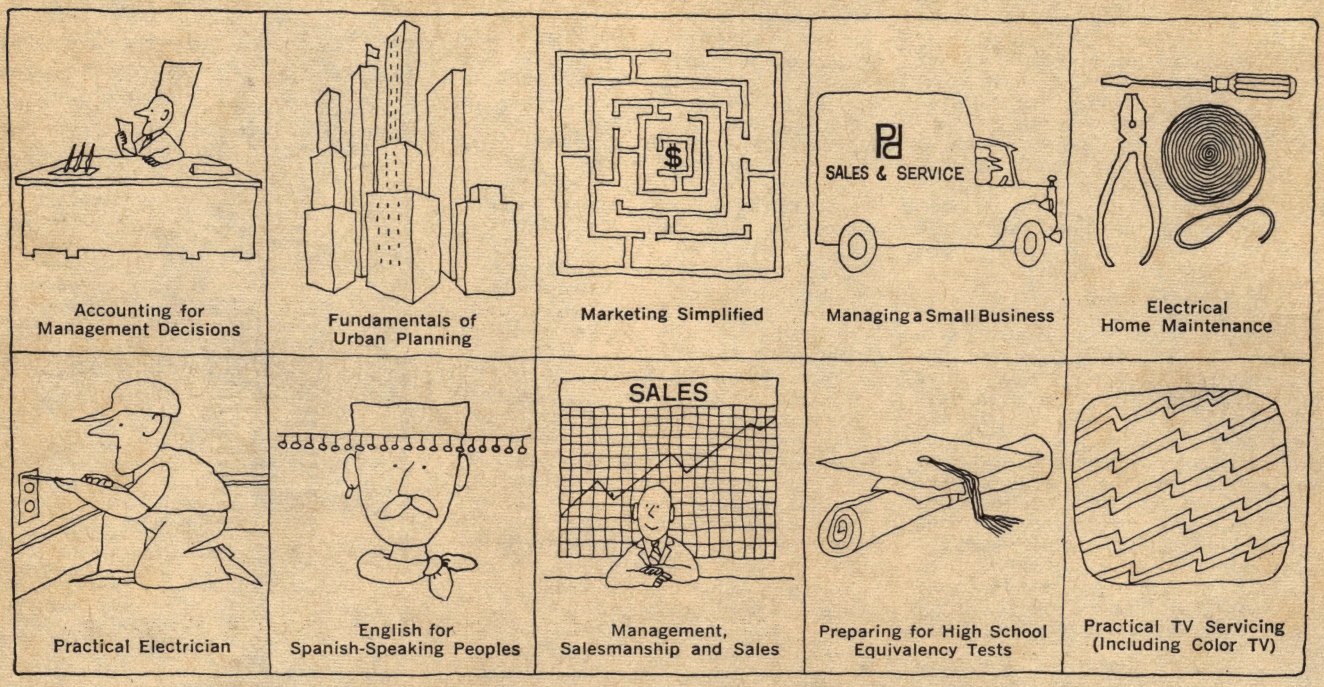

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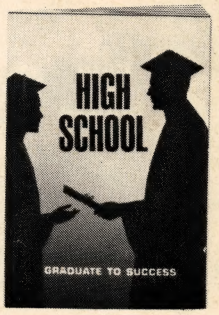

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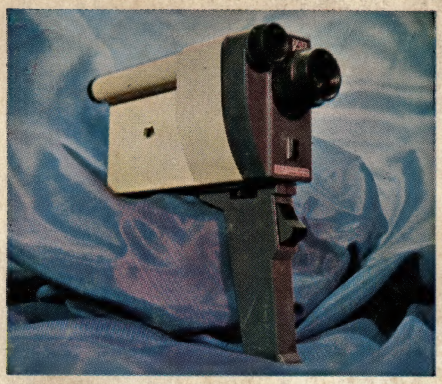

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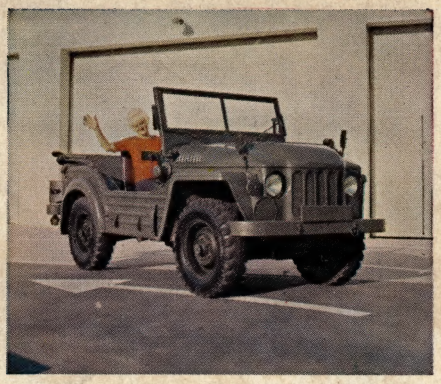

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